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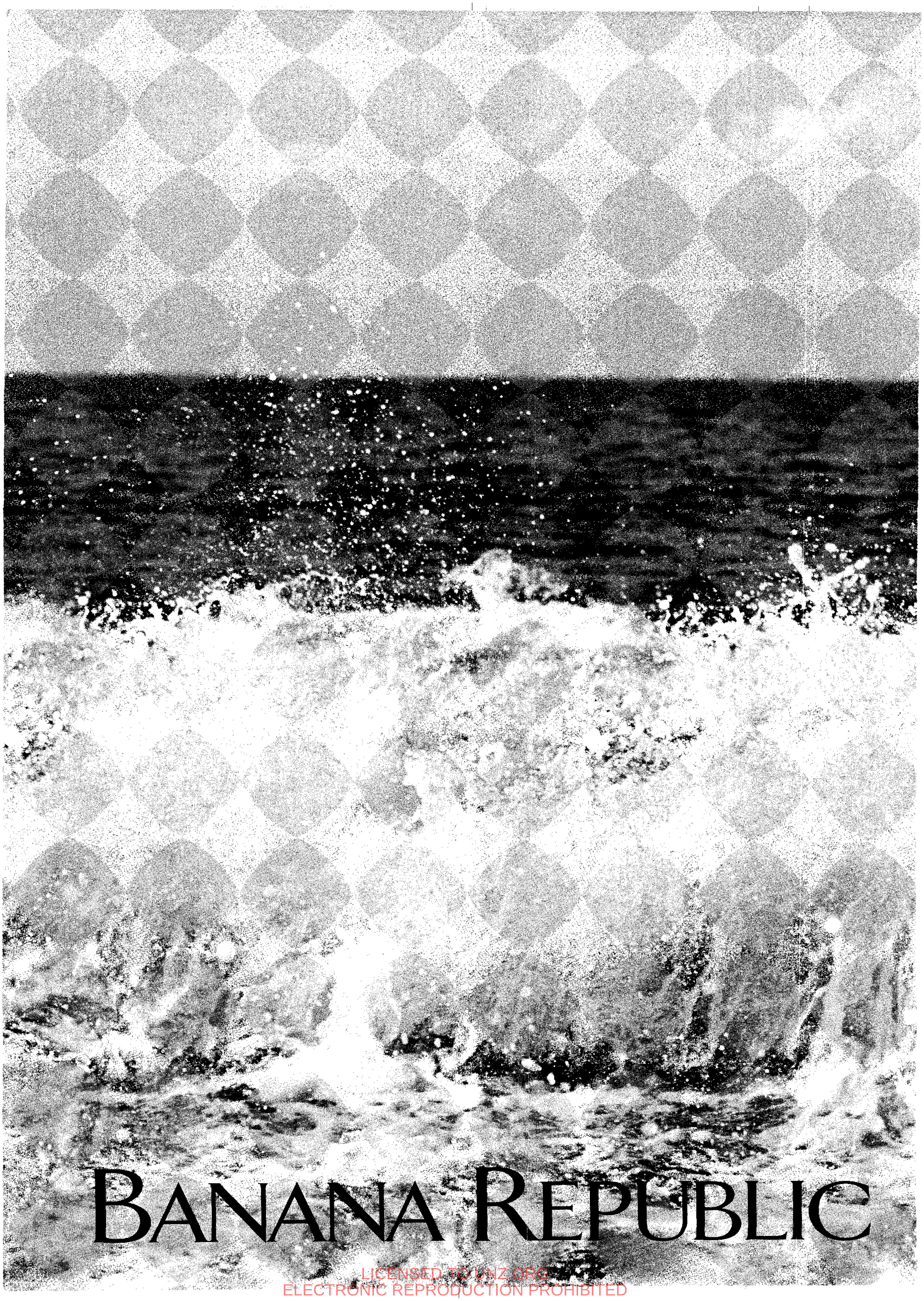
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THE NEW YORKER

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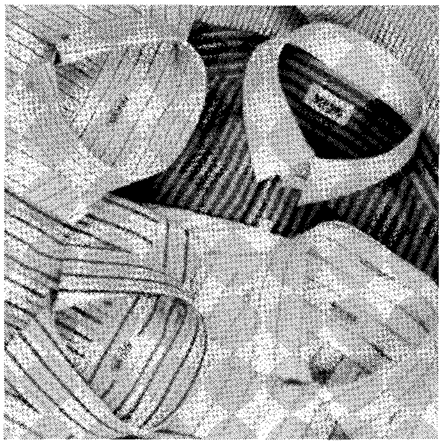

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COMMENT

BOOM VOX

THE voice of the people is heard in the land, and it sounds like a bad rock concert. Heavy-metal listeners are familiar with a phenomenon that occurs when the speakers get too close to the microphone pickups on the guitars. The sound comes out and goes in, comes out and goes in, around and around, over and over, all in a fraction of a second, getting reamplified with each cycle—and the result is an earsplitting screech that not only obliterates the music (which was none too soothing to begin with) but also deafens performers and audience alike. This is known as feedback.

In politics, feedback, as in feedback from the voters, also has a calmer, metaphorical meaning, referring to that part of the process of political accountability whereby an elected official's constituents let him or her know what they are thinking. The framers of the First Amendment to the Constitution had this kind of feedback in mind when they guaranteed "the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances." What they most certainly did not have in mind was the apparatus of modern electronic plebiscitarianism—the explosion of telecommunications and data-processing technology which, by wiring together a nexus of overwrought call-in shows, overnight polls, skittish politicians, and pandering parajournalists, has created a political noise machine that takes a skewed sample of the instantaneous opinions of the moment, amplifies and reamplifies it, and packages it as the authentic voice of mainstream America.

Instantaneous opinions are by definition unthinking, or nearly so, because thinking takes time, and time is what's annihilated inside the new political-feedback loop. The machine, which crackled with loud but intermittent static during last year's election campaign, has been emitting a continuous, piercing shriek throughout the first three weeks of Bill Clinton's Presidency, as one overhyped issue or pseudo-issue after another—Zoë Baird and her nanny problem, gays in the military, a possible cap on social-security cost-of-living raises, Kimba Wood and *her* nanny problem—gets fed through its overloaded circuits. All this has been widely,

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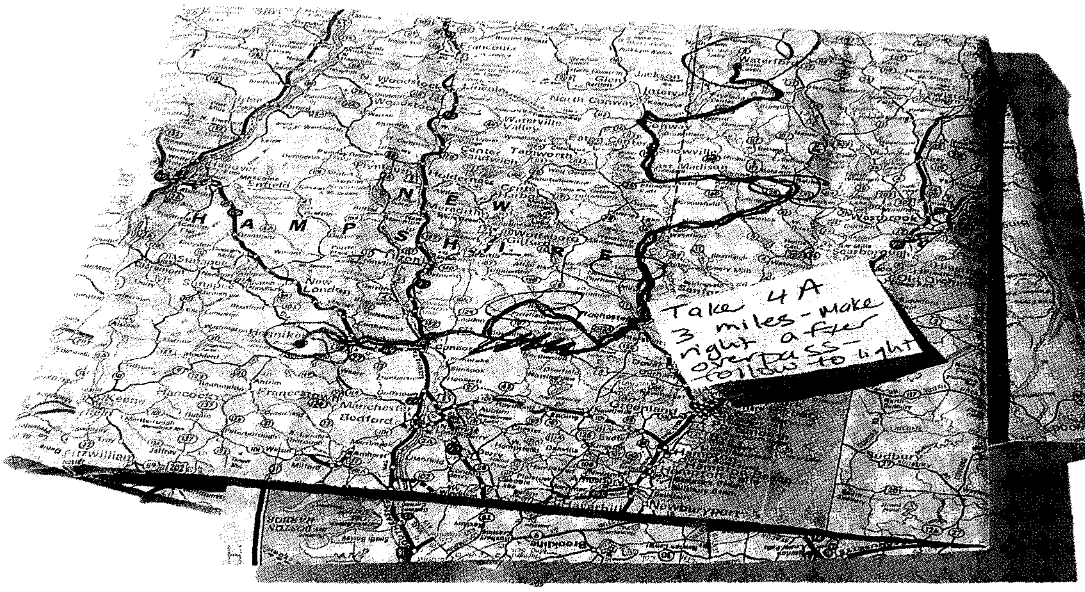
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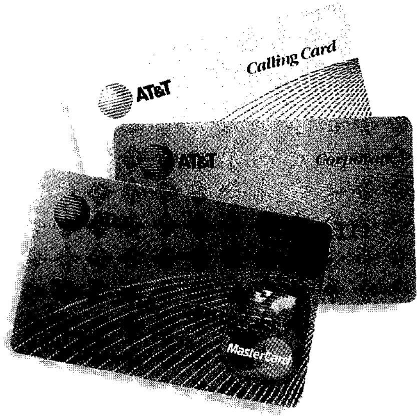
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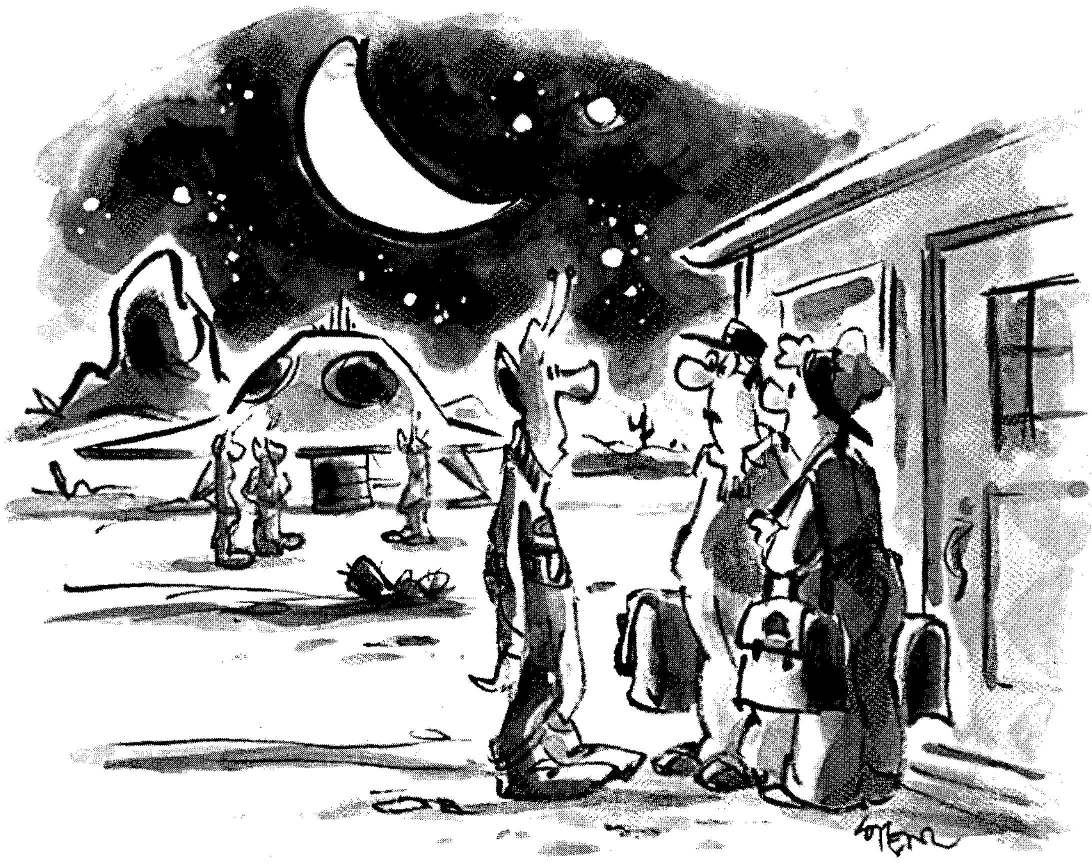


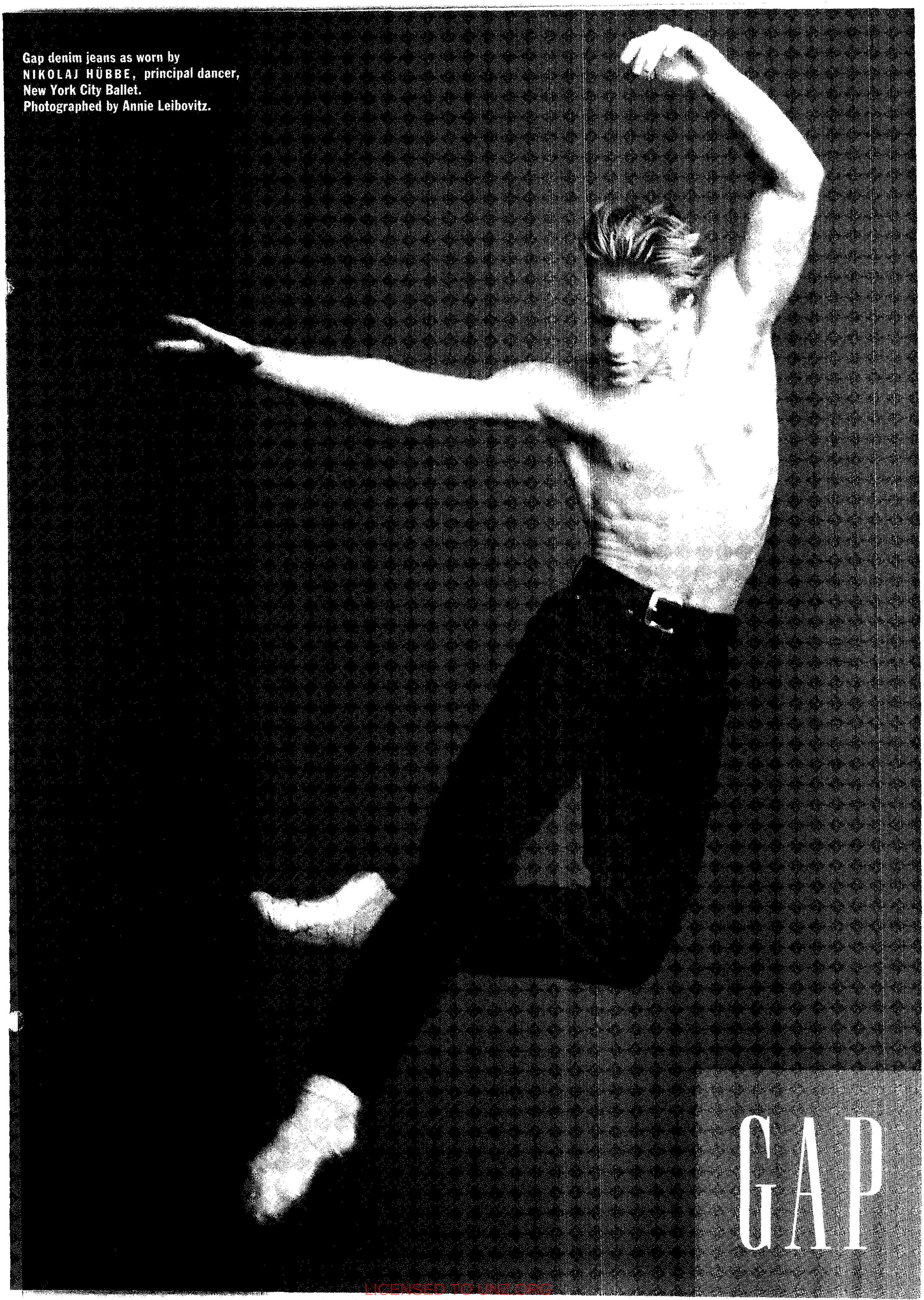
"I'm afraid the trip is off—our government is cracking down on illegal aliens."

• •

if a little dutifully, deplored. But for every commentator who laments the rise of electronic mob rule there is another who praises it as a valuable innovation in participatory democracy, a salutary corrective to the supposed out-of-touchness of those whom the voters have elected to public office. If the people—or, rather, the simulacrum thereof comprising callers-in to radio talk shows and respondents to hastily conducted opinion polls—make the snap judgment that Zoë Baird is unfit to be Attorney General, and if senators who initially (and correctly) saw her nanny infraction as substantively trivial suddenly reverse themselves and condemn her, it is considered bad form to suggest that "the people" might simply be wrong, the senators simply craven. Instead, what will typically be said is what at least one commentator has already said: that "the people were way out in front of the politicians on this one,"—as if the speed of a judgment and its astuteness were one and the same. At the time of the Clarence Thomas hearings, the people, according to a poll, thought that Thomas was telling the truth and Anita Hill was lying. Now the people, according to a poll, think the reverse. Whom were the people way out in front of on *that* one? They were ahead of the politicians, to be sure (if only in the sense that the politicians hastened to follow), but weren't they also getting a little ahead of themselves?

The temptation to flatter the digitalized phantom that has been sanctified as "the people" seems to be irresistible. The chat shows and op-ed pages are filled with altogether too much condescending awe of the alleged sagacity of "the people"—*too much* prattle about how when you come right down to it the folks out there have so much more wisdom and, darn it, so much more plain old common sense than all us élitists. But the unconsidered opinions of the many are no better, if not necessarily worse, than the unconsidered opinions of the few. Considered opinions, regardless of the size of the group espousing them, tend to be sounder opinions, and it is because the many have lives to lead and livelihoods to earn, and are therefore unable to take part in the daily deliberations of government, that our democracy is representative rather than direct. It is weakened, *not strengthened*, when those who are chosen to conduct its daily deliberations—whether they are Presidents, legislators, or private citizens on jury duty—cede judgment to a distorted image of the popular passions of the moment.

The conceit behind the bogus democracy of the call-in shows is that because they are unfiltered they are superior. The mediating institutions of representative democracy—political parties, advocacy groups, professional associations, and the elected bodies themselves—are seen, in this model, as inherently evil and corrupt. But the call-in shows, for the most part, are marketing devices, not civic forums. They're in business to get boffo ratings—a goal that ought not to be confused with public enlightenment or political participation. "I'll admit to you I'm flattered, but I don't go into this studio every day saying, 'How can I influence Congress?' " Rush Limbaugh told Ted Koppel on "Nightline" last Tuesday. "I'm here to attract an audience—I want to attract the largest number of people I can and hold them for as long as I can. That's my job." Shows like Limbaugh's deal in hysteria, resentment, and outrage—and what can be more fun, especially if you're stuck in traffic? The act of calling in to such a show can even be a constructive one. But it stands in relation to real political involvement as 900-number phone sex does to real emotional involvement. If the people, as opposed to "the people," are truly to be heard over the screech of the feedback loop, it would help to move the mike back an inch or two, and to be skeptical of the inflated claims of electronic populism. ♦


Gap denim jeans as worn by
NIKOLAJ HÜBBE, principal dancer,
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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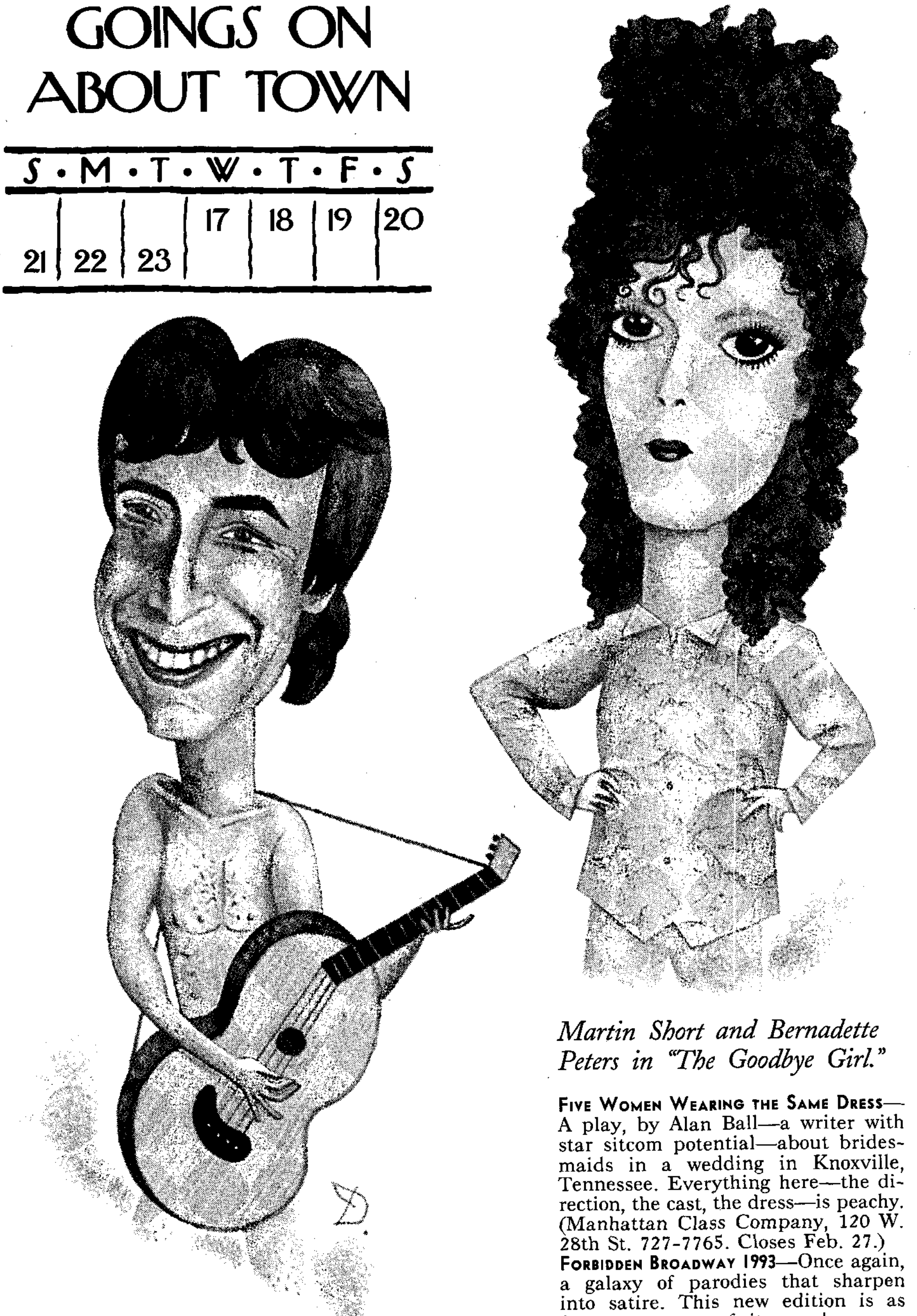
THE THEATRE

Hadrian's Ball

Camp is dead, thanks to Madonna. She has opened all the closets, turning deviance into a theme park. But if gender-tripping can't be subversive anymore, what's a drag company to do? If you are Bloolips, the veteran British comedy troupe, you wave goodbye to shock and stick to schlock. In these days of postmodern anxiety about indulging cheap tastes, Bloolips may be daring in just having fun.

The group's new show, "Get Hur" (at Theatre for the New City), is set in Roman Egypt during the reign of Hadrian. The plot, inasmuch as there is one, investigates the murder of the emperor's favorite, the lovely Antinous. Some creaky vaudeville bits are easily forgiven amid the inspired clowning and trash-compactor ingenuity. In the production number "Cleaners of Caesar's," palace gofers achieve an Egyptian look by sporting T-shirts and boxer shorts on their heads. Home from battle, Hadrian strips off his clanking armor (fashioned from industrial-sized soup cans) and bitches, "I hate war. So many accessories."

What shines through is less a romance with artifice than authentic stagecraft, especially in the performance, as Hadrian, of Bloolips' founder, Bette Bourne. As a man got up as a woman playing a gay man, he does a Tallulah (naturally), but inserts elegiac notes whose sincerity is piercing. Theatre training grounds all the jesters, so the illusion of artlessness comes off without strain.



Martin Short and Bernadette Peters in "The Goodbye Girl."

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

Fool Moon—A comedy by Bill Irwin and David Shiner. In previews. (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211.)

The Goodbye Girl—Bernadette Peters and Martin Short star in a new musical by Neil Simon, Marvin Hamlisch, and David Zippel. In previews. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.)

The Heliotrope Bouquet by Scott Joplin & Louis Chauvin—A play, with ragtime music, by Eric Overmyer. In previews. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

Tapestry: The Music of Carole King—A musical revue. Preview on Feb. 17. Opens Feb. 18 at 8. (Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. 505-9251.)

Wrong Turn at Lungfish—A play by Garry Marshall and Lowell Ganz, with George C. Scott, Jami Gertz, Tony Danza, and Kelli Williams. Previews through Feb. 20. Opens Feb. 21 at 7. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

OPENED RECENTLY

Anna Christie—Girl meets Hunk. Girl loses Hunk. Girl finds Hunk. Terrific performances from Natasha Richardson and Liam Neeson as Girl and Hunk. David Leveaux directed. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/1/93.) (Criterion Center, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400. Closes Feb. 28.)

The Boiler Room—This unpretentious, well-written play, by Reuben González, tells the story of a poor Puerto Rican family living in a basement of a New York tenement. The acting of Miriam Colón, as the gutsy, funny, put-upon mother of the family, and of Joe Quintero, as her teen-age son, who is taking his first steps on the road to crime, is as good as anything in town. (2/15/93) (Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 354-1293. Closes Feb. 21.)

Born Guilty—Zach Grenier in Ari Roth's adaptation of a 1988 book by Peter Sichrovsky about the children of Nazi war criminals. A powerful, nuanced production. (American Jewish Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 633-9797. Closes Feb. 21.)

Bubbe Meises, Bubbe Stories—A musical written by, and starring, Ellen Gould. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020.)

The Destiny of Me—Or "Confrontations with My Father." Larry Kramer's latest work is rarely less than involving, but the dramatic structure—a family-memory play grafted onto the present-day story of an exhausted, love-seeking AIDS activist—breaks down for good in the second act. Many people who stay for the third act, however, claim to be deeply moved by the conclusion. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 239-6200.)

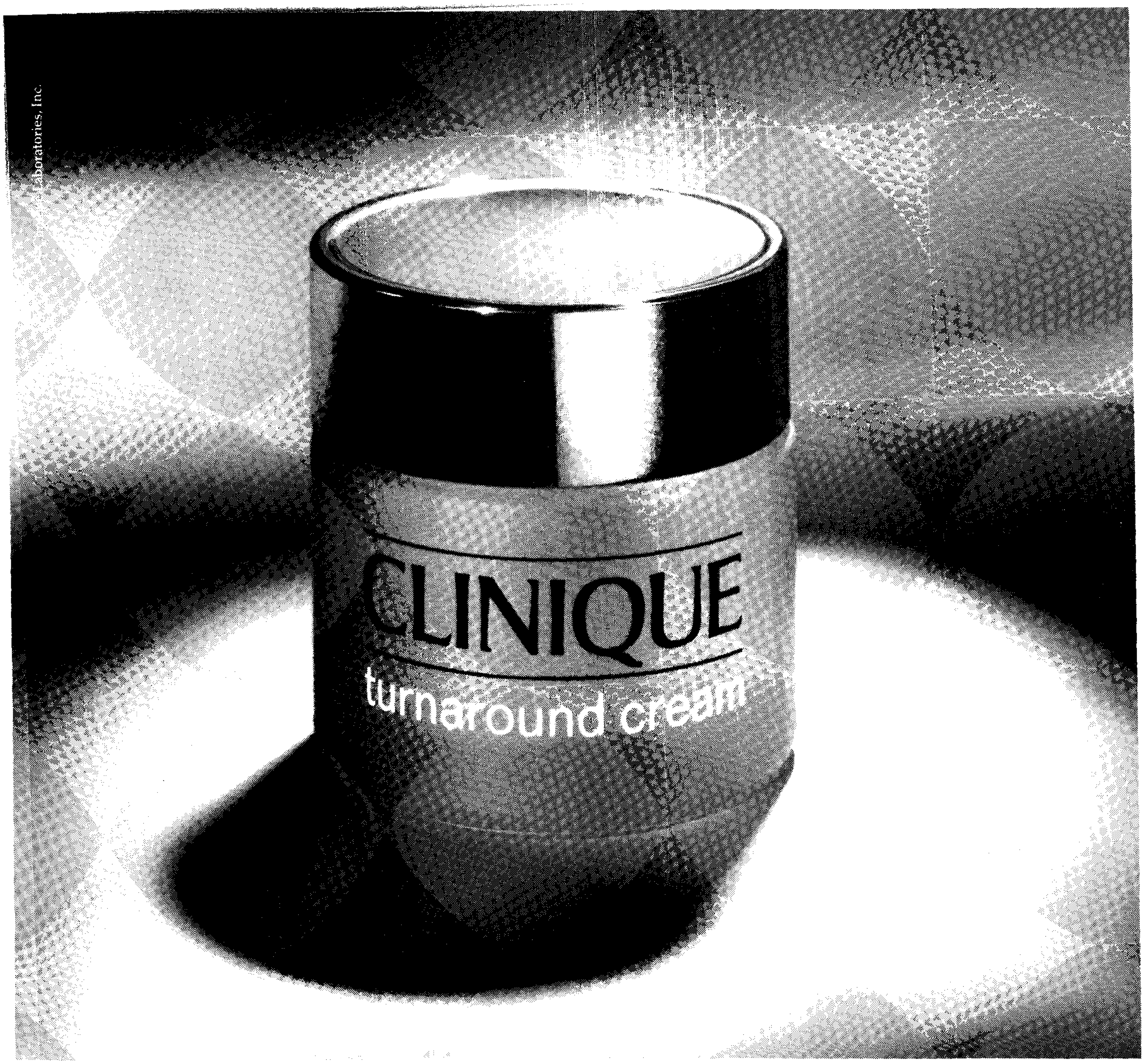
Five Women Wearing the Same Dress—A play, by Alan Ball—a writer with star sitcom potential—about bridesmaids in a wedding in Knoxville, Tennessee. Everything here—the direction, the cast, the dress—is peachy. (Manhattan Class Company, 120 W. 28th St. 727-7765. Closes Feb. 27.)

Forbidden Broadway 1993—Once again, a galaxy of parodies that sharpen into satire. This new edition is as funny as most of its predecessors. Among the new shows under consideration are "Guys and Dolls" and "Falsettos," and among the holdovers are "Les Misérables" and "The Phantom of the Opera." Gerard Alessandrini, as if you had to be told, is the inspired writer and director, and Susanne Blakeslee, Dorothy Kiara, Brad Oscar, and Craig Wells are the splendid performers, doing a large assortment of roles. (1/25/93) (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.)

Get Hur—A whodunit by Ray Dobbin, presented by the British company Bloolips. Featuring Bette Bourne and Precious Pearl. (Theatre for the New City, 155 First Ave., at 10th St. 254-1109. Closes March 7.)

Henry V—In the title role, Mark Rylance displays his verse-speaking ability, as well as unexpected comic timing, in this otherwise uneven Theatre for a New Audience production. Barry Kyle directed. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 279-4200. Closes Feb. 20.)

The Last Yankee—The meeting of two couples in a mental hospital, where both wives are being treated for depression, is an occasion, needless to say, for a lecture by the playwright, Arthur Miller, on American competi-



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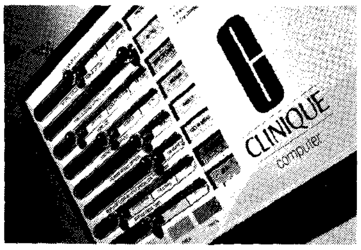

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THE THEATRE–Cont'd

tiveness and other national shortcomings. Nevertheless, there are some good—even funny—scenes, and the performances, under John Tillinger's direction, are first-rate. John Heard and Tom Aldredge are the husbands, and Frances Conroy and Rose Gregorio are the wives. (2/1/93) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212. Closes Feb. 28.)

The Night Larry Kramer Kissed Me—A series of vignettes, by the rising writer/performer David Drake, about contemporary gay life. Mr. Drake is more gifted as a performer than as a writer, but his show is frequently absorbing—by turns silly and poignant. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 564-8038.)

Oleanna—David Mamet, in fine, curmudgeonly form, takes on political correctness, sexual harassment, and a number of other topics in this brief, powerful drama that continues to stir up the ideologues. The play's skepticism is as evenhanded as it is corrosive. With William H. Macy and Mary McCann. Not to be missed. (11/16/92) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 307-4100.)

On the Open Road—A play by Steve Tesich, with Byron Jennings and Anthony LaPaglia. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

Saint Joan—Maryann Plunkett, as Maid, and Michael Langham, as director, together rescue the faltering National Actors Company, as well as France. Jay O. Sanders, Nicholas Kepros, Lorne Kennedy, and Michael Stuhlbarg (as Dauphin) give strong support. Distinguished settings by Marjorie Bradley Kellogg. (2/15/93) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6280.)

Scapin—A musical production of Molière's comedy, which is lively to the point of mania. Rusty Magee wrote the undistinguished score and lyrics, and Andrei Belgrader, the director, is also partly responsible for the cheesy adaptation. Stanley Tucci is as busy as can be in the title role; his resemblance to Al Pacino does him no harm but not much good, either. Even Mary Testa as Zerbinette cannot rescue this mess. (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Closes March 7.)

The Sisters Rosensweig—Wendy Wasserstein's new play, a comedy with serious undertones, is about the reunion in London of three American Jewish sisters—an international banker, a travel writer, and a wife and mother who's a professional dispenser of advice. They are portrayed by Jane Alexander, Christine Estabrook, and Madeline Kahn. The spirit of Chekhov hovers but never intrudes. Laughter is continuous. (11/2/92) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

Someone Who'll Watch Over Me—Alec McCowen (English), Stephen Rea (Irish), and James McDaniel (American) give stunning performances as hostages in Beirut in Frank McGuinness's moving and humorous play. Robin Lefèvre directed. (12/7/92) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Two Rooms—Laura Esterman and Jeffrey Hayenga in a play by Lee Blessing, presented by the Signature Theatre Company. (Kampo Cultural Center, 31 Bond St. 279-4200. Closes March 7.)

LONG RUNS

BEAU JEST: Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. . . . **BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **CONVERSATIONS WITH MY FATHER:** Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **CRAZY FOR YOU:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200 **FALSETTOS:** Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **FIVE GUYS NAMED MOE:** Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200. . . . **FOREVER PLAID:** Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. . . . **GUYS AND DOLLS:** Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **JELLY'S LAST JAM:** Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200. . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **NUNSENSE:** Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239 4321. . . . **PERFECT CRIME:** Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 695-3401. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING:** St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200. . . . **THE WILL ROGERS FOLLIES:** Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 730-8200.

DANCE

The Roar of the Crowd

SOME sixty years ago, a kid named Robert Altman went to the circus, promptly fell in love with it, and sneaked around the back of a tent for a peek at the trapeze artists getting dressed. "I still remember a lot about that room," he said recently. "Little things, like a bottle on a woman's dressing table, but also my feeling about the performers' humanity." By the time he was a teenager, he was hanging out at jazz clubs in his native Kansas City, Missouri, drinking in Billie Holiday and Charlie Parker. After a while, he started to make movies, and eventually he became *the* Robert Altman, but he never lost his boyhood passion for jazz or for the human truths that throw into question our ideas of perfection in art.

Those passions are brought together in his new film, "Black and Blue," to be televised, on PBS's "Great Performances," on February 17. The program presents most of the Tony Award-winning show "Black and Blue"—a revue of jazz music and dance, featuring some of the best African-American performers in the business—but you won't see it from quite the angle that Broadway audiences did. Tight closeups provide the sort of intimacy on which television thrives, and backstage views make clear what it means literally to seize, shrug off, or fall out of the spotlight. "I wanted to unslick the show," Mr. Altman said. "These are real people working very hard, and they weren't trying to be anyone but themselves. If you get it, you get it. And if you don't, you never will."

New York City Ballet—Final performances of the season. Feb. 17 at 8: "Delight of the Muses," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "The Four Temperaments." . . ¶ Feb. 18 at 8: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." . . ¶ Feb. 19 at 8: "Square Dance," "Images," "Two's Company," and "Delight of the Muses." . . ¶ Feb. 20 at 2: "Square Dance," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Prodigal Son." . . ¶ Feb. 20 at 8: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." . . ¶ Feb. 21 at 1: "Square Dance," "In the Night," and "The Four Temperaments." . . ¶ Feb. 21 at 7: A benefit for the Dancers' Emergency Fund, including excerpts from "Jewels," "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," and "The Four Seasons." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

Jennifer Muller/The Works—Feb. 17 and Feb. 19 at 8: "Chapman Suite," "The Waiting Room" (première), and "Thesaurus." . . ¶ Feb. 18 at 8 and Feb. 21 at 2: "Woman with Visitors at 3:00am," "A Shorter Walk" (première), and "Thesaurus." . . ¶ Feb. 20 at 2: "Woman with Visitors at 3:00am" and "Thesaurus." . . ¶ Feb. 20 at 8: ". . . And Now," "Glass Houses," and "Thesaurus." . . ¶ Feb. 21 at 7:30: ". . . And Now," "The Waiting Room," and "Thesaurus." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Feb. 16 at 8.)

Erick Hawkins Dance Company—The opening performance of a one-week engagement: "Intensities of Space, and Wind," "Each Time You Carry Me This Way" (première), and "Cantilever Two." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Feb. 23 at 7:30. Through Feb. 28.)

Yoshiko Chuma and the School of Hard Knocks—In "Jo Ha Kyu," a collaboration with the composer Tan Dun. Presented by Danspace Project. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Feb. 18-21 at 8:30. For reservations, call 674-8194.)

Clare Maxwell—In "La La Land," with three other dancers. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Feb. 18-20 at 8, and Feb. 21 at 3.)

Risa Jaroslow & Dancers—In "Great Escapes" and other works. (University Settlement, 184 Eldridge St. Feb. 18-20 at 8 and Feb. 21 at 3. For reservations, call 674-9120, ext. 183.)

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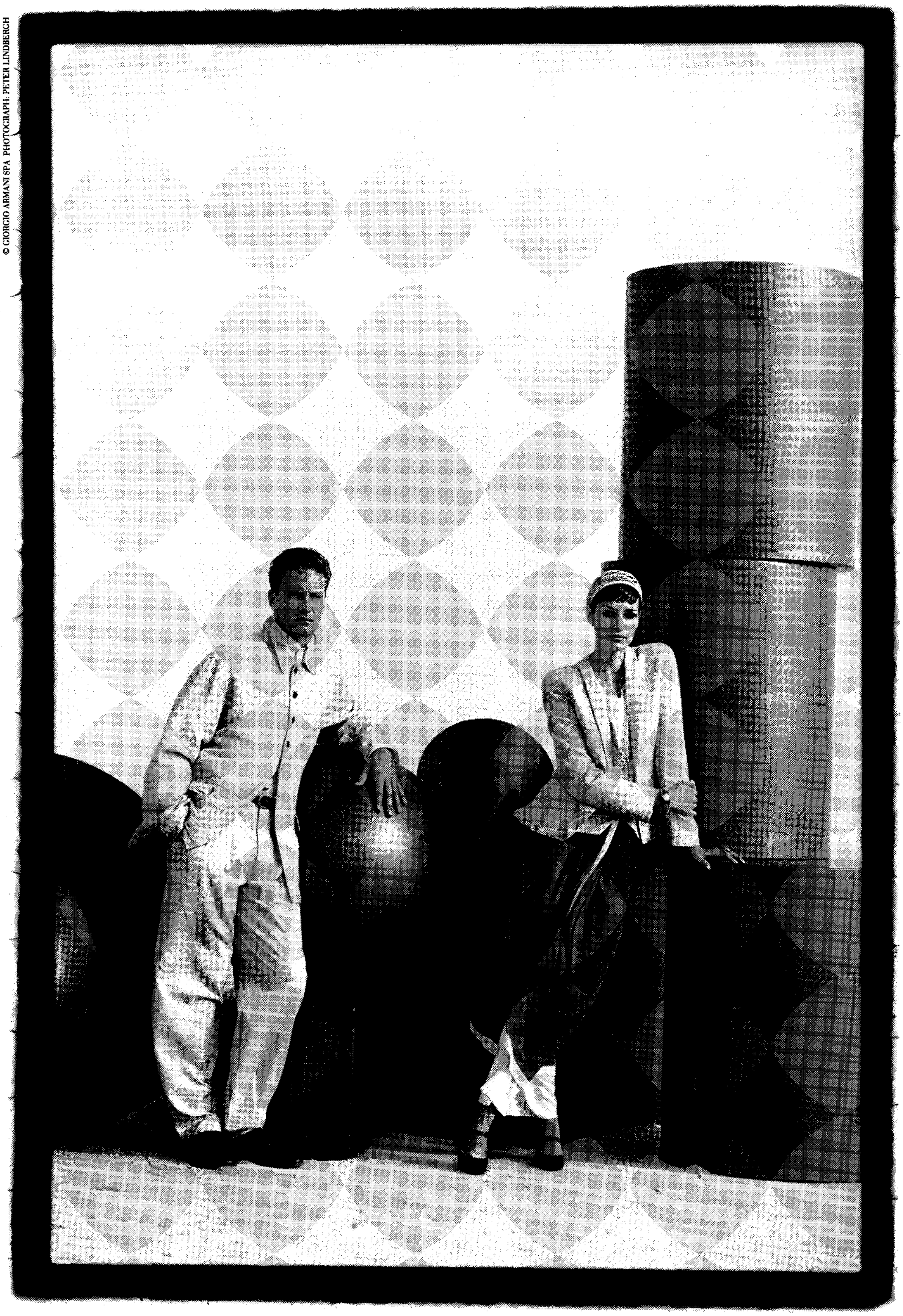

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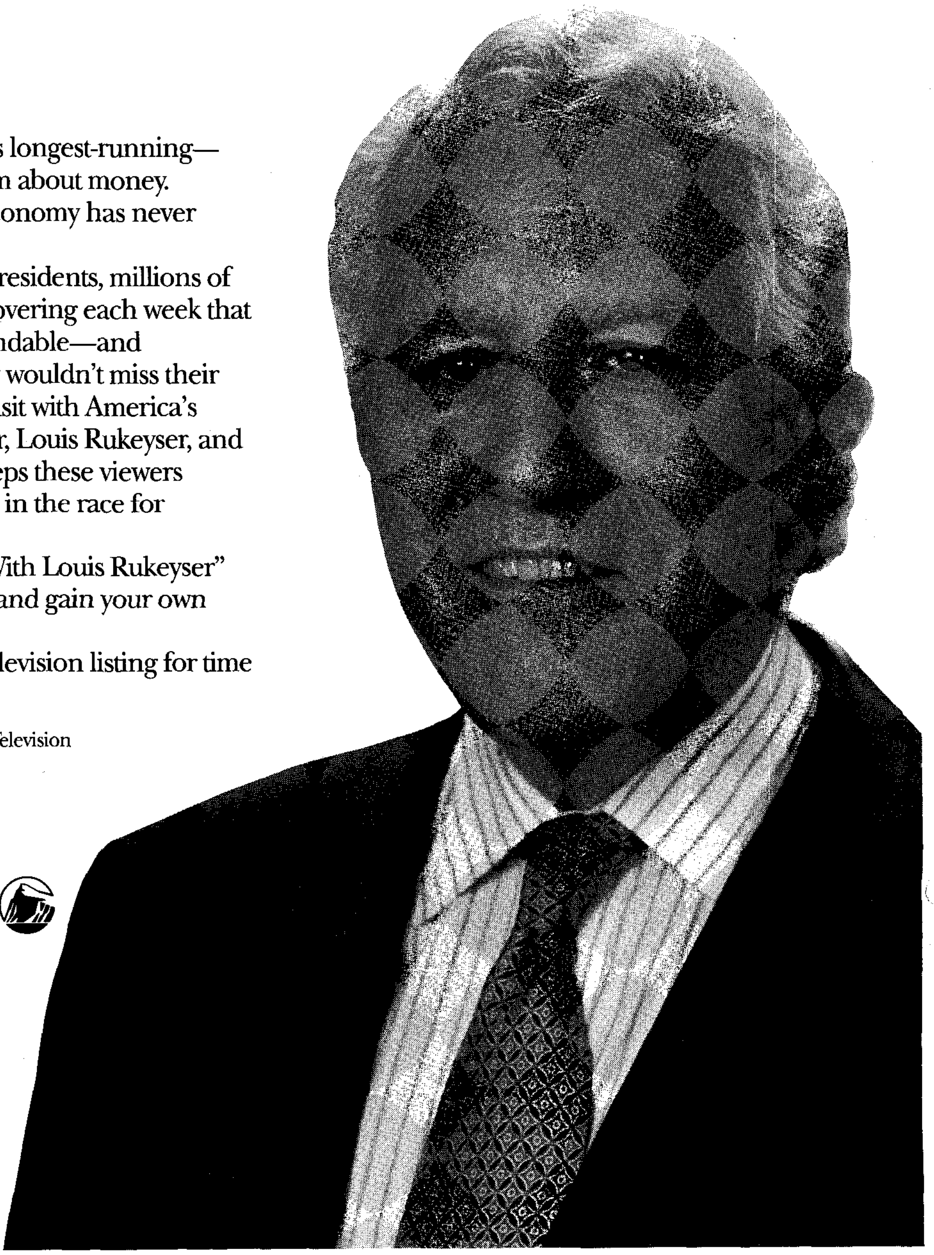

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NIGHT LIFE

Hardcore

Bob Forrest follows the dictum of writing what he knows, and, as the leader of Thelonius Monster (at CBGB on February 17), he has no shortage of material. In its eight-year history, the L.A. punk band has survived drugs, drink, breakups, and death. Last year, after a three-year hiatus, during which Forrest launched an abortive solo career, the band regrouped, signed with a new label, and released a superb record called "Beautiful Mess." If the dark cloud has lifted, much of the reason has to do with Forrest himself. Long known for alienating record companies and fomenting chaos at every turn, he has lately renounced some of his favorite vices and trained his eye on success.

The group's renaissance is off to a promising start with "Beautiful Mess," which resonates with the hard lessons of experience. Whether the subject is Forrest's troubled family or his bumpy love life, his lyrics are heartfelt and unflinchingly direct. His mood shifts from song to song—snarling on "Song for a Politically Correct Girl from the Valley," wistful on "Adios Lounge" (which features Tom Waits). Whatever the setting, his voice is gritty, soulful, and charismatic. Musically, Thelonius Monster has a dual heritage, combining the punk rock of the Sex Pistols and the Clash with the seventies hard rock of groups like Kiss. Their live shows are boisterous and freewheeling. They may have found sobriety, but they haven't discovered reverence.

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out some of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and nightclub proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**David Staller** is currently at work in the woody nook known as the Oak Room. Staller's early show is a Rodgers and Hart revival titled "Easy to Remember"; his late show, on Fridays and Saturdays, is "Noël & Cole." Dining.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (675-6879)—A quirky, endearing Village watering hole, perpetually decorated for the holidays—all of them. The musicians work in the back of the room, in a well ringed by a bar—a setup that seems to bring out the latent show-biz tendencies in some of the bar's patrons. Mondays belong to the Grove Street Stompers, Tuesdays through Thursdays to Al Bundy and John Parker, Fridays to the George Stubbs trio and the Freddy Francis trio (who is also there on Saturdays with Mabel Godwin), and Sundays to Lee Lorenz and the Creole Cookin' Jazz Band.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A cool green music hall that features a steady stream of international pop and cabaret stars, as well as the occasional drag queen. It's also a tapas restaurant—if you haven't had dinner, you may never make it to the show. **Lisa Ono** is here through Feb. 21.

Birdland, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—This northern restaurant-bar, an airy two-tiered space with pastel walls and potted greenery, is a shade too slick for Columbia students but just right for post-collegiate jazz fans. The name is taken from the long-gone midtown pleasure dome that featured Bird himself. Dining.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Jazz, mirrors, a gift shop, and, of course, those incredible shrinking aisles that turn a mid-set dash to the rest room into something of a steeplechase. **Larry Carlton** is on hand through Feb. 21; **Tito Puente** and his Golden Latin Jazz All-Stars get started on Feb. 23. Puente is one of the most prominent figures in Latin jazz. He's been leading bands since the forties, has written several standards (including the Santana hit "Oye Come Va"), and has played on some hundred records. He's also a natural cutup, who spikes his solos with a wide repertoire of comic gestures—swaying his hips like Ralph Kramden doing the mambo, brushing his hair with a drumstick. Dining.

Blue Willow, 644 Broadway, at Bleecker St. (673-6480)—This room is oddly Victorian for lower Broadway, a region almost exclusively devoted to a celebration of youth. You won't find any funky murals or drinks with funny names here, just marble walls, antique furnishings, and a ceiling that would be hard to hit with a baseball. It's an agreeable place for conversation, which is probably why the small jazz combos that set up here nightly often get relegated to being background music. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A great, black loft that's jammed with row after row of tables—it looks a little like the site of a standardized test. Despite the cramped quarters, though, the Bottom Line is an easy, comfortable place to take in a folk or rock show. **Darlene Love** will be here on Feb. 17 (and again on Feb. 24). Love's set is divided into two acts. The first includes narrated segments meant to bring youngsters up to speed on the singer's life story, and it features highlights from the singer's long history of hits. Love can be heard on "He's a Rebel," "(Today I Met) The Boy I'm Gonna Marry," and, most recently, "All Alone on Christmas," from "Home Alone 2." The second act is dedicated to new material. **Jude Cole** is here on Feb. 18. On Feb. 19, Vin Scelsa is the host for what promises to be one of the liveliest installments in his long-running series of songwriter workshops; his guests will be **Lou Reed, David Byrne, Rosanne Cash,** and **Luka Bloom.** Burgers, fries, and other things to make your heart beat faster.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—The art collection in this neighborhood restaurant, bar, and jazz club is a curator's worst nightmare. Fortunately, the musicians who gather round the Steinway each night are usually more harmonious. Pianist **Kirk Lightsey,** bassist **Rufus Reid,** and drummer **Tommy Campbell** are at work through Feb. 20; the **Vic Juris** trio is here on Feb. 21; and saxophonist **Chico Freeman** heads up a trio as of Feb. 22. Dining.

Café Sin-é, 122 St. Marks Pl. (982-0370)—Don't be misled by the sleepy, hole-in-the-wall atmosphere of this bohemian little Irish café, or by the fact that the place has no stage and no music schedule. While patrons have been writing in journals, rolling cigarettes, or lingering over their Rolling Rocks, some pretty fine musicians like Sinéad O'Connor and Marianne Faithfull have turned up and tuned up.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**Eartha Kitt** is presently holding court in the posh, pastel-muralled Café Carlyle. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in Bemelmans Bar, **Ronny Whyte** presides at the piano.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll always sounds best in a dump, which may be why this legendary club is still thriving—the management has had the good sense not to renovate. New and used bands pass through nightly. **Thelonius Monster** is in on Feb. 17.

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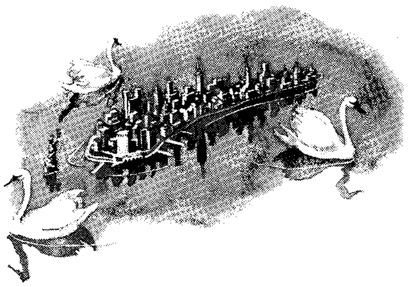

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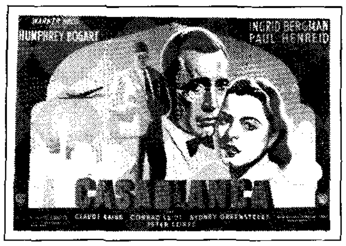

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NIGHT LIFE—Cont'd

Continental Club, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St.—This two-floor establishment has been all things to all people: meeting hall, rock club, jazz club, Off Broadway theatre. Physically, the place is sagging a bit, but it has an odd, dingy charm. Feb. 18 is devoted to spoken-word performances by **EXENE CERVENKA** and **DON BHAEMA,** as well as by hardcore's most celebrated Renaissance man, **HENRY ROLLINS,** who's in the midst of a tour for his funny and brutally honest spoken-word collection, "The Boxed Life." For concert information, call 249-8870.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—Fat Tuesday's underwent some cosmetic surgery recently, but jazz is still the club's most prominent feature. The veteran blues singer **JIMMY WITHERSPOON** is in action through Feb. 21, backed by a trio. Witherspoon, who has a deep, silky voice, puts his own imprint on standards, injecting them with personal reminiscence and down-and-dirty humor. **HELEN MERRILL** starts a run on Feb. 23. Merrill, a jazz star in the fifties, dropped out of sight for a few decades, resurfacing a few years back. She's a singer with great control: she can make her cool, smoky, vibratoless voice do whatever she wants it to do. She can swing out when she feels like it, but ballads are her strong suit, and she seems to know it, to judge from her set lists. In this reflective mode, her singing has a quality of airy solitude that brings to mind Miles Davis or Chet Baker. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL** leads a trio. Dining.

Five Spot, 4 W. 31st St. (631-0100)—The latest entrant in the jazz-club sweepstakes. The Five Spot is set in a mammoth turn-of-the-century ballroom that's been dormant for years. The club is all marble and gilt, with a few modern touches, such as the zebra-patterned carpeting in the V.I.P. room upstairs. The newly reunited **BRECKER BROTHERS** end a week-long engagement on Feb. 21. The group, which is headed up by saxophonist Michael Brecker and trumpeter Randy Brecker, recently released "Return of the Brecker Brothers," a bit of genre-hopping genius that has found its way into the contemporary jazz Top Ten. **JOEY DE FRANCESCO** is here on Feb. 22, and **GATO BARBIERI** starts up on Feb. 23. Dining.

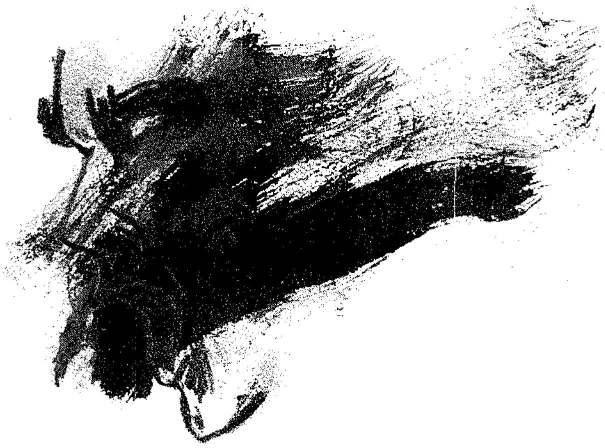
Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—A frat-house for the avant-garde. Among this week's performers are **JOEY BARON** (Feb. 18), the **JAZZ PASSENGERS** (Feb. 19), the **SONNY SHARROCK** band (Feb. 20), and **DON BYRON, TOM CORA,** and **ED NEUMIESTER** (Feb. 21).

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—A cabaret in the clouds. **ROSEMARY CLOONEY** is in the middle of a monthlong engagement. She deserves every single one of the compliments that have been aimed her way since she began appearing in this room four years ago. Her voice is direct and minimal, but the emotion she brings to a song like Rodgers and Hart's "It Never Entered My Mind," a highlight of her set here, comes out of whole lifetimes of feeling. Clooney is also affecting—and self-deprecating—when she's not singing: a story she tells about her fellow-nominees for a Grammy this year is hilarious. The over-all quality of her performance is enhanced by the topflight musicians who back her; guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli and drummer Joe Cocuzzo are among them. Dining.

Russian Tea Room, 150 W. 57th St. (265-0947)—Upstairs, there's a small, red-gold-and-green cabaret, where **JUDY KAYE** will rule the stage on Feb. 21. She's a rare singer, one who seems to be on native turf wherever she finds herself singing, whether in cabaret, on Broadway, with symphony orchestras, or in the opera house. Feb. 22 belongs to Craig Carnelia, a songwriter who has been racking up an impressive list of honors from his peers in the cabaret community, and whose songs persistently make their way into the programs of some of the better club singers in town. Dining and, of course, drinking.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great grass hut decorated with a fruit-and-bamboo motif and dedicated to such things as calypso, reggae, and bossa nova. **GIL SCOTT-HERON** is here through Feb. 17. **HENRY THREADGILL,** the innovative composer and saxophonist, brings in his group on Feb. 18. Threadgill recently released an album called "Too Much Sugar for a Dime," on which he weds blues, calypso, funk, and five or ten other styles. Closed Sundays. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A pretty serious jazz shrine. The **JANE BUNNETT** quintet is here through Feb. 21. An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter **MILES EVANS** is in action on Mondays. Dining.



Henry Rollins at the Continental Club.

Time Café, 380 Lafayette St.. (533-7000)—Hidden inside this sleek and trendy restaurant is a two-story club called Fez. Upstairs is a sumptuous Moroccan bar and lounge appointed with satin couches, mosaic tables, and Arabic-style fixtures. The downstairs room, where bands perform, is rather plain in comparison, but still a sleek and comfortable spot to take in a show. The **MINGUS BIG BAND** packs them in every Thursday. The fourteen-piece ensemble, directed by trombonist **SAM BURTIS** and saxophonist **CRAIG HANDY,** concentrates exclusively on the tricky, cacophonous work of its catalyst, Charles Mingus. Dining.

Tramps, 45 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—A broad, spacious, and agreeable club. **MAGIC SLIM** performs Feb. 19-20.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Pianist **MULGREW MILLER** has been known to inform his hard bop with a rich sonority and an intense musical dignity. He'll play here through Feb. 21, in a trio with **CHRISTIAN MC BRIDE** and **LEWIS NASH.** The seventeen-piece Vanguard Jazz Orchestra holds forth on Feb. 22, as it does every Monday. A week-long Art Blakey tribute starts up on Feb. 23, with a lineup that should turn a few heads: **RALPH MOORE, DONALD HARRISON, ROBIN EUBANKS, BRIAN LYNCH, GEOFF KEEZER, PETER WASHINGTON,** and **CARL ALLEN.**

Wetlands, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—Usually thought of as a Deadhead hangout, Wetlands has also been the launching pad for a generation of young New York bands like Blues Traveler and the Spin Doctors. **ERIC BURDON** and the Brian Auger band claim Feb. 18; Bim Skala Bim, Mephiskatheles, and the Second Step perform on Feb. 19; and the club celebrates its fourth anniversary on Feb. 20, with Little Women and Allgood.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—The food is Italian, the atmosphere is pastels and soft lights, and the musicians, who set up in a room between the bar and the dining room, are first-rate. The **ROY MERIWETHER** duo performs Feb. 18-20, and singer-pianist **TERI THORNTON** begins a three-day gig on Feb. 22. Closed Sundays.

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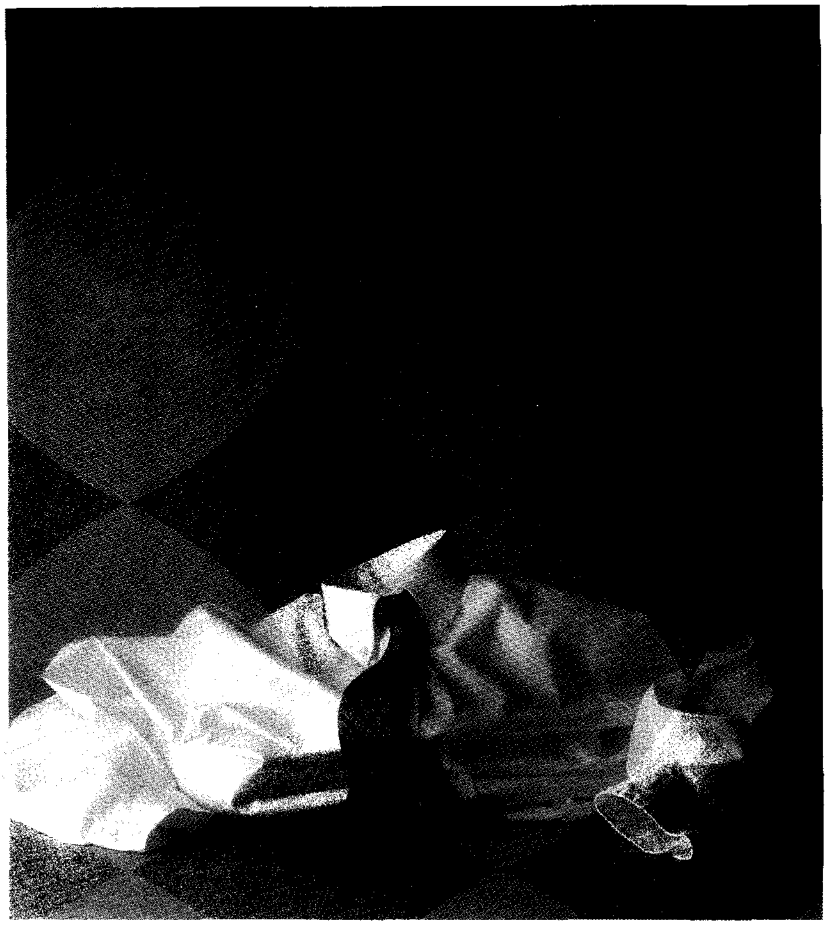

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EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

SANS the light show that transmutes Paris into all those Kodak moments, visitors still in overdrive discover that the supposed citadel of love and romance retains only faint memories of the night champagne was invented. Paris at midnight is more disheartening than any tavern in Buffalo after the Super Bowl. So no wonder the opening of Queen (102 Avenue des Champs-Elysées) received almost as much press as Pierre Bergé. After a yearlong dearth of anywhere to go besides the shove-a-thon called Folies Pigalle, the "Quinn," as it's pronounced here, is actually the reincarnation of Club Central, which once attracted a strictly *pont-et-tunnel* crowd. Little has been done to change it, so perhaps the renaissance of the Champs-Elysées accounts for the return of several hundred models, hustlers, unpaid go-go boys, and painfully sleek women in extremely tight black, not to mention enough nicotine pollution to necessitate hanging your leather jacket by an open window for a week.

But is it fun? That's a slippery term in a city that praises Sylvie Vartan as entertainment. "You're in the wrong club," a friend said to the American model who, announcing that surely nobody else could possibly want to dance to "Vogue" ("Vogue?"), found himself being pawed by diehard voguers, horny women, and the occasional waiter with a free hand. "Wrong club? I'm in the wrong profession," he replied. "I only came out here for laughs." Then you're in the wrong town.

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BABS DAVY—In a reprise of "Women and Children First: Outstanding Perk or Tool of Oppression?" (WOW Café, 59 E. 4th St. 460-8067. Feb. 18-20 at 8. Through Feb. 27.)

PAT OLESZKO—In her new performance piece, "Nora's Art." (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. Feb. 18-21 at 8:30. Through Feb. 28.)

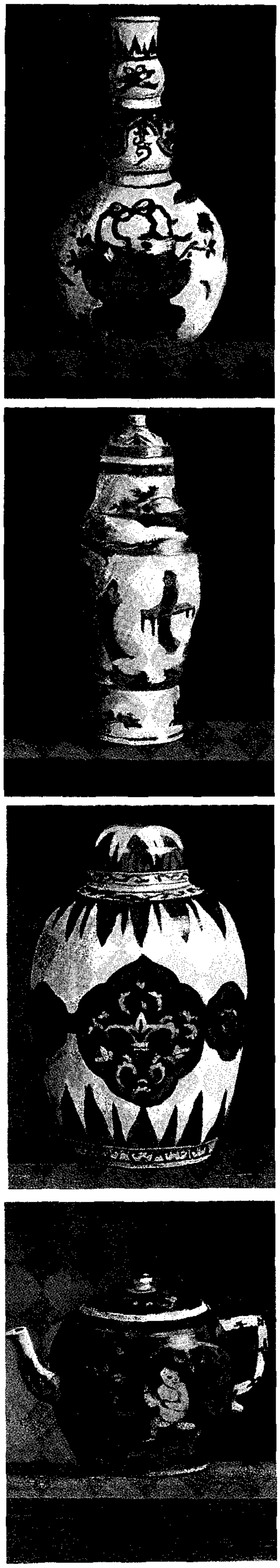
JUDE NARITA—Presenting her one-woman show "Coming Into Passion/Song for a Sansei." (Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. 752-3015. Feb. 19 at 8.)

ICE SHOW—Starring Kristi Yamaguchi, Scott Hamilton, and Paul Wylie. (Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. Feb. 19 at 8.)

PENNY ARCADE—In her show "Bitch! Dyke! Faghag! Whore!" (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120. Fridays and Saturdays at 8.)

PAPER BAG PLAYERS—Performing their latest show for children, "The Paper Bag Players and You." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Through March 7.)

P.S. 122—Feb. 18-21 at 7:30: Peggy Pettitt presents "Tricksters: All Over You Like White on Rice." Through Feb. 28. . . . ¶ Feb. 18-21 at 9: "No Trace of the Blonde," a work by Holly Hughes, with sets by Janie Geiser and music by Tiyé Giraud. (150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.)



Blue-and-white porcelain at the Frick.

ART

Sages of Weimar

IN the light of recent talk about how museums ought, ideally, to put their assets to work now that extravagant loan shows are the exception, not the rule, a small exhibition currently at the Met, titled "Faces and Figures: German and Austrian Artists, 1918-33" (through April), augurs well. Organized by Sabine Rewald, it is an expert display of curatorial throwaway chic, consisting entirely of Met-owned objects, including paintings, drawings, and prints by Beckmann, Grosz, Kokoschka, and Dix, and photographs by Raoul Hausmann, John Heartfield, and August Sander.

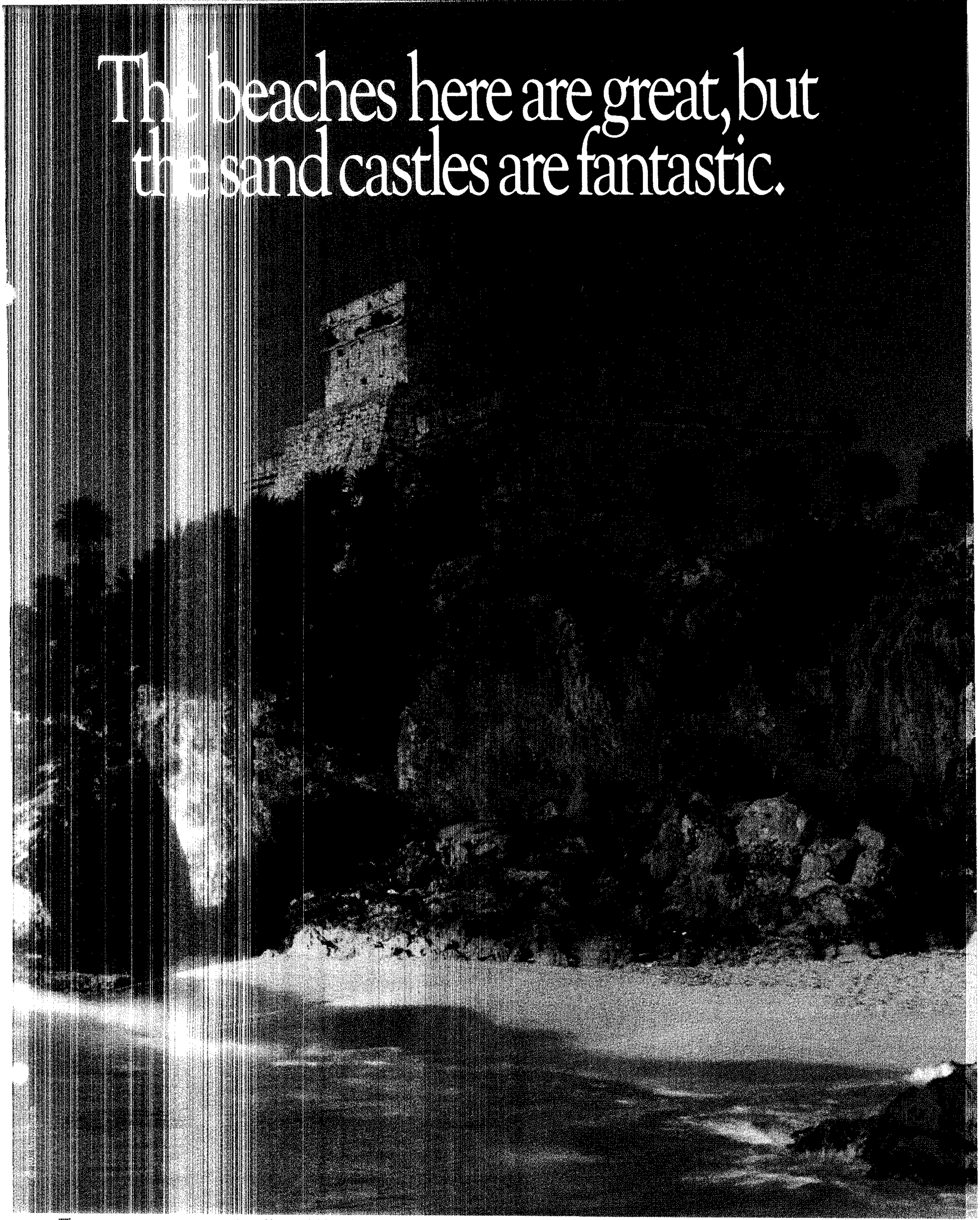
The Met's Weimar inventory is conspicuously poor in painting. The cornerstone of the show, a 1922 portrait, by Dix, titled "The Businessman Max Roesberg, Dresden," which was purchased just last year, is the only nineteen-twenties German painting in the collection. It is a prime specimen of the style known as Neue Sachlichkeit (New Objectivity), which soon hardened into the clinical glare of Dix's great portrait, at MOMA, of the throat specialist Dr. Mayer-Hermann. Like Dix's doctor—and like most Sander photo-portrait subjects—Roesberg, a manufacturer of industrial tools, appears with his occupational attributes: a wall calendar, a rather dingy office clock, and a gleaming new telephone that, according to Rewald, "brings a whiff of cosmopolitan flair into the small-town office." The Weimar Republic seems to have been as hardworking as it was hard-bitten.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—A permanent installation of blue-and-white Chinese porcelain, dating from the fifteenth century to the early nineteenth. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Fashion and History: A Dialogue" is the first installation in the redesigned Costume Institute. . . . ¶ "Drawing for Design" includes sketches and finished pieces by designers, architects, and artists, from Christopher Dresser to Robert Venturi. . . . ¶ "The Royal City of Susa: Ancient Near Eastern Treasures in the Louvre." Two hundred works in copper, bronze, stone, and clay. Through March 7. . . . ¶ The third-century works in "Loma Negra, A Peruvian Lord's Tomb" range from small gilt nose and ear ornaments to large headdresses an masks. . . . ¶ Twenty-five examples of elaborately inscribed and decorated medieval Islamic garments. Through March 14. . . . ¶ An installation of works from the museum's large collection of Italian majolica and Venetian glass. . . . ¶ The Robert Wood Johnson, Jr., Gallery has been renovated, and for the first time will be a vehicle for the permanent display of drawings, prints, and photographs. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Projects: Georg Herold and Markus Oehlen." These mischievous German artists have an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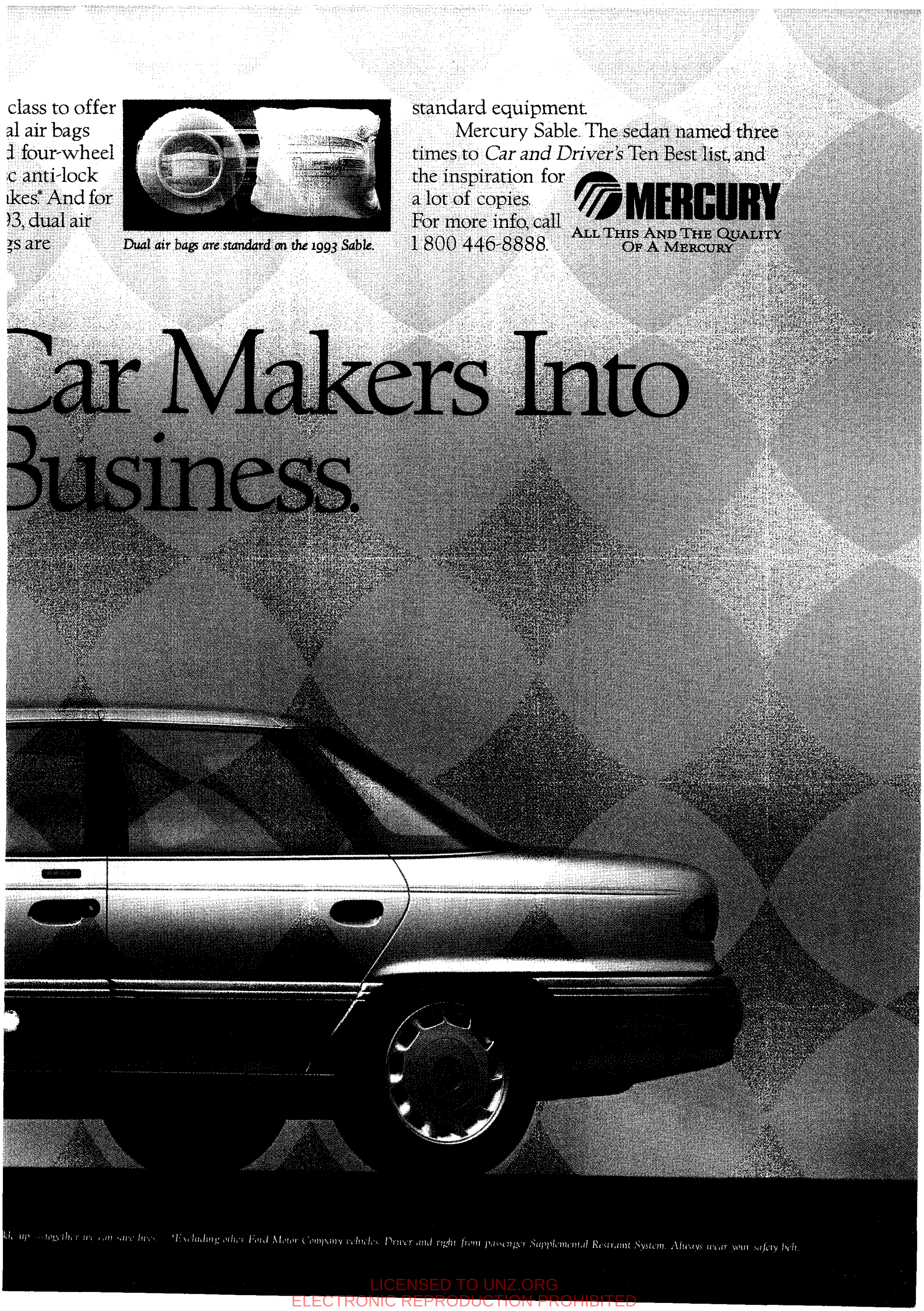

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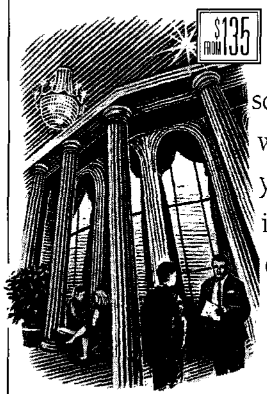

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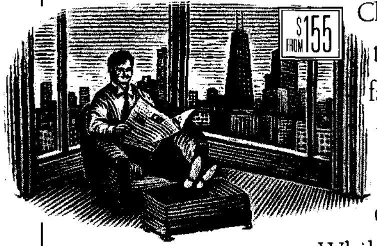

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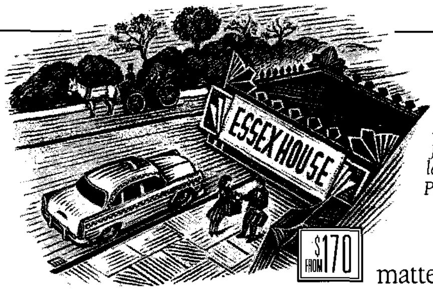

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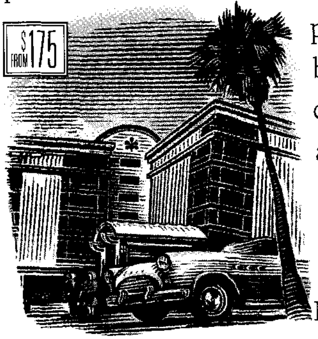

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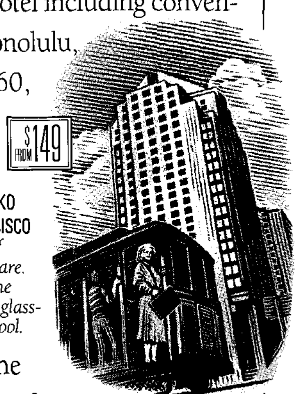

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DUSSELDORF LONDON PARIS HONG KONG TAIPEI MANILA SYDNEY OSAKA FUKUOKA image shared, in different ways, by numerous other German and American male artists who came of age in the eighties—namely, that of the bad boy. The best of German bad-boy art, especially that made by artists reared in the East, tends to pose the question, How seriously are you going to take this? It is a question asked by Oehlen (who was born in the West) in two sculptures that look like massive whipped-cream dollops, with advanced midriff bulge, and that wobble if you brush up against them, and by Herold (raised in the East) in a canvas-wrapped wooden sculpture that has something or other to do with "cluster theory." Herold is adept at a certain strain of Dada, especially when his visual puns deliberately take on the pun-meister himself, Sigmar Polke (also, incidentally, from the former G.D.R.). Oehlen's work, too, resembles Polke's, though more in style than in spirit. His paintings, with their overlaid blobs and stencils, are graphically skilled but try too hard to look like "Art," while Herold's dumbly blunt paintings—for example, the word "void" spelled in bricks that actually cause the canvas to sag from their weight—critique the game while playing it every step of the way. Through March 23. . . . ¶ "Thinking Is Form: The Drawings of Joseph Beuys," approximately two hundred works in several mediums, including pencil, watercolor, oil, collage, and chalk on blackboard. Through May 4. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"AMERICA Invention," a new work by Lothar Baumgarten. The walls of the large rotunda, from the skylight to the ground and back up again, are inscribed with the Westernized names for Native American societies from Alaska to Tierra del Fuego. Through March 7. (Open daily, except Thursdays, 10 to 8.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The museum will be closed through Feb. 23 for the installation of the 1993 Biennial Exhibition.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Ida Applebroog's new installation, titled "Everything Is Fine," consists of several paintings and works on paper hung in the lobby, along with twenty-five free-standing paintings. Through April 25. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"The Power of Maps" includes such wonderful objects as a Mesopotamian clay tablet; a navigation chart from the Marshall Islands; and a *lukasa*, a map made of wood, beads, and metal, used by a secret society of the Luba people of Zaire. There are maps here that track the transmission of plagues and maps that chart the ozone hole over Antarctica. There is even a display showing the inside of a map-lover's glove compartment. But so much effort has gone into proving that maps can be fun that much of the fun has been stripped away. Perhaps more could have been left to the imagination by creatively juxtaposing the material and letting museumgoers figure it all out themselves. Through March 7. . . . ¶ A show of drawings, prints, textiles, and wall coverings by designers and architects who have died of AIDS. Through Feb. 28. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Queens Museum of Art, Flushing Meadow Park—Ten works by Keith Haring: eight drawings, one sculpture, and a sixty-foot mural in the main-floor gallery. The installation is part of an extensive educational program for schoolchildren and families. . . . ¶ Images of, and references to, money in art over the past thirty years, in "The Realm of the Coin: Money in American Art, 1960–90," featuring the work of Laurie Anderson, Mary Kelly, Andy Warhol, and David Wojnarowicz. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Ed Ruscha—These so-called "Liquid" paintings, made between 1966 and 1969, consist generally of an ombré background, in an unwholesome color, and a single floating word. But think of ripe papayas and Coppertone tans, of Tequila Sunrises in Santa Monica bars, of killer tropical punches tinted blue. At closer range, tiny still-life motifs—refried beans, an olive, pomegranate seeds, a couple of marbles, foam—may be found clinging to a bubble or swirled into a spill, and a vision of, say, the Dutch Masters on a beach near Tijuana comes to mind. These paintings are beautiful. Like the waking ends of dreams, their surfaces seem to dissolve into one-word utterances. At that instant, you may suddenly feel a puff of air pushing you off again to look for some perspective on a memory. Through Feb 27. (Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Short List—**HANNELORE BARON,** Schlesinger, 24 E. 73rd St. (through Feb. 27); **ROBERT MOTHERWELL,** Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (through March 11); **JULIAN SCHNABEL,** Marks, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. (through March 6); **JAIME SUAREZ,** CDS Gallery, 76 E. 79th St. (through Feb. 27).

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Alex Katz—A stunning show of recent hand-painted cutouts of the artist's friends. One room is filled with a sea of young, glinty-eyed faces, rendered seamlessly attractive by Katz's deceptively simple brush. Each face is elegantly perched on a bronze pad that has been hand-molded as if by Giacometti. Of the full-figure cutouts, some are singles, others pairs, and two—one of the painter Francesco Clemente and one of the former art dealer Massimo Audiello—are doubled, as if the artist thinks that they are narcissists who enjoy their own company above all others'. No matter what format he's working in, Katz has a great appreciation for male beauty and a keen ability to express people's basic goodness. Through Feb 27. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Andrew Wyeth—Paintings and watercolors from the thirties to the present. This show makes it difficult to fathom what the Wyeth mystique is all about. The realism is not masterly, the moods are not determinate, the psychic depictions are not probing, the arrangements of forms are less felicitous than an ordinary still-life's—even Wyeth's vaunted sentimentality is about as satisfying as a store-bought apple pie. Through Feb 27. (ACA, 41 E. 57th St.)

Short List—**JOHN CARLSON,** Babcock 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through March 3); **ROBERT COTTINGHAM,** Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St. (through March 20); **VINCENT DESIDERIO,** Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through Feb. 27); **ARTHUR G. DOVE,** Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St. (through March 13); **MARTHA MAYER ERLEBACHER** and **MARK WORKMAN,** Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (through Feb. 27); **MINNIE EVANS,** Ross, 50 W. 57th St. (through March 6); **PHILIP GEIGER,** Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. (through Feb. 20); **ROBERT GOODNOUGH,** De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St. (through March 2); **VALERIE JAUDON,** Janis, 110 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through Feb. 27); **CATHERINE LEE,** Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (through March 27); **JAMES MC GARRELL,** Frumkin-Adams, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through Feb. 27); **HARVEY QUAYTMAN,** McKee, 50 W. 57th St. (through March 3); **BONELL SILVERMAN,** Ulysses, 41 E. 57th St. (through Feb. 27); **TOM UTTECH,** Schmidt Bingham, 41 W. 57th St. (through Feb. 27); **TIMOTHY WOODMAN,** Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through March 20).

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MOSCHINO

GALLERIES—SoHo

Carroll Dunham—Of all the bad-boy painters working today, Dunham is certainly one of the most entertaining, for, unlike most of his peers, he recognizes the juvenile nature of aggressively masculine stances. When he is at his most engaged, as he is in these new paintings, he lets the boy in him run wild. The result is battle scenes, in kid colors, containing squirt-like things that sprout genitalic appendages, sprays of roe and foam, and steamy hairs—a style that could be called Primordial Baroque. Yet whatever the appearance of these paintings, Dunham is at heart a traditional painter, and all that play is, in the end, a way to keep the eye entertained as it moves across the canvas. Through March 20. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Short List—**ALICE AYCOCK,** Weber, 142 Greene St. (through March 13); **CAROLYN BRADY,** Hoffman, 429 West Broadway (through March 13); **CHRIS BURDEN,** Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. (through Feb 27); **ROBERT CUMMING,** Marcus, 578 Broadway (through March 6); **SONIA DELAUNAY,** Zarre, 154 Wooster St. (through March 6); **MARIO DELLAVEDOVA,** Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (through March 13); **STEVE GIANAKOS,** Toll, 146 Greene St. (through March 27); **RODNEY ALAN GREENBLAT,** P.P.O.W, 532 Broadway (through March 13); **JERRY KEARNS,** Freire, 130 Prince St. (through Feb. 20), and Kent, 47 E. 63rd St. (open Mondays, closed Saturdays, through March 5); **ED KERR,** O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway (through Feb. 27); **JAMES HYDE,** Good, 532 Broadway (through March 12); **DAVID LASRY,** Auchincloss, 558 Broadway (through March 10); **MILA MACEK,** Ala, 560 Broadway (through March 10); **CAROL PYLANT,** Cacciola, 125 Wooster St. (through March 2); **JANE SCHNEIDER,** Kelly, 591 Broadway (through March 2); **SELINA TRIEFF,** Perlow, 560 Broadway (through Feb. 27).

PHOTOGRAPHY

Strange But True

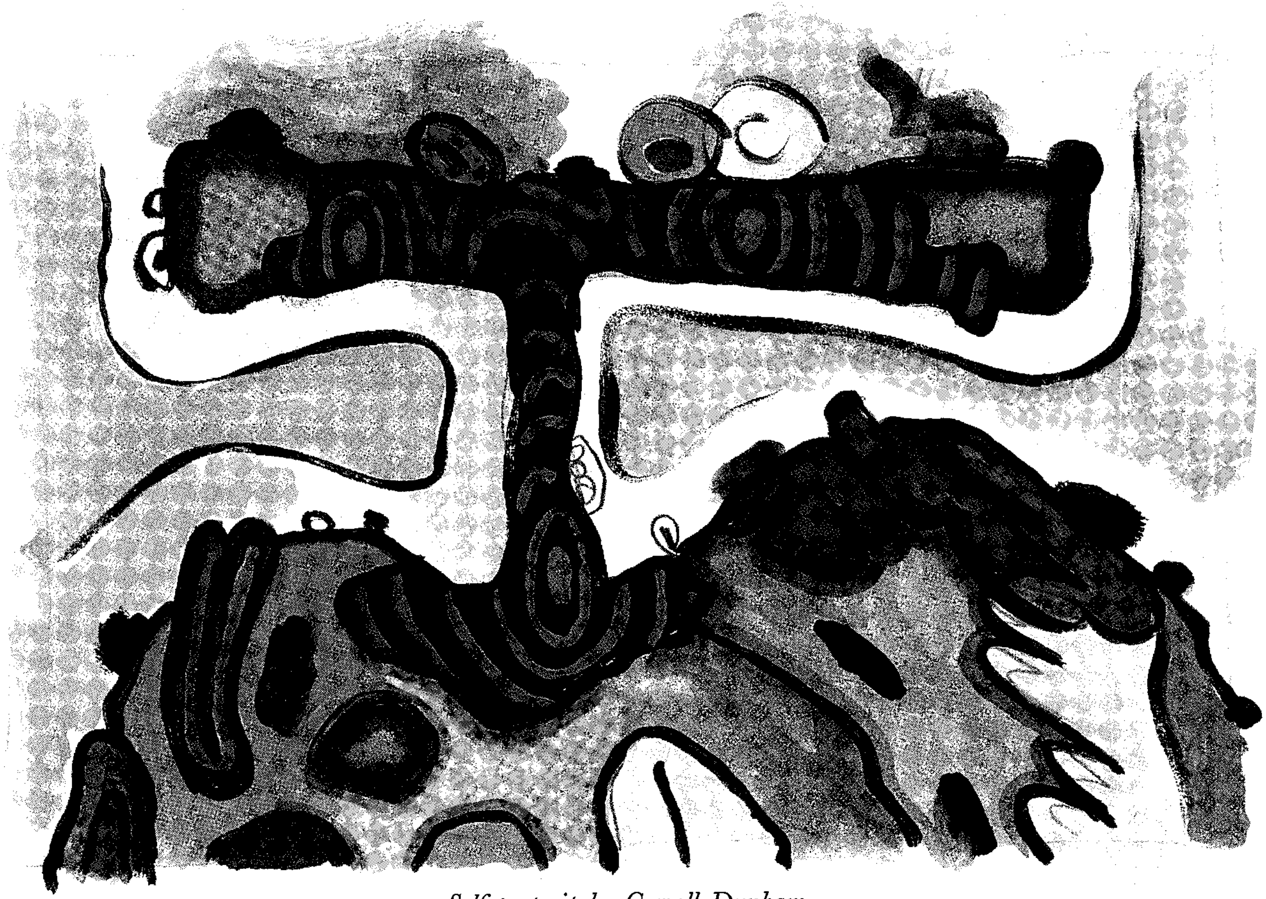
Diana Michener has been taking photographs for more than two decades, but it is the show currently at Pace-MacGill (32 East 57th Street; through March 6)—her first exhibition in a dozen years—that will make her reputation as a serious contributor to the field. Life flows from this exhibition, although the images themselves are full of the loss that comes after death. The two groups of work on view—one of the heads of newly slaughtered cows, the other of deformed fetuses, a number of them Siamese twins, and all long preserved in formaldehyde—combine education and emotion in remarkable ways. Michener has chosen subjects that, in another's hands, could easily provoke horror or numbness; instead, she provokes one to really look at her pictures. Michener's success is related in part to the quality of her printing, in part to her choice of scale, and in large part to her guiding eye. Rather than seeming freakish, the fetuses she has photographed appear to be so immediate that, as the director of the gallery said, "you want to talk to them."

Andres Serrano—Large Cibachrome pictures, under the title "The Morgue (Cause of Death)," that transcend the voyeurism implicit in this subject and, instead, are so dignified, so carefully worked out, that one is drawn to them, not repulsed. There is a humanity and grandeur here that one expects to see in the paintings of El Greco, say, or Francis Bacon, but not in the work of a contemporary photographer, particularly not in images that depict everyday tragedy. In Serrano's hands, people who have died as the result of a knifing, or AIDS, or suicide are treated as subjects who deserve unforgettable representation. These photographs—so haunting and so moral—are difficult to get out of one's mind. Through Feb 20. (Paula Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

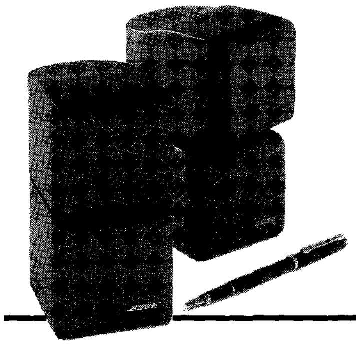
Short List—**JOSEF BREITENBACH,** Houk Friedman, 1094 Madison Ave., at 82nd St., and Hirschl & Adler Modern, 420 West Broadway (both through Feb. 27); **FLOR GARDUÑO,** Americas Society, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. (open daily, except Mondays, noon to 6, through March 7); **EMIL HEILBORN,** Mann, 42 E. 76th St. (through April 10); **SAUL LEITER,** Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. (through Feb. 27); **MARK KLETT,** Pace-MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (through March 6); **MARTIN MUNKACSI,** Fashion Institute of Technology, 227 W. 27th St. (open Tuesday evenings until 9, through March 6); **JOHN STEWART,** Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (through March 13); **LEONARD SUSSMAN,** Witkin, 415 West Broadway (through Feb. 27); **JOYCE TENNESON** and **PHYLLIS GALEMBO,** International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8; through March 28); **ROMAN VISHNIAC,** International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St. (open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8; through April 18).

OTHER GALLERIES

Group Show—Humorous drawings by eleven contributors to these pages. Participants include Barsotti, Chast, Crawford, Kaplan, Mankoff, Maslin, O'Brien, Roberts, Shanahan, Stevens, and Ziegler. Through Feb. 28. (Illustration Gallery, 330 E. 11th St.)



Self-portrait by Carroll Dunham.



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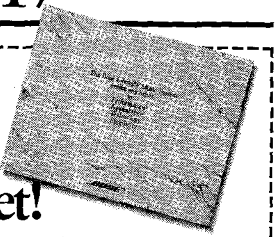

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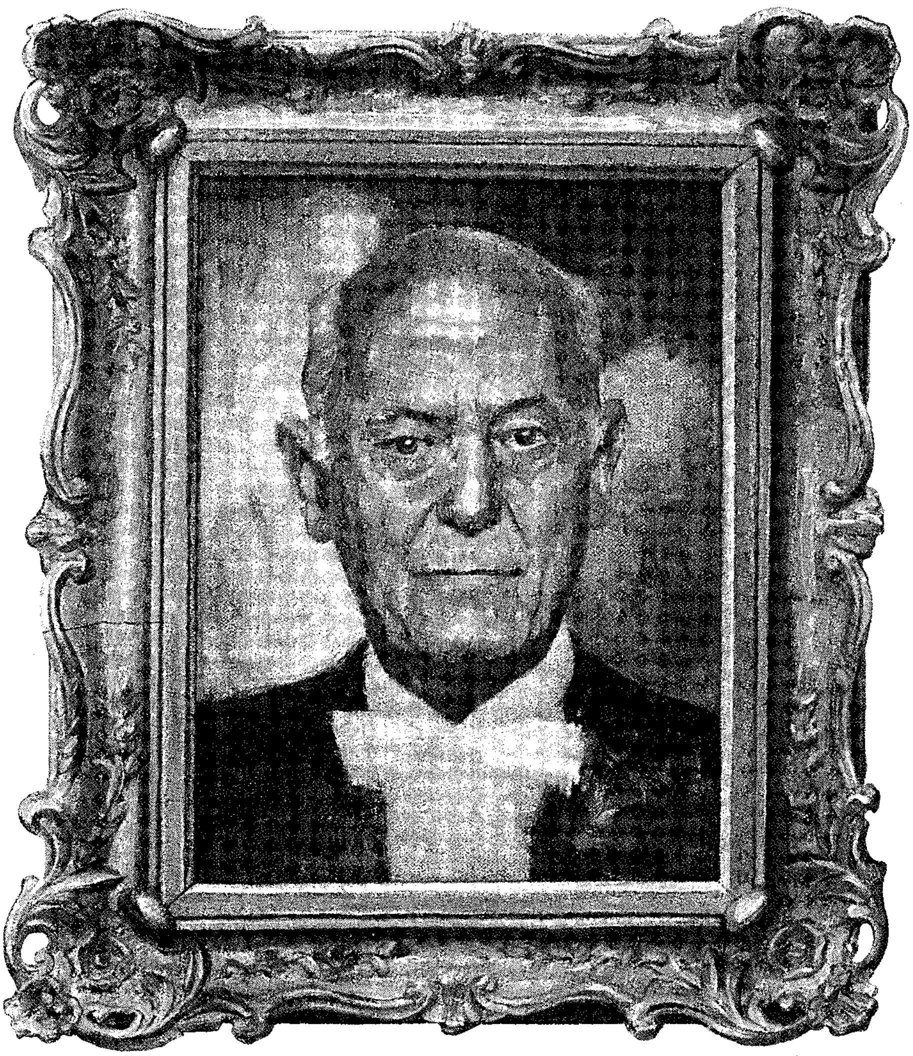
MUSIC

In from the Cold

VLADIMIR FELTSMAN has been the victim of his own too-good story. He was once a refusenik in the news—a Jewish pianist who applied to emigrate from the pre-Gorbachev Soviet Union and found himself shunted off to the hinterlands. When he was invited to give a recital at the United States Ambassador's residence, the piano was vandalized. A tape of an earlier concert was spirited out and, with much publicity, issued by CBS Records. When he was finally permitted to leave, his Carnegie Hall début was reported everywhere and was accorded the unusual tribute of being published complete, as a two-CD set, by CBS. Mr. Feltsman worried in interviews at the time about being typecast as a soulful Russian pianist, expected by all to play Rachmaninoff and Tchaikovsky, even though his interests really centered on the German repertory.

Times change: the Soviet Union is in chaos, refuseniks are no longer news, CBS Records has become Sony Classical, and Mr. Feltsman is in an odd career spot. Too splashily launched to play for medium fees and thereby build a following, and with a personality reportedly too difficult to attract many collaborative engagements, he has been hard put to capitalize on the initial fanfare. But, true to his word, he is insistently representing himself as a pianist of the German tradition. His February 21 program, at Avery Fisher Hall, traverses major works by Bach, Beethoven, and Schumann before permitting some Scriabin at the end.



Georg Solti, conducting the Vienna Philharmonic, at Carnegie Hall.

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall, 875-5050; for Avery Fisher Hall, 875-5030; and for Carnegie Hall, 247-7800.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—**DER ROSENKAVALIER,** with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Susan Quittmeyer, Heidi Grant Murphy, and Jan-Hendrik Rootering; conducted by Christian Thielemann. (Feb. 17 at 7:30 and Feb. 20 at 1.). . . **LES CONTES D'HOFFMANN,** with Ruth Welting, Patricia Schuman, Wendy White, Jane Bunnell, Placido Domingo, and Alan Held; Frederic Rabemananjara. (Feb. 18 at 8.). . . **CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA** and **PAGLIACCI,** with Waltraud Meier, Bruno Beccaria, and Timothy Noble in the former, and Barbara Daniels, Vladimir Atlantov, and Juan Pons in the latter; Nello Santi. (Feb. 19 and Feb. 23 at 8.). . . **IL TROVATORE,** with Aprile Millo, Dolora Zajick, Kristjan Johannsson, and Vladimir Chernov; Nello Santi. (Feb. 20 at 8.). . . **LA FANCIULLA DEL WEST,** with Ghena Dimitrova, Nicola Martinucci, and Alain Fondary; Christian Badea. (Feb. 22 at 8.) (Metropolitan Opera House.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall, Kurt Masur conducting. Feb. 18-20 at 7: Bach's "St. Matthew Passion," with soprano Edith Wiens, mezzo-soprano Carolyn Watkinson, tenor Peter Schreier, baritone Andreas Schmidt, bass Alastair Miles, and the Westminster Symphonic Choir. . . . ¶ Feb. 23 at 8: Franck's Symphony in D Minor and Brahms' Violin Concerto, with Itzhak Perlman. A benefit concert.

VIENNA PHILHARMONIC—At Carnegie Hall, Georg Solti conducting. Feb. 17 at 8: Performing Mendelssohn's Symphony No. 4 and Shostakovich's Symphony No. 5. . . . ¶ Feb. 18 at 8: Mendelssohn's Symphony No. 4 and Beethoven's Symphony No. 3.

TALLIS SCHOLARS—Peter Phillips directs a-cappella music from the Renaissance, in an incense-laden venue; including proper settings for the Easter Mass by Byrd and motets by Nicolas Gombert, Josquin Desprez, and Orlandus Lassus (the last being for double choir). (Church of St. Mary the Virgin, 145 W. 46th St. 921-2939. Feb. 17 at 8.)

NEW YORK POPS—As the orchestra achieves its tenth birthday, Skitch Henderson conducts the group's top hits, from "Mack the Knife" to the Grand Triumphal March from "Aida." (Carnegie Hall. Feb. 19 at 8.)

MANHATTAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC PHILHARMONIA—Jean-Bernard Pommier, better known as a pianist than a conductor, will lead the orchestra in Debussy's "Petite Suite" and "Printemps" suite, as well as Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 4. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Feb. 19 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

NEW YORK VIRTUOSO SINGERS—Harold Rosenbaum directs an all-American program, including works by Brian Fennelly, John Harbison, Katherine Hoover, and George Perle. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Feb. 20 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

CHORAL SYMPHONY SOCIETY—David Labovitz directs Bach's Cantatas No. 6, No. 18, No. 65, and No. 68. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Feb. 21 at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

CAPPELLA ORATORIANA—The choir and period-instrument ensemble, directed by Dennis Bernard Delaney, perform an anonymous "Oratorio per la Settimana Santa" and other works written for the mid-seventeenth-century Roman oratory. Howard E. Smither, the reigning scholar on the history of the oratorio, will also speak. (Oratory Church of St. Boniface, Willoughby and Duffield Sts., Brooklyn. 1-718 875-2096. Feb. 21 at 4.)

LEIPZIG CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Georg Moosdorf conducts Haydn's Symphony No. 89, Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 4 (featuring Joseph Kalichstein), and Schubert's Symphony No. 5. (Carnegie Hall. Feb. 22 at 8.)

MANHATTAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC CHAMBER SINFONIA—Glen Cortese conducts the premières of Edward Paul Mascari's "Symphonic Poem" and William Thomas McKinley's Viola Concerto No. 3 (featuring Karen Dreyfus), as well a Fauré's "Pelléas et Mélisande" Suite and Beethoven's Symphony No. 7. (Alice Tully Hall. Feb. 22 at 8. . . . ¶ Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Feb. 23 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

RECITALS

ROBERT WHITE—The tenor concludes a season-long retrospective survey of his varied career by performing twentieth-century works, including popular songs from the turn of the century; a group of First World War tunes (arranged by Stephen Hough); a set of Irish folk songs (arranged by John Corigliano); art songs by Barber, Bolcom, Hindemith, Menotti,

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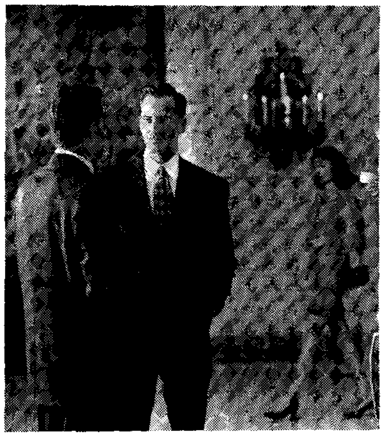

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MUSIC—Cont'd

Rorem, and Schuman; and the première of Lowell Liebermann's "A Poet to His Beloved," a setting (for tenor, flute, piano, and string quartet) of six poems by William Butler Yeats. Flutist James Galway, pianists Stephen Hough and Brian Zeger, and the Lark String Quartet will assist. (Alice Tully Hall. Feb. 17 at 8.)

Bargemusic—An all-Beethoven concert: pianist Joseph Villa performs the "Moonlight" Sonata; Fred Sherry joins him for the G-Minor Cello Sonata (Op. 5, No. 2); and violinist Ik-Hwan Bae rounds out the ensemble for the Trio in E-Flat (Op. 1, No. 1). (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. Feb. 18 at 7:30 and Feb. 21 at 4.)

New York Woodwind Quintet—Performing chamber works by Mozart, Carter, and Janáček. (Paul Hall, Juilliard School, 60 Lincoln Center Plaza. Feb. 18 at 8. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 769-7406.)

"Das Lied von der Erde"—Mahler's vast song-cycle-cum-symphony, considerably scaled down in this piano-accompanied version prepared by the composer at the same time he wrote his orchestral score. The performance is here entrusted to mezzo-soprano Ewa Podleś, tenor Kenn Hicks, and pianist Cyprien Katsaris. Also on the program are several of Mahler's "Wunderhorn" songs. (Alice Tully Hall. Feb. 18 at 8.)

Susanne Mentzer—In her New York début recital, the mezzo-soprano performs songs by Rossini, Debussy, and Strauss, as well as the New York première of Carlisle Floyd's "A Citizen of Paradise" (based on poems by Emily Dickinson); with pianist Craig Rutenberg. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. Feb. 19 at 8.)

Composers Concordance—Presenting solo and chamber works by six modern composers, including Ursula Mamlok, Nicolas Roussakis, and Rolv Yttrehus. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Feb. 19 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—The Prism Quartet (saxophonists who divide their time between electronic chamber music and the classic saxophone-quartet repertoire) performs the New York première of Michael Ruszczynski's "Fantasy Quartet." Also on the program are chamber works for strings by Leclair, Kodály, and Dvořák (his Quintet in E-Flat). (Alice Tully Hall. Feb. 19 at 8 and Feb. 21 at 5. . . . **note:** Mr. Ruszczynski and members of the quartet will offer a lecture-demonstration on Feb. 21 at 4.)

Evgeny Kissin—The pianist will perform an all-Chopin concert: seven Mazurkas, three Nocturnes, a Polonaise, a Fantasy, and the B-Minor Sonata. (Carnegie Hall. Feb. 20 at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Playing three quartets by Beethoven: in E-Flat (Op. 74, the "Harp"); in B-Flat (Op. 18, No. 6), and in E Minor (Op. 59, No. 2). (Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Feb. 20 at 8.)

Continuum—Presenting compositions by Ruth Crawford Seeger (1901-1953), whose often intense works might be viewed as a microcosm of American experimentalism in the first half of our century. The program will include her "Suite for Piano and Five Wind Instruments" (1927), which is so complex that its first public performance didn't occur until 1975; her "Five Songs on Poems of Carl Sandburg" (1929); and her String Quartet (1933), a twelve-tone work (with tone clusters) in which variations of dynamics are subjected to rigorous contrapuntal treatment, causing the musical lines to emerge and subside in fascinating alternation. (Alice Tully Hall. Feb. 20 at 8.)

A Baroque Trio—Violinist Sonya Monosoff, cellist Angela Yeung, and harpsichordist Peter Wolf play sonatas by Bach, Biber, and Buxtehude. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, enter at Broadway at 116th St. Feb. 20 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert. . . . ¶ St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Feb. 21 at 2. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Sergey Schepkin—Pianist, in his New York début recital, performing Bach's E-Minor Partita, Book One of Debussy's "Images," and works by Scriabin, Rachmaninoff, and Sofia Gubaidulina. (Weill Recital Hall. Feb. 20 at 8:30.)

Orion String Quartet—Performing quartets by Haydn (in D Minor, Op. 76, No. 2), Kirchner (his First), and Beethoven (in B-Flat, Op. 130). (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. Feb. 21 at 2. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

Vladimir Feltsman—Pianist, performing the Bach-Busoni Chaconne, Beethoven's Sonata in A-Flat (Op. 110), Schumann's "Kreisleriana," and Scriabin's Sonata No. 4. (Avery Fisher Hall. Feb. 21 at 3.)

Richard Stoltzman—The clarinettist is joined by pianist Irma Vallecillo and harpist Nancy Allen for a program of chamber works by Weber, Messiaen, Poulenc, William Thomas McKinley, Debussy, and Clare Fischer. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100. Feb. 21 at 3.)

Music Amici—Chamber music by Debussy, Ravel, and Saint-Saëns. (Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, Madison Ave. at 73rd St. Feb. 21 at 3. Admission by contribution.)

Frederick Zlotkin and Richard Locker—A pair of cellists, performing premières of works by Torrie Zito, as well as music by Rossini, Haydn, and others. (Ethical Culture Society, 2 W. 64th St. Feb. 21 at 3. No tickets necessary.)

Baroque Blowout—An assemblage of well-established, mostly English early-music players: violinists John Holloway, Stanley Ritchie, and Andrew Manze, theorbo player Nigel North, and harpsichordist John Toll. They'll play a mostly seventeenth-century program of works from Italy (by Giovanni Gabrieli, Biagio Marini, Dario Castello, Giovanni Battista Fontana, and Alessandro Piccinini), Germany (Johann Heinrich Schmelzer, Heinrich Biber, Johann Jacob Froberger, and Johann Pachelbel—yes, the omnipresent Canon), and England (Purcell). Presented by Music Before 1800. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. 666-0675. Feb. 21 at 4.)

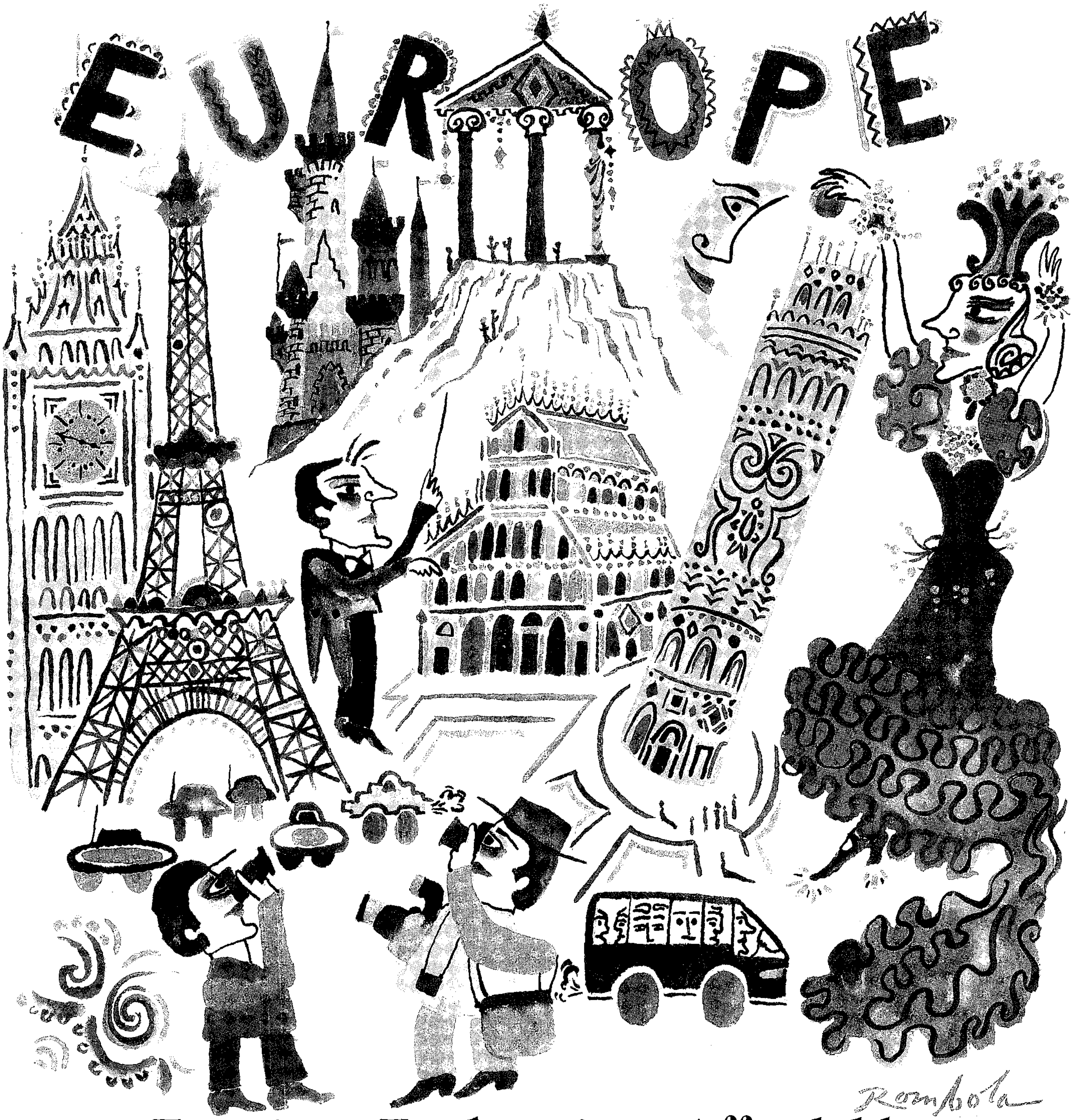
Winslow Browning—Classical guitarist, performing opera-inspired works by Sor (after "Die Zauberflöte"), Francisco Tarrega (after "La Traviata"), and Johann Mertz (after "Il Trovatore"), as well as nonoperatic pieces by Federico Moreno Torroba and Astor Piazzolla. (St. Luke in the Fields, 487 Hudson St., at Grove St. Feb. 21 at 4. For information about tickets, call 1-718 788-1988.)

Andrea Lucchesini—In his New York début recital, the pianist will perform Beethoven's E-Major Sonata (Op. 109), two sets of Schoenberg's piano pieces (Op. 11 and Op. 19), four "elemental" pieces by Berio ("Feuerklavier," "Erdenklavier," "Luftklavier," and "Wasserklavier"), and Rachmaninoff's B-Flat-Minor Sonata. (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. 288-0700. Feb. 21 at 5.)

Daniel Gaisford—The cellist will perform an hour-long recital comprising Prokofiev's C-Major Sonata (Op. 119) and an arrangement of de Falla's "Suite Populaire Espagnole"; with pianist Nelson Padgett. (Spanish Institute, 684 Park Ave., at 68th St. 628-0420. Feb. 23 at 6:30.)

Aldo Abreu—The Venezuelan recorder player, who was awarded first prize in last year's Concert Artists Guild Competition, will perform Renaissance divisions, several brief Baroque movements, Bach's C-Minor Partita (a transposition of the A-Minor solo-flute Partita), Lennox Berkeley's Sonatina for Recorder and Piano (1940), Berio's "Gesti" (1966), and "The Kid from Venezuela," written for him in 1990 by Pete Rose; with the assistance of harpsichordist Arthur Haas and pianist Patricia Abreu. (Weill Recital Hall. Feb. 23 at 7.)

Chopin Considered—Pianist and author David Dubal concludes a lecture-and-performance survey of the music of Chopin, with Juilliard students providing the performances. In this installment, Mr. Dubal considers Chopin's influence in the history of music. (Kosciuszko Foundation, 15 E. 65th St. 734-2130. Feb. 23 at 7.)



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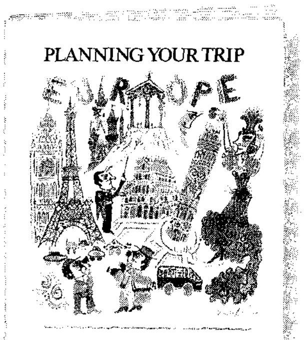

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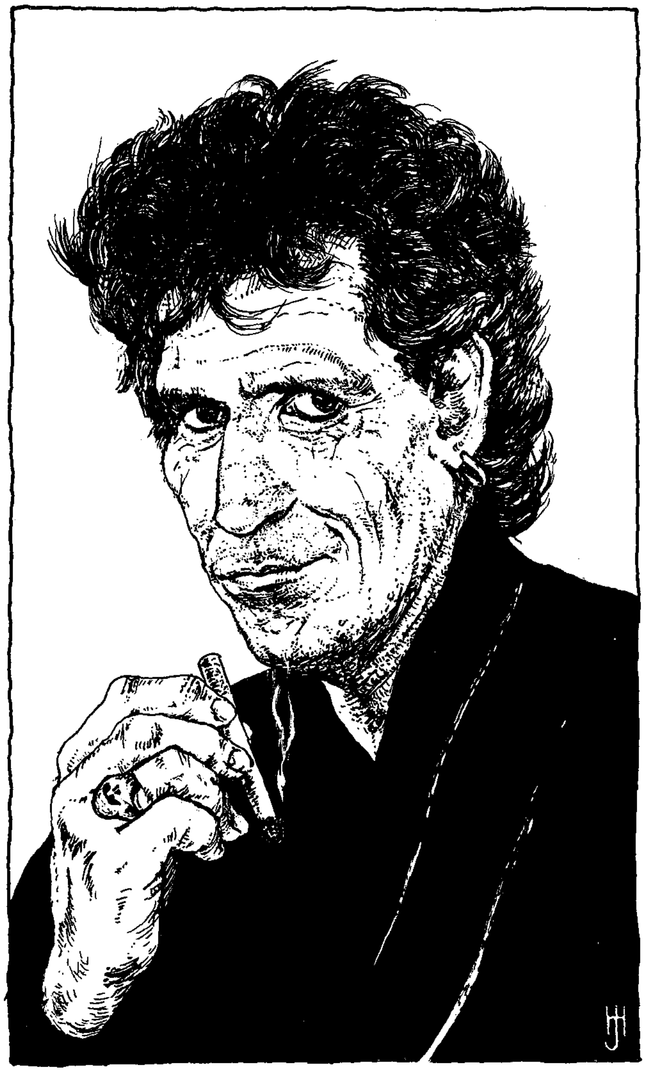
JAZZ/POP/ROCK PERSONAL APPEARANCES

Keith Richards/Soul Asylum—Keith Richards, the Riff God, makes skeletal but far from simple music, and his second solo album, "Main Offender," leaves a listener feeling both elated and rooted. Soul Asylum has only been around since the early eighties, but they, too, are enjoying a second wind, following the success of their recent album, "Grave Dancers Union." This will be a rough, spontaneous, leathery night of rock chiaroscuro. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Feb. 19-20 and Feb. 22-24 at 8. Soul Asylum doesn't play on Feb. 24.)

Lucinda Williams—Someone is bound to come up with a label for all the ultra-talented female songwriters—Mary-Chapin Carpenter, Nanci Griffith, Shawn Colvin, and Iris DeMent, among others—who are drawing from folk, country, and rock and making wonderful new music. (The Gal Corral? The Distaff Riffraff?) Louisiana native Lucinda Williams, who has a swell new recording called "Sweet Old World," belongs in the same category. She is raw-boned, direct, and a little goofy, but her songs hit the mark and she throws a good hootenanny. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Feb. 20 at 8.)



Keith Richards at the Beacon.

Bon Jovi—The release of "Keep the Faith," this New Jersey rock band's first album in four years, has provided music critics with a rich opportunity to practice the art of invective. Recent clippings include fascinating terms like "hair band," "butane ballad," "mall rock," "gotta-rock bromides," and "gonads for brains," along with a raft of predictable adjectives, such as "turgid," "bombastic," and "bleating." Jon Bon Jovi's hairdo has undergone a transformation from fluffy to mousse-stiff, and the new album is a shade more serious than the group's previous efforts. Their marginally recalibrated image could give credibility a bad name. (Meadowlands Arena. 1-201 935-3900. Feb. 20 at 8.)

"First Ladies of Song"—"No woman has ever so comforted the distressed or so distressed the comfortable," Clare Boothe Luce said of Eleanor Roosevelt. Plans are afoot to honor our country's only four-time First Lady with a bronze statue at the southern end of Riverside Park, near the spot where, ironically, a long-standing encampment of homeless people was dismantled not many months ago. Raising their voices for the cause will be Rosemary Clooney, Judy Collins, Barbara Cook, Kitty Carlisle Hart, two Hornes (Lena and Marilyn), Shirley Verrett, Julie Wilson, and Joanne Woodward, all of whom will perform in an evening of songs and readings that will be further graced by comments from Hillary Rodham Clinton. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. Feb. 21 at 8. For information about benefit tickets, call 685-1095.)

Gershwin Plus—Gershwin compositions in the more popular vein, as well as songs by Richard Rodgers, Cole Porter, and Jerome Kern; with soprano Eddye Pierce Young, bass-baritone Benjamin Matthews, and pianists Leon Bates and Jed Distler. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Feb. 19 at 8.)

Gospel Concert—The Timothy Wright Choir. (Brooklyn Center for the Performing Arts, Walt Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 1-718 951-4500. Feb. 19 at 8.)

Altan—Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Feb. 20 at 8.

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

Knicks—Vs. the Minnesota Timberwolves, Feb. 23 at 7:30.

Islanders—Vs. the St. Louis Blues, Feb. 18 at 7:35. . . . ¶ Vs. the Pittsburgh Penguins, Feb. 20 at 2:05. . . . ¶ Vs. the Washington Capitals, Feb. 23 at 7:35.

Devils—Vs. the St. Louis Blues, Feb. 17. . . . ¶ Vs. the Buffalo Sabres, Feb. 19 ¶ Vs. the Quebec Nordiques, Feb. 21. (Game time, 7:35.)

(The Knicks play at Madison Square Garden, 465-6000; the Islanders at the Nassau Coliseum, 1-516 794-9300; and the Devils at the Meadowlands Arena, 1-201 935-3900.)

RACING

Horses—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30. . . . **Trotting** at Yonkers Raceway: Mondays through Saturdays at 8 and Tuesdays at 1; Sundays at 6:45. . . . At the Meadowlands: Weeknights at 7:30.

Bagel Run—It's the annual run for the cream cheese and lox—ten kilometres through Central Park. The fastest man and woman are crowned with two-foot-wide bagels and then lead the others to a bagel feast. (Feb. 21 at 10, beginning at 64th St. on the west side of the Park. For more information, call 860-4455.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Folk Laurels—The People's Hall of Fame will honor five "ordinary" New Yorkers who have contributed to the folk culture of the city. Inductees, who will perform at the ceremony, include eighty-five-year-old Yiddish folksinger Ruth Rubin and Ralph Lee, who originated the Greenwich Village Halloween parade. Following the ceremonies, visitors will be able to nosh on salami and trade in their dime-a-dance coupons for a spin around the floor with members of the Swing Dance Society. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Feb. 17 at 6. For more information, call 529-1955.)

Black History Month—The February celebration continues with readings, lectures, and discussions. Feb. 20-21, from 1 to 4:30: The Urban Griot Society will demonstrate the influence of field hollerers, and of stomps, shouts, and dance, on the development of the blues. (American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. No charge beyond museum admission.). . . ¶ Feb. 22 at 7: Law professor Derrick Bell will read from his book "Faces at the Bottom of the Well: The Permanence of Racism." (Brentano's, Fifth Ave. at 48th St. No tickets necessary.). . . ¶ Feb. 22 at 8: Memphis-born blues singer Arthur Flowers will read from his new novel. Four other prose writers will also read. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.). . . ¶ Feb. 23 at 8:15: Civil-rights lawyer Morris Dees will speak about racism in our society. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100.)

Remembering Sylvia Plath—A. Alvarez, Ruth Fainlight, and three other friends and fellow-poets will commemorate the thirtieth anniversary of the poet's death with tributes and readings from her work. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100. Feb. 22 at 8.)

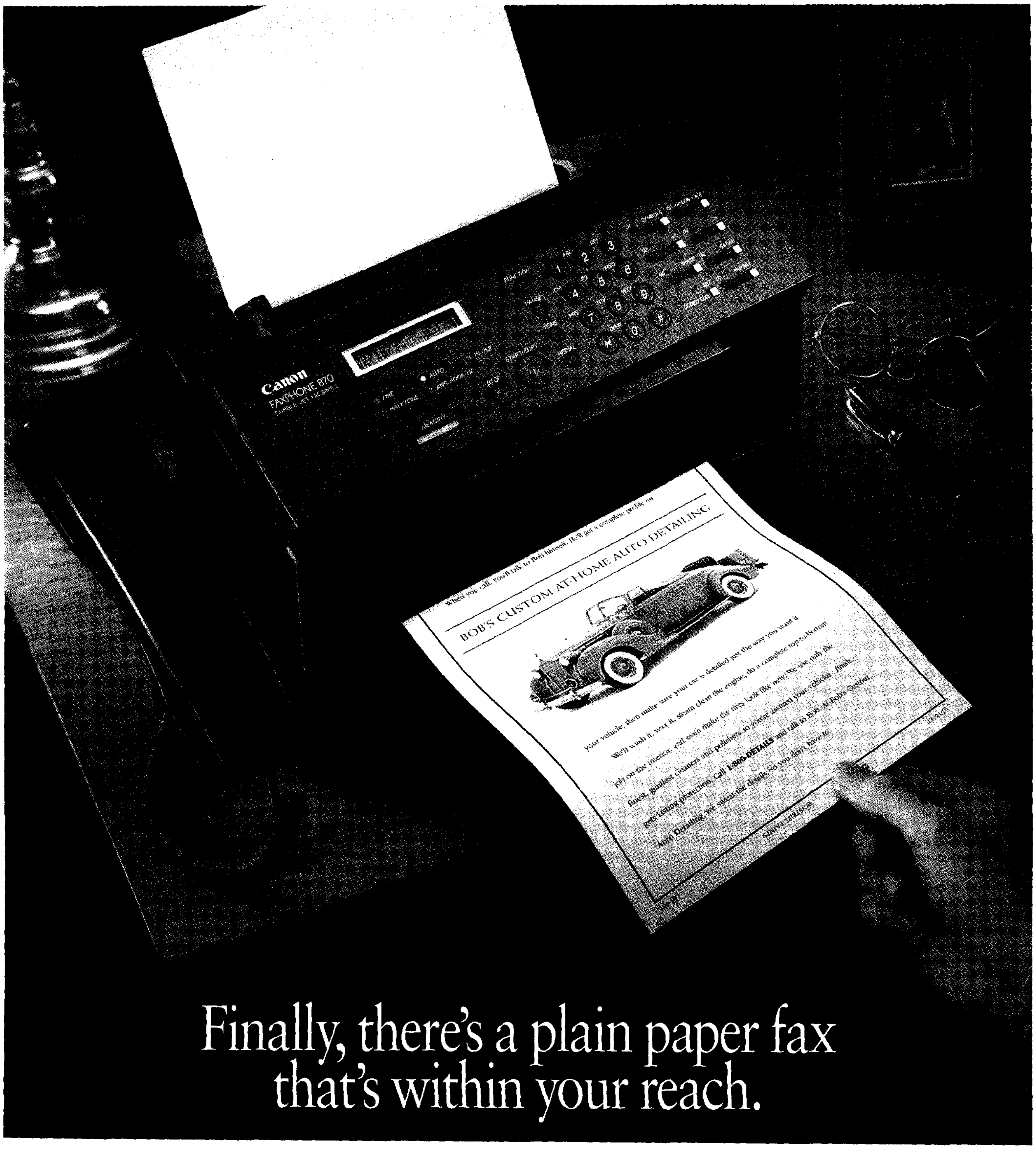
Gay Poetry Series—Joan Larkin, Bea Gates, Mark Doty, Timothy Liu, and David Trinidad will be among the readers in a triple-header event. (A.I.R. Gallery, 63 Crosby St. Feb. 17-19 at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the nights of the readings.)

Readings—Feb. 17 at 7: Galway Kinnell and Sharon Olds will converse and will also read from their own poetry. (Poetry Society of America, 15 Gramercy Park S. Tickets at the door on the night of the event.). . . ¶ Feb. 17 at 8: Ishmael Reed and Jessica Hagedorn will read from their own work. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100.). . . ¶ Feb. 19 at 7: Donald Hall will read from his own poetry. (New York University, Casa Italiana, 24 W. 12th St. No tickets necessary.). . . ¶ Feb. 19 at 10:30: C. Carr, Lisa Jones, Pagan Kennedy, and Laurie Stone, all of whom write for the *Village Voice*, will read from their own work. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.). . . ¶ Feb. 23 at 8: Latin-American fabulist José Donoso will read from his two new novellas. (Endicott Booksellers, 450 Columbus Ave., at 81st St. No tickets necessary.)

Talks—Feb. 17 at 6: Longtime *Commentary* editor Norman Podhoretz will speak about the craft of editing. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. 930-0571.). . . ¶ Feb. 18 at 8: Artists Claes Oldenburg and Coosje van Bruggen will speak about their work. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100.). . . ¶ Feb. 22 at 5:30: Maria Tallchief, Violette Verdy, and Edward Villella will talk with Robert Gottlieb about working with George Balanchine. (Bruno Walter Auditorium, New York Public Library of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center. No tickets necessary.)

Weekend Walks—Feb. 20 at 11: A chance to watch artists at work in their studios; sponsored by Eye On Art Tours. For more information, call 877-5117. . . . ¶ Feb. 20-21: Sidewalks of New York is offering several walks around town. For more information, call 517-0201.

JARRETT HUDDLESTON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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN "MOVIES IN BRIEF," STARTING ON PAGE 35.

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "Enchanted April" (directed by Mike Newell), with Miranda Richardson, Josie Lawrence, Polly Walker, and Joan Plowright.
Theatre 2: "The Crying Game" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 18: "Peter's Friends" (Kenneth Branagh), with Branagh, Emma Thompson, Rita Rudner, Stephen Fry, and Hugh Laurie. From Feb. 19: "Mac" (†).
Theatre 4: "Strictly Ballroom" (†).
Theatre 5: "Like Water for Chocolate" (Alfonso Arau; a Mexican film, in Spanish).
Theatre 6: "Bad Lieutenant" (Abel Ferrara), with Harvey Keitel.

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
A series of films about Malcolm X.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Sommersby" (†).
Theatre 2: "Children of the Corn II: The Final Sacrifice" (David Price), with Terence Knox.
Theatre 3: "Sniper" (Luis Llosa), with Tom Berenger and Billy Zane.

Village Theatre VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th. (982-0400)
Theatre 1: "Dead Alive" (Peter Jackson).
Theatre 2: "The Temp" (Tom Holland), with Timothy Hutton, Lara Flynn Boyle, and Dwight Schultz.
Theatre 3: "Homeward Bound: The Incredible Journey" (Duwayne Dunham).
Theatre 4: "A Few Good Men" (†).
Theatre 5: "Damage" (Louis Malle), with Jeremy Irons, Juliette Binoche, Miranda Richardson, and Rupert Graves.
Theatre 6: "National Lampoon's Loaded Weapon 1" (Gene Quintano), with Emilio Estevez and Samuel L. Jackson.
Theatre 7: "Groundhog Day" (†).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Feb. 18: "Together Alone" (1991, P. J. Castellaneta), with Todd Stites and Terry Curry; and "The Living End" (Gregg Araki), Craig Gilmore, Mike Dytri, and Darcy Marta.
From Feb. 19: To be announced.

Village East Cinemas, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)
Theatre 1: "The Cemetery Club" (Bill Duke), with Ellen Burstyn, Olympia Dukakis, and Diane Ladd.
Theatre 2: "Alive" (Frank Marshall), with Ethan Hawke, Josh Hamilton, and Vincent Spano.
Theatre 3: "Love Field" (†).
Theatre 4: "Aladdin" (†).
Theatre 5: "Howards End" (†).
Theatre 6: "Used People" (Beeban Kidron), with Shirley MacLaine, Kathy Bates, and Marcello Mastroianni.
Theatre 7: "Unforgiven" (†).

19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "Sniper" (Luis Llosa), with Tom Berenger and Billy Zane.
Theatre 2: "National Lampoon's Loaded Weapon 1" (Gene Quintano), with Emilio Estevez and Samuel L. Jackson.
Theatre 3: "The Temp" (Tom Holland), with Timothy Hutton, Lara Flynn Boyle, and Dwight Schultz.
Theatre 4: "Sommersby" (†).
Theatre 5: "Love Field" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Cemetery Club" (Bill Duke), with Ellen Burstyn, Olympia Dukakis, and Diane Ladd.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Flirting" (John Duigan).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"The Vanishing" (†).

Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)
Theatre 1: "Homeward Bound: The Incredible Journey" (Duwayne Dunham).
Theatre 2: "The Cemetery Club" (Bill Duke), with Ellen Burstyn and Diane Ladd.
Theatre 3: "Untamed Heart" (†).
Theatre 4: "National Lampoon's Loaded Weapon 1" (Gene Quintano).

34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Love Field" (†).
Theatre 2: "Groundhog Day" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Temp" (Tom Holland), with Timothy Hutton and Lara Flynn Boyle.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"A Few Good Men" (†).

Sutton 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Theatre 1: "The Crying Game" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Crying Game" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Passion Fish" (John Sayles), with Mary McDonnell, Alfre Woodard, and David Strathairn.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Lorenzo's Oil" (†).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Aladdin" (†).
Theatre 2: "Dead Alive" (Peter Jackson).

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Matinee" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Used People" (Beeban Kidron), with Shirley MacLaine, Kathy Bates, Jessica Tandy, and Marcello Mastroianni.
Theatre 2: "The Vanishing" (†).

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "Homeward Bound: The Incredible Journey" (Duwayne Dunham).
Theatre 2: "The Cemetery Club" (Bill Duke), with Ellen Burstyn, Olympia Dukakis, and Diane Ladd.
Theatre 3: "Damage" (Louis Malle), with Jeremy Irons, Juliette Binoche, Miranda Richardson, and Rupert Graves.

First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd. (752-4600)
Theatre 1: "Strictly Ballroom" (†).
Theatre 2: "Groundhog Day" (†).
Theatre 3: "National Lampoon's Loaded Weapon 1" (Gene Quintano), with Emilio Estevez and Samuel L. Jackson.
Theatre 4: "Untamed Heart" (†)
Theatre 5: "Groundhog Day" (†).
Theatre 6: "Scent of a Woman" (†).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Sniper" (Luis Llosa), with Tom Berenger and Billy Zane.
Theatre 2: "Sommersby" (†).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"A Few Good Men" (†).

New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Love Field" (†)
Theatre 2: "The Temp" (Tom Holland), with Timothy Hutton, Lara Flynn Boyle, and Dwight Schultz.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Volere Volare" (†).

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Unforgiven" (†).

East 85th Street, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Temp" (Tom Holland), with Timothy Hutton, Lara Flynn Boyle, and Dwight Schultz.

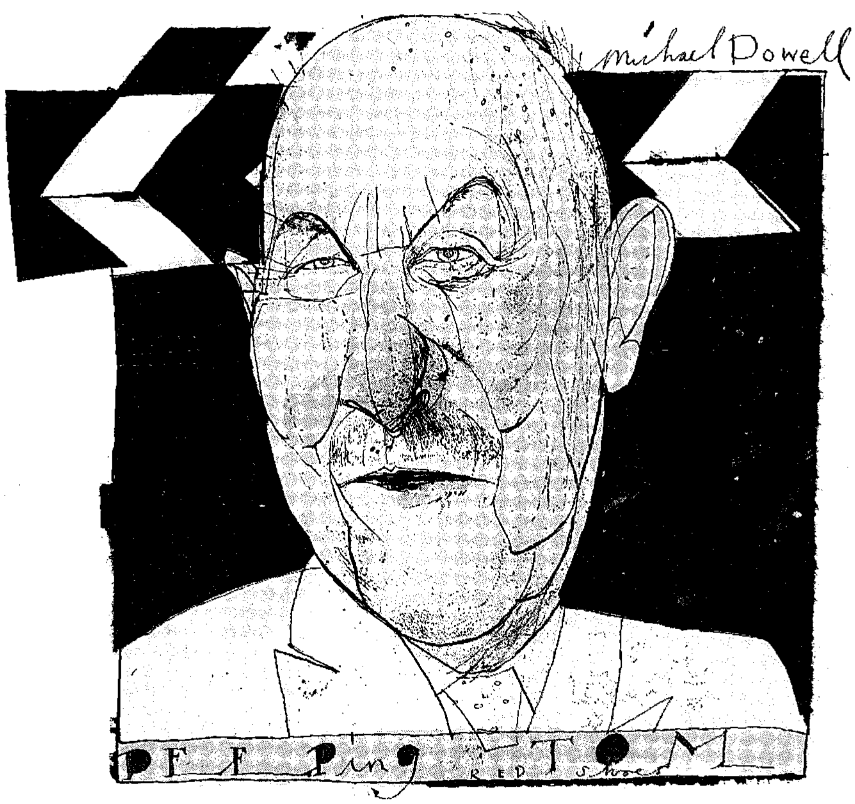
Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "The Vanishing" (†).
Theatre 2: "Scent of a Woman" (†).

Orpheum VII, *3rd Ave. at 86th. (876-2400)*
Theatre 1: "Groundhog Day" (†).
Theatre 2: "A Few Good Men" (†).
Theatre 3: "Alive" (Frank Marshall), with Ethan Hawke, Josh Hamilton, and Vincent Spano.
Theatre 4: "National Lampoon's Loaded Weapon 1" (Gene Quintano), with Emilio Estevez, Samuel L. Jackson, Jon Lovitz, and Kathy Ireland.
Theatre 5: "Untamed Heart" (†)
Theatre 6: "Sniper" (Luis Llosa), with Tom Berenger, Billy Zane, and J.T. Walsh.
Theatre 7: "Sommersby" (†).

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Homeward Bound: The Incredible Journey" (Duwayne Dunham).
Theatre 2: "Aladdin" (†).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Theatre 1: "Utz" (directed by George Sluizer), with Armin Mueller-Stahl, Brenda Fricker, Peter Riegert, and Paul Scofield.
Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 3: "Guncrazy" (†).



A Michael Powell festival at the Walter Reade Theatre.

DAVID HUGHES

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Matinee" (†).
Theatre 2: "Untamed Heart" (†).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Scent of a Woman" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Vanishing" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Tous les Matins du Monde" (†).
Theatre 2: "Reservoir Dogs" (Quentin Tarantino), with Harvey Keitel, Tim Roth, Chris Penn, Steve Buscemi, Lawrence Tierney, and Michael Madsen.
Theatre 3: "Riff-Raff" (Ken Loach).
Theatre 4: "Trusting Beatrice" (Cindy Lou Johnson).

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "A Few Good Men" (†).
Theatre 2: "Scent of a Woman" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Vanishing" (†).
Theatre 4: "Groundhog Day" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Crying Game" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Vanishing" (†).
Theatre 7: "Matinee" (†).
Theatre 8: "Groundhog Day" (†).
Theatre 9: "Untamed Heart" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Lorenzo's Oil" (†).
Theatre 2: "Used People" (Beeban Kidron), with Shirley MacLaine, Kathy Bates, Jessica Tandy, and Marcello Mastroianni.
Theatre 3: "Homeward Bound: The Incredible Journey" (Duwayne Dunham).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Aladdin" (†).

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "Damage" (Louis Malle), with Jeremy Irons, Juliette Binoche, Miranda Richardson, and Rupert Graves.
Theatre 2: "Chaplin" (Richard Attenborough), with Robert Downey, Jr.
Theatre 3: "Lorenzo's Oil" (†).
Theatre 4: "Enchanted April" (Mike Newell), with Miranda Richardson, Josie Lawrence, Polly Walker, and Joan Plowright.
Theatre 5: "A Few Good Men" (†).
Theatre 6: "A River Runs Through It" (Robert Redford), with Craig Sheffer, Brad Pitt, and Tom Skerritt.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Groundhog Day" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Riff-Raff" (Ken Loach).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"The Cemetery Club" (Bill Duke), with Ellen Burstyn, Olympia Dukakis, and Diane Ladd.

Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Theatre 1: "Peter's Friends" (Kenneth Branagh), with Branagh, Emma Thompson, Rita Rudner, Stephen Fry, and Hugh Laurie.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 18: "Used People" (Beeban Kidron), with Shirley MacLaine, Kathy Bates, Jessica Tandy, and Marcello Mastroianni. From Feb. 19: "Mac" (†).

Fine Arts, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
"The Lover" (Jean-Jacques Annaud), with Jane March and Tony Leung.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Howards End" (†).

Columbus Circle, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Sommersby" (†).

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"Untamed Heart" (†).

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Tous les Matins du Monde" (†).
Theatre 2: "Indochine" (Régis Wargnier, in French), with Catherine Deneuve.
Theatre 3: "The Crying Game" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Crying Game" (†).
Theatre 5: "Indochine."
Theatre 6: "The Oak" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Scent of a Woman" (†).

84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "The Cemetery Club" (Bill Duke), with Ellen Burstyn, Olympia Dukakis, and Diane Ladd.
Theatre 2: "National Lampoon's Loaded Weapon 1" (Gene Quintano), with Emilio Estevez and Samuel L. Jackson.
Theatre 3: "Groundhog Day" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Temp" (Tom Holland), with Timothy Hutton, Lara Flynn Boyle, and Dwight Schultz.
Theatre 5: "Aladdin" (†).
Theatre 6: "A Few Good Men" (†).

Metro Cinema I and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Homeward Bound: The Incredible Journey" (Duwayne Dunham).
Theatre 2: "Matinee" (†).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Love Field" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Vanishing" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "The Vanishing" (†).
Theatre 2: "Dead Alive" (directed by Peter Jackson).
Theatre 3: "The Bodyguard" (Mick Jackson), with Kevin Costner and Whitney Houston.
Theatre 4: "Sniper" (Luis Llosa), with Tom Berenger and Billy Zane.
Theatre 5: "Sniper."
Theatre 6: "Dead Alive" (Peter Jackson).
Theatre 7: "National Lampoon's Loaded Weapon 1" (Gene Quintano), with Emilio Estevez and Samuel L. Jackson.

Embassy I, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
"Untamed Heart" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 1: "Homeward Bound: The Incredible Journey" (Duwayne Dunham).
Theatre 2: "Alive" (Frank Marshall), with Ethan Hawke, Josh Hamilton, and Vincent Spano.
Theatre 3: "Love Field" (†).

Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"The Temp" (Tom Holland), with Timothy Hutton, Lara Flynn Boyle, and Dwight Schultz.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Scent of a Woman" (†).
Theatre 2: "Matinee" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Feb. 17: "Weekend for Three" (1941, directed by Irving Reis), with Dennis O'Keefe, Jane Wyatt, Philip Reed, and ZaSu Pitts; "Woman Chases Man" (1937, John G. Blystone), with Miriam Hopkins, Joel McCrea, and Charles Winninger; and "The Sport Parade" (1932, Dudley Murphy), with McCrea.
Feb. 18: "Exit Smiling" (1926, Sam Taylor; silent), with Beatrice Lillie; and a program of Robert Benchley short films.
From Feb. 19: "Nothing but a Man" (1964, Michael Roemer), with Ivan Dixon, Abbey Lincoln, and Gloria Foster.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Feb. 17: "Performance" (see page 35); and "Don't Look Now" (1973, Nicolas Roeg), with Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland.
Feb. 18: "Bonnie and Clyde" (1967, Arthur Penn), with Warren Beatty, Faye Dunaway, Gene Hackman, and Estelle Parsons; and "Badlands" (1973, Terrence Malick), with Martin Sheen, Sissy Spacek, and Warren Oates.
Feb. 19-20: "On the Waterfront" (1954, Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger; and "The Wild One" (1954, Laslo Benedek), with Brando, Mary Murphy, and Lee Marvin.
Feb. 21: "Stolen Kisses" (1968, François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud; and "The Man Who Loved Women" (1977, Truffaut; in French), with Charles Denner, Brigitte Fossey, Nelly Borgeaud, and Leslie Caron.
Feb. 22: "The Threepenny Opera" (†); and "The Blue Angel" (1929, Josef von Sternberg; in German), with Marlene Dietrich, Emil Jannings, and Hans Albers.
Feb. 23: "Stage Fright" (1950, Alfred Hitchcock), with Jane Wyman, Marlene Dietrich, Richard Todd, and Michael Wilding; and "Strangers on a Train" (1951, Hitchcock), with Farley Granger, Robert Walker, and Ruth Roman.

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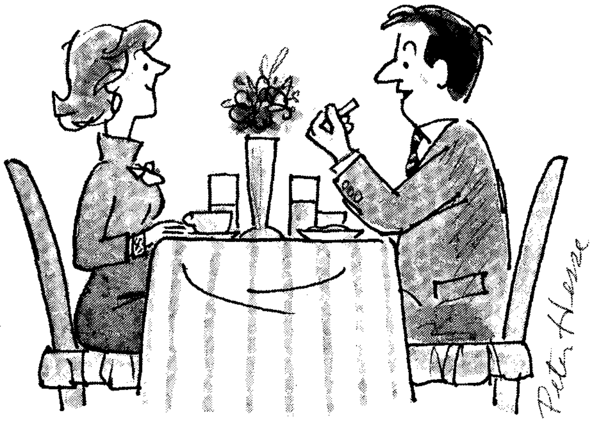

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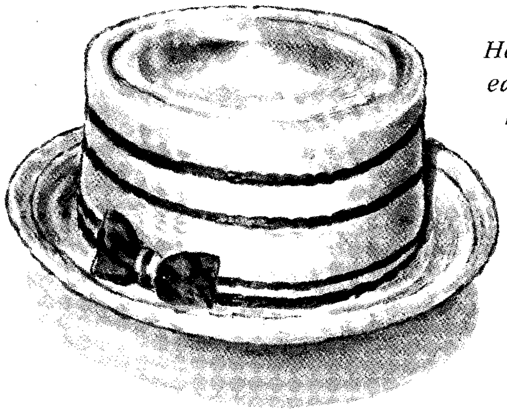

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FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—Feb. 18 at 2:30: "Ugetsu" (1953, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese), with Machiko Kyo, Masayuki Mori, and Kinuyo Tanaka. . . . ¶ Feb. 18 at 3 and 6: "The Tourist" (1991, Robb Moss), a documentary. . . . ¶ Feb. 19 and 23 at 2:30: Two different programs of short films by Alan Berliner. . . . ¶ Feb. 19 at 3 and 6, Feb. 20-21 at 2:30 and 5, and Feb. 23 at 3 and 6: Eight different programs of short films from the Janus Films Collection. . . . ¶ Feb. 19 at 6 and Feb. 22 at 2:30: "The Exiles" (1989, Richard Kaplan), a documentary. . . . ¶ Feb. 20 at 2: "Whirl of Life" (1915, Oliver D. Bailey; silent), with Irene and Vernon Castle. . . . ¶ Feb. 20 at 5: "Hamlet" (1920, Sven Gade and Heinz Schall; a German silent film), with Asta Nielsen. . . . ¶ Feb. 21 at 2: "The Blue Bird" (1919, Maurice Tourneur; silent) and "The Dragon Painter" (1919, William Worthington; silent), with Sussue Hayakawa. . . . ¶ Feb. 21 at 5: "The Ties that Bind" (1984, Sy Friedrich) and "Gently Down the Stream" (1981, Friedrich). . . . ¶ Feb. 22 at 6: "The Fayum Portraits" (1988, Bob Rosen and Andrea Simon), "Aaron Siskind: Making Pictures" (1991, Judith Wechsler), and "Jasper Johns: Take an Object" (1990, Hans Namuth and Wechsler). . . . ¶ Feb. 22 at 6:30: "New Sheets" (1990, Ann Marie Fleming). Miss Fleming will be present. . . . ¶ Feb. 23 at 6: "The Back of Beyond" (1954. John Heyer), a documentary.

WALTER READE THEATRE, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600)—Feb. 17 at 2 and 5:45: "The Edge of the World" (1937, Michael Powell), with Niall MacGinnis. . . . ¶ Feb. 17 at 3:45 and 9:15: "Black Narcissus" (†). . . . ¶ Feb. 18 at 2 and 6:15 and Feb. 19 at 4 and 8: "Small Back Room" (1952, Powell and Emeric Pressburger), with David Farrar. . . . ¶ Feb. 18 at 4:15 and 8:30 and Feb. 19 at 2, 6, and 10: "Peeping Tom" (1960, Powell), with Karl Boehm and Moira Shearer. . . . ¶ Feb. 20-21 at 2: "Shipwrecked" (1991, Nils Gaup). . . . ¶ Feb. 20-21 at 4 and 7: "The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp" (1943, Powell and Pressburger), with Roger Livesey, Anton Walbrook, and Deborah Kerr. . . . ¶ Feb. 22 at 2 and 6 and Feb. 23 at 4: "49th Parallel" (1941, Powell), with Laurence Olivier, Leslie Howard, and Raymond Massey. . . . ¶ Feb. 22 at 4:15 and 8:15 and Feb. 23 at 2 and 6:15: "Stairway to Heaven" ("A Matter of Life and Death"; 1946, Powell and Pressburger), with David Niven, Kim Hunter, and Roger Livesey.

MUSEUM OF TELEVISION AND RADIO, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800)—"Go Tell It on the Mountain" (1985, Stan Lathan), with James Bond III, Rosalind Cash, and Olivia Cole. (Showings Tuesdays through Sundays at 2.). . . ¶ Feb. 18 at 6: "True West" (1984, Allan Goldstein), with John Malkovich and Gary Sinise. . . . ¶ Feb. 19 at 6:30: "Lemon Sky" (1988, Jan Egelson), with Kevin Bacon, Tom Atkins, Lindsay Crouse, and Kyra Sedgwick.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—"Changing the Picture: The Emergence of African Americans in Television." Feb. 17-19 at 1:30: "Crisis: Behind a Presidential Commitment" (1963), a documentary. . . . ¶ Feb. 20 at 2: "Black History: Lost, Stolen, or Strayed" (1968), a documentary, narrated by Bill Cosby. . . . ¶ Feb. 20 at 3:30: Episodes from "I Spy," "The Bill Cosby Show," "Fat Albert and the Cosby Kids," and "The New Bill Cosby Show," all with Cosby.

JAPAN SOCIETY, 333 E. 47th St. (752-0824)—Feb. 20 at 1: "Ugetsu" (1953, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese), with Machiko Kyo, Masayuki Mori, and Kinuyo Tanaka; and "The Life of O-Haru" (1952, Mizoguchi; in Japanese), with Tanaka.

FLORENCE GOULD HALL, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—Feb. 17 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "A Tale of Springtime" (Eric Rohmer, in French), with Hugues Quester, Florence Darel, Anne Teyssèdre, and Eloïse Bennett.

MOVIES IN BRIEF

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Sympathy for the Devil

"PERFORMANCE" (playing February 17, at Theatre 80 St. Marks) plays better as a Swinging England period piece than it did as a rock melodrama determined to blow your mind. Co-directed by Nicolas Roeg and the screenwriter, Donald Cammell, it stars the remarkably chameleon-like James Fox as Chas Devlin, a sadistic East End gangster, and the spiky, androgynous Mick Jagger as a hermit-like ex-rocker named Turner. (Jagger's surliness is galvanizing in a big bullying number, "Memo from Turner.") Chas, on the run from his ex-boss, winds up in the basement of the mansion where the singer lives with the voluptuous Anita Pallenberg and the boyish Michele Breton. The house philosophy is, "Nothing is true—everything is permitted." The dictum applies to Turner's immersion in drugs, sex, and sound. It also applies to Roeg and Cammell's hallucinogenic, anything-goes filmmaking. They mix the scabrousness of British gangster legends like the Krays with the satanic hedonism of the Rolling Stones' late-sixties image (the film came out in 1970). As Chas and Turner drill into each other's head, the film develops an exploding-identity motif out of Ingmar Bergman's "Persona." Drugs blur individuality, and pleasure-seeking blends into nihilism. "Performance" is a bad trip, but a trip nonetheless.

(The following notes are by Anthony Lane, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow.)

ALADDIN—Spiffy, inventive, and hilarious. The directors, John Musker and Ron Clements, who collaborated on the screenplay with Ted Elliott and Terry Rossio, streamline the traditional Aladdin story into a contest between the boy and a towering vizier-wizard named Jafar, Aladdin's rival for the hand of the Sultan's daughter, Princess Jasmine. What makes this wisecracking cartoon such intense, giddy fun is the eruption of uninhibited parody that Robin Williams provides as the voice of the Genie in Aladdin's lamp. The Genie mutates into dozens of variations on himself as Williams impersonates everyone from William F. Buckley, Jr., to Arsenio Hall. The animators' quick-draw craftsmanship keeps up with Williams' breakaway creativity.—M.S. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/30/92.) (Village East Cinemas, Manhattan Twin, 86th Street East Twin, Guild, and 84th Street Sixplex.)

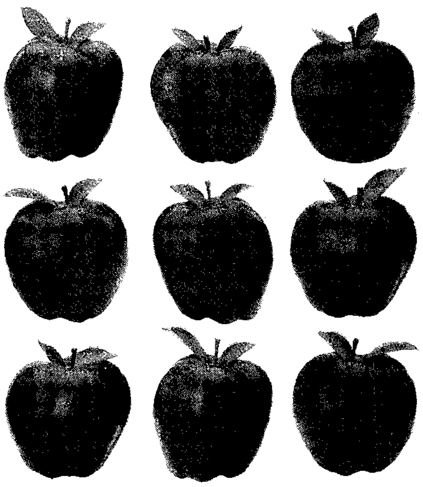
BLACK NARCISSUS (1947)—This lush adaptation of Rumer Godden's 1939 novel keeps the screen aglow and the mind agog. Made by the British producing-directing-writing team the Archers (Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger), it's about faith and temptation: Anglican nuns wrestle with the sensual environment surrounding their Himalayan mission. Much of the Archers' career is summed up when a British estate manager (David Farrar) tells the Sister Superior (a suggestively tense Deborah Kerr), "There's something in the atmosphere that makes everything seem exaggerated." Without leaving England, the Archers create a rapturous landscape whose colors seem to spill over onto the nuns' off-white habits. Filmed in Pinewood Studios and the Leonardslee Gardens, in Horsham, this is a landmark of Hollywood-on-Thames trompe-l'oeil. With Flora Robson, Kathleen Byron, Sabu, and Jean Simmons (as a native girl); Jack Cardiff and Alfred Junge won Academy Awards for (respectively) the legendary cinematography and production design.—M.S. (Walter Reade Theatre; Feb. 17.)

THE CRYING GAME—This amazing new movie by the Irish writer and director Neil Jordan ("Mona Lisa," "The Miracle") has the sure grip and the unstoppable momentum of a dream. Jordan tells the story of Fergus (Stephen Rea), a troubled I.R.A. gunman who undergoes a thorough emotional metamorphosis, and he makes the hero's change of heart moving and persuasive; the film inspires an irrational sort of trust, a willing suspension of something deeper and more fundamental than disbelief. The script is full of reversals and abrupt dislocations and, halfway through, the movie springs a huge, jaw-dropping surprise. Disorienting us isn't the ultimate aim of Jordan's artistic strategy, though; he jars us out of our accustomed responses to prepare us for the purer, more penetrating ones he really wants from us. The picture is a splendid entertainment—an elating, charmed sprint through all sorts of contemporary terrors.—T.R. (11/16/92) (Angelika Film Center, Sutton, Chelsea Cinemas, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

A FEW GOOD MEN—Tom Cruise and Jack Nicholson square off in this yuppie version of "The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial," with Cruise as a glib, Harvard-trained Navy lawyer defending two Marines accused of murder, and Nicholson as the Captain Queeg-like officer who set the crime in motion. The writer, Aaron Sorkin (who adapted his own hit play), and the director, Rob Reiner, seem to think the story has something to say about legal and military honor. They take issues that have been chewed over for centuries and finally succeed in reducing them to cud. The whole film, with its steady, important-picture pacing, its foursquare visual style, and its pseudo-profundity, is a piece of glorified banality. Nicholson boasts a couple of bravura scenes but Kevin Bacon gives the most persuasive performance, as the no-nonsense prosecutor.—M.S. (12/14/92) (Village Theatre VII, 34th St. East, Beekman, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, and 84th Street Sixplex.)

GROUNDHOG DAY—With Bill Murray and Andie MacDowell, directed by Harold Ramis. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Village Theatre VII, 34th Street Showplace, First & 62nd Cinemas, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, Ziegfeld, and 84th Street Sixplex.)

GUNCRAZY—Right on down from the title—which looks like it was designed for European art-houses—this is a piece of wise-ass anomie. Drew Barrymore plays an abused teen-ager shuffling through a barren, dispiriting Western landscape, and James LeGros is her jailhouse pen pal (later husband) who "always dreamed of a girl who liked guns." The director, Tamra Davis, and the screenwriter, Matthew Bright, plasticize bits of every couple-on-the-run movie from the 1949 B picture "Gun Crazy" to "Badlands" and "Bonnie and Clyde." Their semi-parodic portrait of central California is so hiply dehumanized that you wonder why *all* the kids don't grow up to be serial killers. Barrymore has a tarnished-angel allure, but LeGros gives the film its freshest moments. When he berates his enemies for forcing him to beat or kill



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IN BRIEF—Cont'd

them, he raises blaming the victim to new black-comic heights.—M.S. (Film Forum.)

Howards End—James Ivory's movie version of the 1910 E. M. Forster novel is a handsome and intelligent piece of work: a faithful, well-paced, and carefully crafted dramatization of a very good story. The heroine, Margaret Schlegel (Emma Thompson), is a thirtyish Englishwoman of German ancestry who lives with her sister and her brother in a London town house. The emotional core of the movie is the brief, unlikely friendship that develops between Margaret and conservative Ruth Wilcox (Vanessa Redgrave), a woman who inhabits a narrow world so profoundly, and with such enormous feeling, that she transforms it. Redgrave is at her most radiant in this role. And Thompson, whose character is meant to be seen as the heir to Mrs. Wilcox's thoroughly English kind of spirituality, comes through with a thrilling, original performance; she carries the movie. (Anthony Hopkins, as the no-nonsense businessman Henry Wilcox, is awfully good, too.) All that's missing, really, is the elusive quality that makes Forster such a brave, moving writer: his constant striving to see beyond the story, to see through it, to transcend it.—T.R. (5/4/92) (Village East Cinemas, and Cinema 3.)

Lorenzo's Oil—Susan Sarandon and Nick Nolte portray an extraordinary (real-life) couple named Michaela and Augusto Odone, whose five-year-old son, Lorenzo, is found to have an extremely rare, ruthlessly degenerative, incurable disease. Frustrated by the inadequacy of available therapies and outraged by the primitive state of knowledge about the disease, the Odones won't accept the inevitability of his fate until they've studied the disease thoroughly. It's easy to imagine the Odones' courage and tenacity processed by Hollywood into the sort of shrink-wrapped package of uplift that has, over the years, given the loftiest qualities of the human spirit a really bad name. But director George Miller, a former doctor best known for the punk-inflected "Mad Max" series of action movies, doesn't treat his characters reverently, and explains the data to us patiently, slowly, so we get caught up in the medical mystery. The result is an almost freak occurrence: an inspirational drama that's genuinely inspiring..—T.R. (1/11/93) (Plaza, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Worldwide Cinemas.)

Love Field—Jonathan Kaplan's movie begins in Dallas on the day of John Kennedy's assassination and follows its heroine, a Kennedy-worshipping married woman named Lurene (Michelle Pfeiffer), as she embarks on a journey from Dallas to Washington, where she hopes to attend the President's funeral. Along the way, she gets herself tangled up in the lives of a quiet young black man, Paul (Dennis Haysbert), and his eight-year-old daughter, Jonell (Stephanie McFadden), whom she has met on a bus; before long, the script (by Don Roos) contrives to set them all on the run, outlaw-style, in a stolen car. Lurene and Paul become lovers. The rhythm is odd: this is a chase picture that moves at the Sunday-drive pace of the stately sedan in "Driving Miss Daisy." The movie is full of subtle, sharply observed, and emotionally convincing scenes, and its attitude toward the main characters is sensibly free of historical hindsight. The filmmakers err in the direction of modesty and tact; they stick to a flat, lulling TV-movie tone. But Pfeiffer's performance—energetic, funny, and lucid—keeps lifting the picture above its limitations.—T.R. (12/14/92) (Village East Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, 34th Street Showplace, New York Twin, Olympia, and Embassy.)

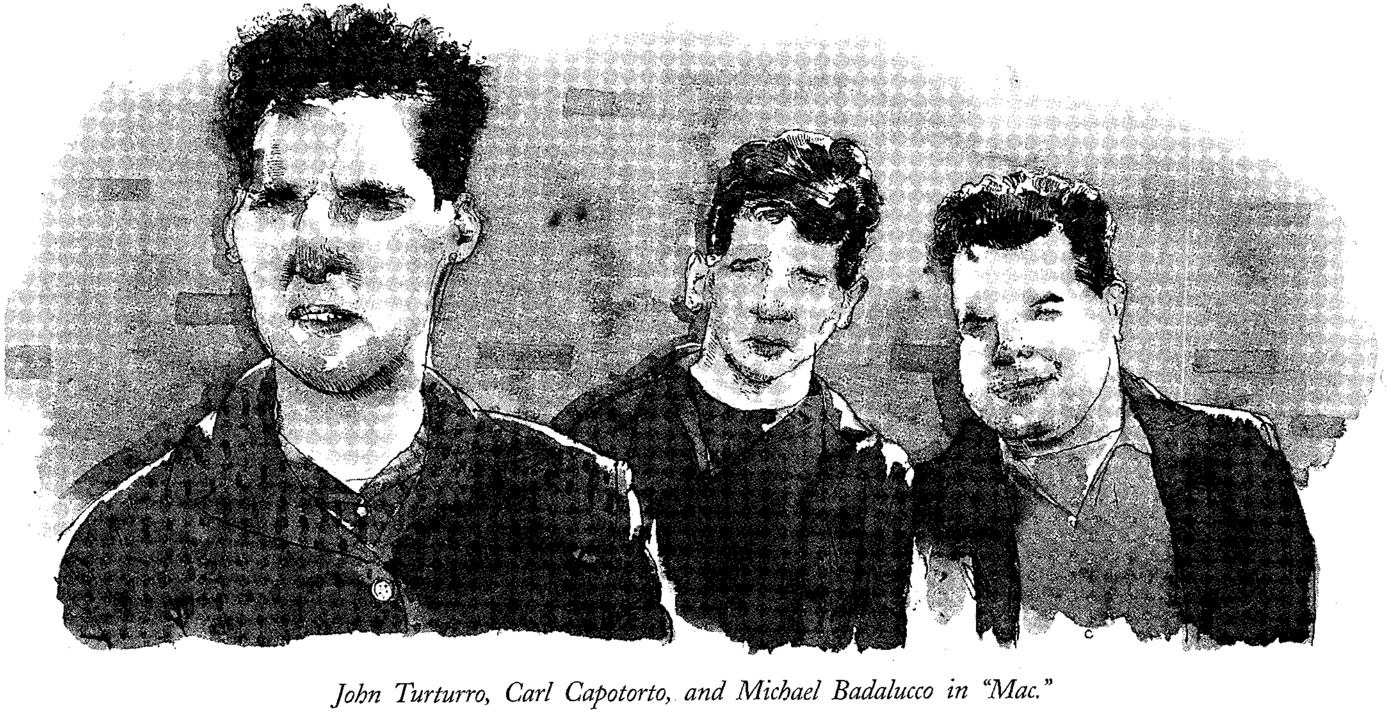
Mac—Directed by, and with, John Turturro. (See illustration below.) (Angelika Film Center, and Carnegie Hall Cinemas; starting Feb. 19.)

Matinee—Joe Dante's film is a big-budget comedy about the joys of low-budget monster movies, and it's not quite cheesy enough to do justice to its subject. The action takes place in Key West during the Cuban missile crisis, in 1962. For the children and teenagers in town, nuclear anxiety is mixed with anticipation of a different sort: they're psyched for the première of "Mant," a mutant-on-the-rampage picture about a creature who is "half man, half ant—all terror!" The movie's producer, Lawrence Woolsey (John Goodman), is coming to town, too, mostly to help the theatre manager rig the offscreen gimmickry that will give his cheaply made shocker the aura of a big event. (The trailer advertises special processes called Atomo-Vision and Rumble-Rama.) Dante and the screenwriter, Charlie Haas, treat him as a philosopher-king of schlock. The picture has its moments—especially in the black-and-white scenes from "Mant" itself—but it's disappointingly tame. Too often, the filmmakers settle for the gentle, amiable tone of a "Wonder Years" episode. Nostalgia for cultural innocence is a pretty thin emotion to base a feature film on. In the end, this feels like a memorabilia show, a collection of Kennedy-era artifacts preserved in glass cases.—T.R. (2/8/93) (59th Street East Cinema, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, Metro Cinema, and National Twin.)

The Oak—Lively, difficult stuff from the Romanian director Lucian Pintilie: a tale of private survival at the ragged end of the Ceausescu years. Maia Morgenstern plays Nela, the daughter of a dead party official, who pushes off to a provincial town and gets into all kinds of trouble; she also takes up with the local doctor (Razvan Vasilescu), although in this movie even love looks like trouble. There are moments when Pintilie starts to preach, but they soon pass. He has the courage of his own comedy, with an eye forever caught by offbeat details, especially military and medical ones; the very look of the movie, its casual brand of intensity, seems to buck the system. Bits of it barely make sense, but the characters don't mind, so why should you? In Romanian.—A.L. (2/1/93) (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

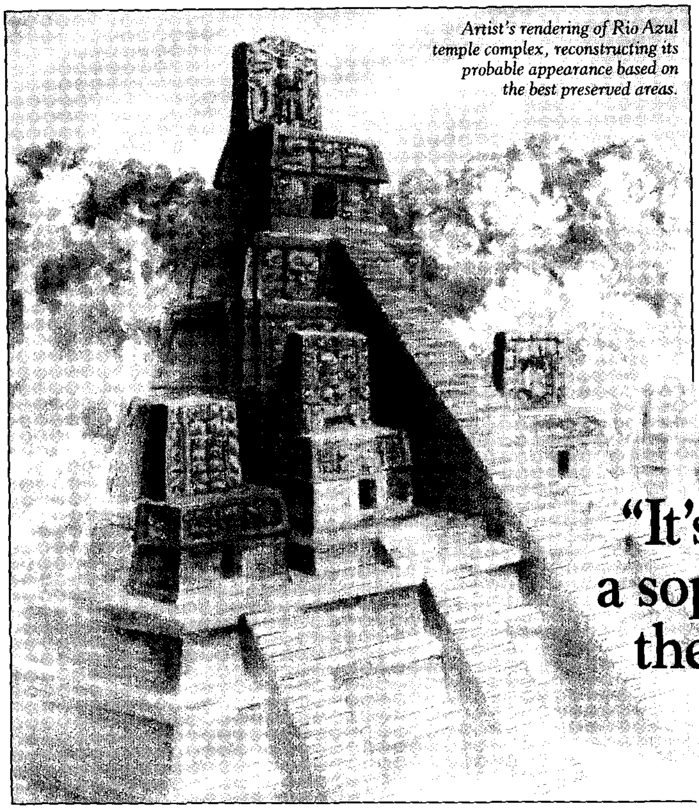
Scent of a Woman—Director Martin Brest and screenwriter Bo Goldman labor mightily to design a holiday-season heart-warmer about a middle-aged blind man and a troubled teenager (Chris O'Donnell), but fortunately their low intentions are undone by the star, Al Pacino, whose performance taps emotions too complex and too frightening to be resolved by the simple moral victory that ends the picture. His Frank Slade, a retired Army officer and former aide to L.B.J., is a bitter, misanthropic, profoundly depressed man, and the actor makes us feel the full weight of the character's hopelessness. This is acting that chills the heart beyond any possibility of warming. The filmmakers may dismiss the audience with a banal lesson written on the blackboard—"Smell the roses" is the gist—but by the end we're not paying much attention. We're still sorting out the ambiguities and uncomfortable truths that Pacino's great performance has let us in on.—T.R. (12/28/92-1/4/93) (First & 62nd Cinemas, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Regency, and National Twin.)

Sommersby—A handsome, educated Southerner unifies his countrymen, black and white, with plans for growing the economy—literally, on his land—until a scandal from the



John Turturro, Carl Capotorto, and Michael Badalucco in "Mac."

BARRY BLITT



Artist's rendering of Rio Azul temple complex, reconstructing its probable appearance based on the best preserved areas.

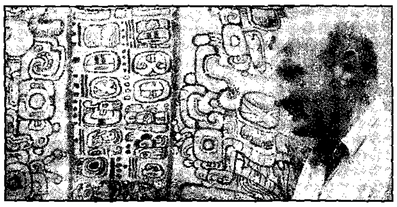
In the remote jungle of the Petén region of Guatemala, an intrepid band of archaeologists, led by Dr. Richard Adams, have unearthed the ancient Maya city of Rio Azul. Despite temperatures that rarely fell below 100 degrees Fahrenheit, humidity that hovered near 100 percent, and the thick tropical growth that impeded their efforts, Adams and his team were able to excavate a great deal of this two-thousand-year-old city. The result is new insight into a remarkable pre-Columbian civilization that predates both the Incas of South America and the Aztecs of Mexico.

The dig yielded a vivid picture of a highly advanced people who channeled rivers, terraced hillsides, and drained whole swamps, while converting hundreds of acres of dense jungle into arable land. The Adams' team discovered murals and carved stone monuments that recorded the history of the royal families. They also uncovered majestic temples as well as stone courts where the Maya competed in ritual ball games.

"The Maya fascinate us because they were so advanced for their time and place," said Adams. "They had a sophisticated writing, mathematical, and astronomy system; and they were skilled artisans, farmers, and builders. In short, they created a complex society in an extremely hostile jungle environment."

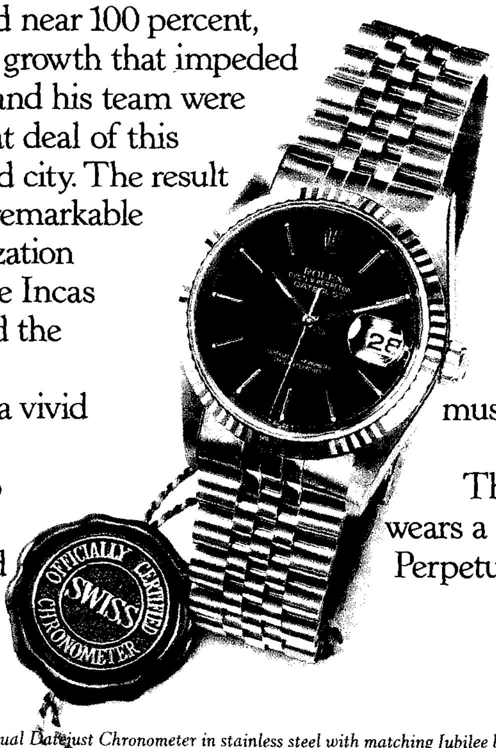
"It's an amazing story of a sophisticated people with the will to tame a jungle."

Dr. Richard Adams



Dr. Richard Adams with a governor's tomb mural at Rio Azul.

Given its inhospitable climate and inaccessibility, Rio Azul is an archaeologist's nightmare. Resupply is so difficult, Dr. Richard Adams must rely on whatever equipment he takes with him on a dig. That's why it's not surprising he wears a rugged Rolex Oyster Perpetual timepiece.



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past catches up with him. The first Bill Clinton bio-pic? No, just an anemic takeoff on the "is he for real?" plot of "The Return of Martin Guerre." The director, Jon Amiel, and his screenwriters, Nicholas Meyer and Sarah Kernochan (Meyer and Anthony Schaffer get story credit), set their version a couple of years after the Civil War. Richard Gere plays the title character, who says he's Jodie Foster's husband, and even looks like him, but acts a lot nicer. Were it not for Sommersby's choice of crop—tobacco—this earnest movie would suit the Clinton era. The filmmakers split the emphasis between Foster and Gere's conundrum of a love story and his burgeoning civic responsibility; they devote whole sequences to images of kibbutz-like tobacco-raising. But the community conflicts and tormented romance don't harrow the imagination. It's a long haul to harvesttime. Philippe Rousselot did the handsome cinematography; Bill Pullman, the master of thankless parts, brings needed, twisted vim to the spoiler role of Foster's disappointed suitor.—M.S. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 19th Street East 6, Gemini, Orpheum VII, and Columbus Circle.)

STRICTLY BALLROOM—Baz Luhrmann's first film brings good news: Australian cinema is on the move again, with a vigor not seen since the days of "Mad Max." There's no violence in "Strictly Ballroom"—the general lack of unpleasantness, in fact, is quite unnerving—but the speed of it still leaves you reeling. A young dancer, played by Paul Mercurio, acquires a new partner (Tara Morice), dreams up a flash routine, and sets out to break the Old Guard. The plot is cut-rate melodrama, and Luhrmann knows it; but he never sneers at his hero's ambitions. Besides, there are so many other things to laugh at—the costumes, the minor characters with their major obsessions, the psychedelic makeup, the trashy music. The movie is over before you know it, and is not one to linger in the mind, or indeed pass through the mind at all; but it's a good-humored ride for the senses, never too sickly, and who can say no to that?—A.L. (2/15/93) (Angelika Film Center, and First & 62nd Cinemas.)

THE THREEPENNY OPERA (1931)—G. W. Pabst's controversial and stirring recasting of the Bertolt Brecht–Kurt Weill musical. Although the director's attacks on corruption are more humanist than Marxist, and he repositions or edits most of the tunes, he follows Brecht's general outline of the fall and rise of London bandit leader Mackie the Knife (played by Rudolf Forster). Aside from Bob Fosse's "Cabaret," no movie has better captured the biting vitality of musical satire. Ernst Busch is haunting as the sardonic Street Singer who croons the "Moritāt" of Mackie the Knife and clarifies the action with summaries that replace Brecht's title cards. Lotte Lenya as Mackie's favorite whore, Jenny, and Carola Neher as his wife, Polly Peachum, are also standouts—rueful, defiant, erotic, and astringent. Andrei Andreiev's sets and Fritz Arno Wagner's cinematography help Pabst achieve a unifying (and influential) visual style: gutter rococo. Screenplay by Leo Lania, Béla Balázs, and Ladislaus Vayda. In German.—M.S. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 22.)

TOUS LES MATINS DU MONDE—More aesthetic than thou. After his wife's death leaves him desolate, the seventeenth-century composer Sainte Colombe (Jean-Pierre Marielle), a virtuoso on the viola da gamba, settles into an ascetic country life. Then the upstart Marin Marais (Guillaume Depardieu) tries to learn—or steal—his secrets. Gérard Depardieu, Guillaume's father, plays the aged Marais; Anne Brochet is Sainte Colombe's badly used elder daughter. Alain Corneau directed the script which he and Pascal Quignard wrote from Quignard's novel. The bass-viol compositions (performed by Jordi Savall and Christophe Coin) are seductive. But the filmmakers' austere speculative fiction about the mystery and sorrow behind Sainte Colombe's art comes off as highbrow chin music. In French. —M.S. (Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza.)

UNFORGIVEN—Set in eighteen-eighties Kansas and Wyoming, this engrossing, moody Western is the sixteenth film Clint Eastwood has directed, and by far the best. The canny script, by David Webb Peoples, revives the old story about the retired gunfighter (Eastwood) who picks up his firearms again for one last score. But there's no easy resolution, and the movie is stronger because of its loose ends: the filmmakers acknowledge that the bloody chaos of an outlaw's life can't be settled in two hours and eleven minutes. The action begins when a cowboy slashes the face of a prostitute, and her co-workers pool their money to offer a reward for the murder of him and his partner. Jaimz Woolvett is the upstart who enlists Eastwood in the bounty hunt. Morgan Freeman plays Eastwood's longtime partner, Gene Hackman a megalomaniac sheriff, Richard Harris a flamboyant English gunslinger, and Saul Rubinek a dime novelist. This is the finest set of performances ever to grace a Clint Eastwood movie, and this time Eastwood even does a good job directing Eastwood.—M.S. (8/10/92) (Village East Cinemas, and Tower East.)

UNTAMED HEART—A young man with a weak heart (Christian Slater), who works in a crummy diner, gets noticed by a lonely waitress (Marisa Tomei). You can guess the rest, but that doesn't detract from the mild, inoffensive pleasure of Tony Bill's film. The love story takes second place to the casual comedy that surrounds it—bored girls sitting around talking about boys. One of them is played by Rosie Perez, who's a natural at this kind of thing; but even her perkiness is put in the shade by Tomei, who brings startling high spirits to a dullish role. She snatches moments of happiness out of the air and shares them out to anyone who's around. The title, by the way, refers to some weird story about the hero's past—he thinks his heart came from a monkey—but the film skids around this in confusion. On the other hand, he does look a bit of an ape; O.K., love is love, but you still wonder what Tomei is doing with him.—A.L. (2/15/93) (Murray Hill Cinemas, First & 62nd Cinemas, Orpheum VII, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, 62nd & Broadway, and Embassy 1.)

THE VANISHING—Or, "The Vulgarization." The director, George Sluizer, trashes his own ingenious 1988 Dutch thriller in this wretchedly acted Hollywood remake. It has an identical plot: a young man (Kiefer Sutherland), possessed by the need to know what happened to his kidnapped lover, makes himself vulnerable to her abductor (Jeff Bridges). But this time the story lacks fibre, verve, distinction. The problem isn't just that Sandra Bullock, as the missing woman, fails to stick in your mind, the way Johanna Ter Steege did. It's that Todd Graff's script gives too much weight to Bridges' hyperrational yet gaudy villain, while turning the hero's current girlfriend (Nancy Travis) into a life force, and building to a climactic, stop-and-go battle with a plank, a knife, and a spade. When it comes to clichés, Graff just shovels them on. Bridges gives the worst performance of his career. Half the time, he speaks with an ersatz European lilt. Was he merely imitating his director—or also punishing him? —M.S. (Bay Cinema, Coronet, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Olympia, and Criterion Center.)

VOLERE VOLARE—This romantic comedy from Maurizio Nichetti suffers from one small problem: there ain't much romance, and not a whole load of comedy, either. Nichetti's last movie, "The Icicle Thief," showed more intuitive wit; this one feels forced and spun-out, with a technical gag that goes well beyond a joke. Nichetti himself plays a timid little bozo who turns into a cartoon; but even then he's still a timid little bozo, so you don't really care either way. Luckily, the woman he fancies is played by Angela Finocchiaro, who is everything that Nichetti isn't—sexy, even-tempered, and free from vanity. The film is itchy and unsatisfying, but she calms it down. In Italian.—A.L. (2/1/93) (68th St. Playhouse.)

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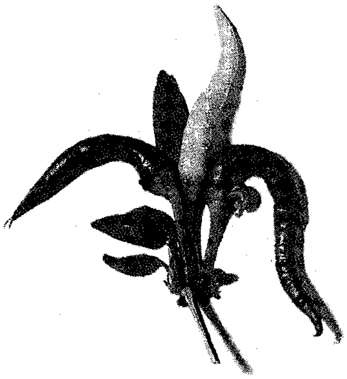
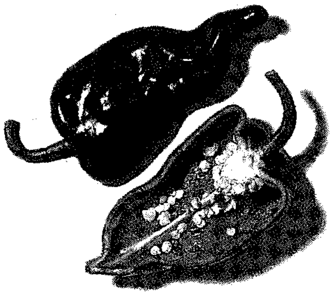
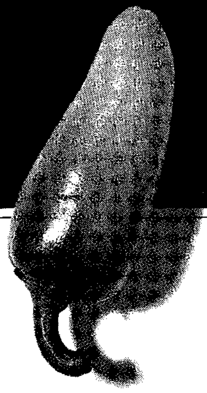


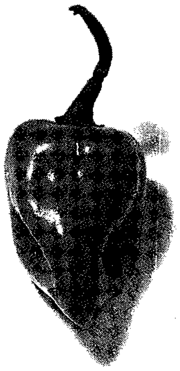
Cayenne
The darker and skinnier the chile, the hotter it'll be. Obviously, these little bullets can make you go ballistic.

Güero
The best cure for a chile's bite is to drink milk. With the hottest of the güeros, two gallons ought to do it.



Poblano
The nicest thing you can do to poblanos is throw them in a fire. Let char, then peel; the thick flesh is ideal for chile rellenos.

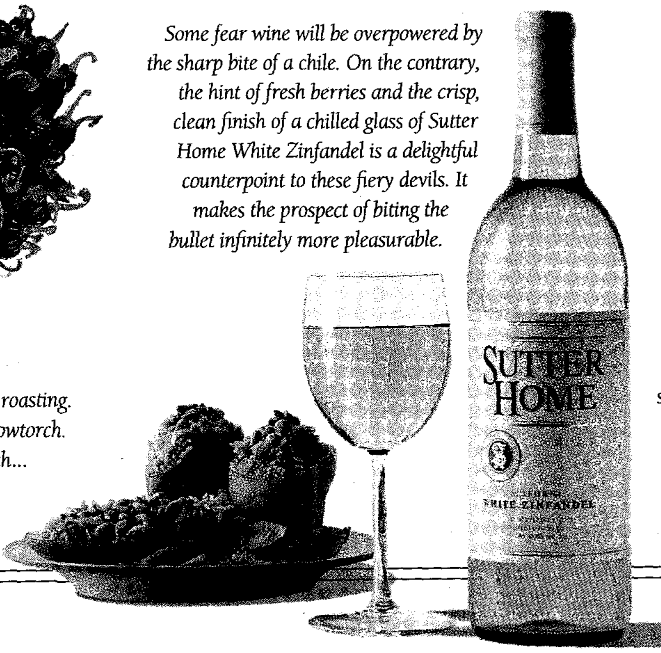




Habeñero
The wickedest chile of them all. Hot enough to cause temporary faint deafness so, according to one man, "you can't hear your own screams."

Dried Anaheims
Earthy flavor is brought out by roasting. One expert suggests using a blowtorch. Say, that's a gourmet touch...

Some fear wine will be overpowered by the sharp bite of a chile. On the contrary, the hint of fresh berries and the crisp, clean finish of a chilled glass of Sutter Home White Zinfandel is a delightful counterpoint to these fiery devils. It makes the prospect of biting the bullet infinitely more pleasurable.



Serrano
Hottest of common chiles, good in salsas. Packs a searing sting, followed by a numbing burn, sweats, and tearing eyes. Bon appétit!!!

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NEW YORKER

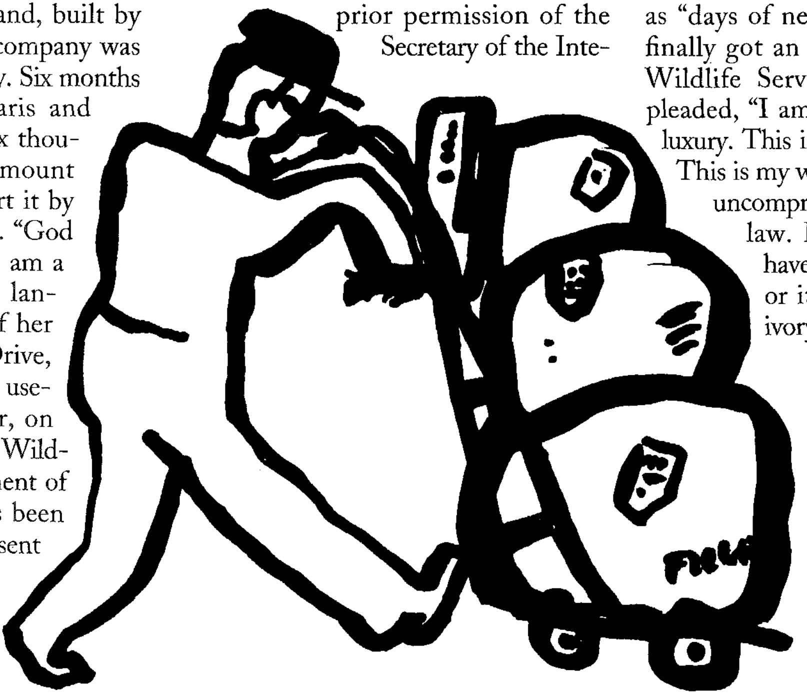
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

KEY LARGO

PIANISTS tend to be passionate about their pianos. "My piano is to me what a ship is to the sailor, what a steed is to the Arab," Franz Liszt once wrote. "It is the intimate personal depository of everything that stirred wildly in my brain during the most impassioned days of my youth. It was there that all my wishes, all my dreams, all my joys, and all my sorrows lay." The piano that Liszt most liked to play was an instrument from the once great Parisian house of Érard. The Israeli-American pianist Ophra Yerushalmi, who is a devotee of Liszt, would like to play an Érard piano, too.

She fell in love with one she discovered last June at the Bibliothèque Polonaise in Paris. It was a beautiful, sweet-toned rosewood grand, built by Érard in 1920, when the company was still at the height of its glory. Six months later, she returned to Paris and bought it, for a bargain six thousand dollars—the same amount that it cost her to transport it by plane to the United States. "God sent it to me," she says. "I am a Lisztian, you see." Yet it languishes in a back room of her apartment on Riverside Drive, unplayed and unplayable, a useless, mutilated object. For, on the orders of the Fish and Wildlife Service of the Department of the Interior, the ivory has been stripped from its keys and sent back to France.

This act of butchery against a charming seventy-three-year-old French piano can be understood only in the context of the international hysteria described in last week's *Times Magazine*, in an article entitled "Crying Wolf Over Elephants: How the International Wildlife Community Got Stampeded Into Banning Ivory." Its author, Raymond Bonner, described how public opinion, whipped up by alarmist press propaganda and lurid advertising from the wildlife charities, persuaded governments to impose a worldwide ban on trade in ivory in defiance of some of the best expert opinion in the conservation field. The American response was the African Elephant Conservation Act of 1988, which allowed for fines of up to twenty-five thousand dollars and jail sentences of up to one year for the importation of African elephant ivory, new or old, worked or unworked, without the prior permission of the Secretary of the Interior. No exemptions were to be granted, not even for musical instruments or works of art, unless the article in question was more than a hundred years old.



FILIP PAGOWSKI

On January 17th, Ms. Yerushalmi was notified that her Érard piano had arrived at Kennedy Airport from Paris aboard an Air France cargo plane, but that customs clearance had been refused by the Fish and Wildlife Service, which, in support of its decision, cited the Elephant Act and also the Convention on International Trade in Endangered Species (CITES), which, in October, 1989, formally put the African elephant on its endangered list. (The piano had been accompanied on its journey by a CITES form pointing out that it contained ivory keys derived from the *Loxodonta africana*, or "*éléphant d'Afrique*.") Ms. Yerushalmi was distraught. After what she describes as "days of nerve-racking effort," she finally got an official of the Fish and Wildlife Service on the phone and pleaded, "I am a pianist. This is not a luxury. This is not a piece of furniture. This is my work." But the answer was uncompromising. The law was the law. Either the piano would have to be sent back to France or it would have to have its ivory keys removed.

Early on January 29th, the brothers Gabor and Karoly Reisinger, who own Klavierhaus, on East Seventy-ninth Street, and are specialists in the restoration of old European pianos, accompanied Ms. Yerushalmi to an Air France warehouse at the airport, with the

"No es problema para mí si no es problema para ti."

• •

utmost reluctance, to mutilate the Érard. "What was done to this piano is what they don't want to do to elephants," Ms. Yerushalmi says. Before the Reisinger brothers dismantled the piano and, using steam irons, unglued the ivory from each key, she gave a little impromptu Chopin concert to an audience of about a dozen warehousemen. Karoly Reisinger reports that the men put down their burdens to listen. "It was very moving," he says. "When we told them what we had to do, they were all indignant at the stupidity of the law."

Every piano made in or imported into the United States now has to have plastic-coated keys, and, according to the Reisingers, there is no longer any secondhand ivory available for use in the repair or restoration of old pianos. Not only is it an outrage to put modern plastic on an instrument as fine as Ms. Yerushalmi's Érard, Karoly Reisinger says, but it makes the instrument more difficult to play. "Ivory has pores," he says. "It absorbs moisture from the fingers, and that means they can slide easily over it. Fingers can stick on plastic keys." As for Ms. Yerushalmi, she has been slowly recovering from her heartbreak while practicing on a Yamaha in her front room for a Chopin Birthday Celebration Concert, which she is giving at the Kathryn Bache Miller Theatre at Columbia University on Monday, February 22nd.

"I love to run my fingers o'er the keys, the ivories," goes a line from Irving Berlin's famous song in praise of the piano. But "I Love a Piano" was published in 1915.

A BREED APART

An English springer spaniel was judged top dog in last week's hundred-and-seventeenth Westminster Kennel Club show, the World Series of dogdom, but that was of no consequence to a small subset of the thirty-five thousand people who attended the Madison Square Garden event over its two-day span. They were drawn by only twenty-five of the twenty-five hundred dogs there, and only one of the hundred and forty-five breeds and varieties represented—the noble weimaraner, which originated in France more than five hundred years ago, as a hunting dog, and, about two hundred years ago, made a big splash in the courts of Weimar (hence the name).

William Wegman, perhaps the best-known of this dog's best friends, found himself recalling his introduction to the breed—a 1970 newspaper ad for a thirty-five-dollar weimaraner. When he saw the dog, he noticed a ray of light around his head. He also thought the dog looked very like a man. "Ray Man" he said out loud, transposing the name as it came to consciousness. Until his death, twelve years later, Man Ray, or Ray, as he was always called, modelled for Wegman in every possible guise, in twenty-by-twenty-four-inch stills in the Polaroid studio and also in videos, which ran in a continuous loop at the Whitney's 1992 twenty-year Wegman retrospective.

After Man Ray came Fay Ray, and she had eight puppies, which Wegman helped deliver one Sunday in Ghent, New York. Dog midwifery is not the only cost of devotion. So is the annual trek to Madison Square Garden. Wegman describes the dog-show aspect of canine obsession as "interior decoration" and considers its world "very alien." He turned up in a high-powered group that included Virginia Alexander, known as "the godmother of the weimaraner world." Alexander, who lives in Maryland, has been breeding weimaraners for thirty-five years. Her first weimaraner came here from Germany and is the progenitor of all but a few of the Westminster entries. Wegman is providing some of the photography for an eight-hundred-page definitive weimaraner text that Alexander has co-authored. There are also family ties: her weimaraner Arco fathered Fay's eight puppies.

In looking for champion-quality weimaraners, you are supposed to consider such characteristics as "correct, unwavering, sloping top line, even while fully extended." What matters to Wegman, however, is the look in their eyes. He didn't spot that look this year, and he wasn't at all surprised. Fay has a "deep beauty," he said, which reminds him of Catherine Deneuve, while Battina, Fay and Arco's winsome daughter, is "like a Lolita." He went on, "I can work with imperfection and charm," but the dogs in competition didn't possess much of either for him. "They're basically like beauty queens at a beauty pageant."

RING CYCLE

LAST Saturday's championship boxing match at Madison Square Garden was over almost before it began. It took Riddick Bowe less than a round to dispatch a listless, unresisting Michael Dokes. The fight was the first in a series of six, sponsored by Home Box Office, which may earn Bowe, a Brownsville native, a hundred million dollars. As far as his financial future is concerned, Bowe can't lose.

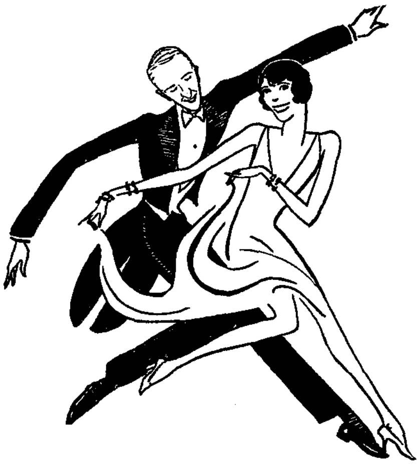
The same can't be said of many people in boxing, including a friend of Bowe's who was scheduled to fight on Saturday's undercard, which comprised six bouts. The bottom of the card was a four-rounder pitting Bowe's friend Sean Daughtry, a highly regarded twenty-two-year-old welterweight from the Bronx, against Adrian Stone, a largely unknown Englishman making his pro début.

A sleek hundred-and-forty-six-pounder with an unmarked, boyish face, Sean Daughtry has long had an air about him of boxing royalty-in-waiting. When he was seventeen, his mother bought him a plane ticket to Las Vegas for his birthday, and his visit coincided with Ray Leonard and Marvin Hagler's epic contest. It was the first fight he had ever seen. "I saw the fight," Daughtry recalled. "I saw that Sugar Ray made ten million dollars, and I said, 'Hey, I'll try boxing.' "

Daughtry blazed through the New York amateur ranks, winning the Golden Gloves championship at the Garden five times. He also caught the eye of Eddie Futch, the legendary eighty-one-year-old trainer, who has guided the careers of such greats as Joe Frazier, Ken Norton, and, currently, Riddick Bowe. Futch and his deputy, Hedgemon Lewis, once a world-class welterweight himself, took Daughtry into their select stable of fighters. Daughtry's manager, Eric Gitter, says, "Eddie and Hedge turn down the chance to train champions, so that gives you some idea of what they think of Sean's potential."

Lewis, in particular, took a liking to Daughtry, and not just for the way he boxed. "For the first couple of hours we spent together, Sean and I didn't even talk about boxing," Lewis recalls. "I saw how he cared for his family, what he

STEPPING OUT



IN the spring of 1925, when this magazine was only a few weeks old, it launched a department on night clubs, written and illustrated by a young artist named Charles Baskerville. (The drawing above is of Fred and Adele Astaire dancing at the Club Trocadero.) Baskerville signed the department with the pseudonym Tophat. Most of the departments in the magazine were signed with pseudonyms in those days—a practice traditional in humorous magazines—and Baskerville's choice was an especially appropriate one. He was a debonair man-about-town, accustomed to wearing a top hat, white tie, and tails, and in this respect was very unlike the founder of the magazine, Harold Ross, who, as a rough-hewn Westerner, was suspicious of what were then slangily called "glad rags." It happens that Baskerville at the age of ninety-six is *still* a debonair man-about-town, dining out regularly with the likes of Brooke Astor and the Douglas Dillons, and spending weekends, according to season, in Newport, the Adirondacks, and one or another of the more fashionable Greek islands. A recent notable event was the ninetieth-birthday party of his friend Gertrude Legendre, at Medway, her famous South Carolina plantation. Baskerville continues to be a snappy dresser, though few contemporary occasions prompt the donning of top hats; as for night clubs, he says, "In the twenties, we had so many of them and they were so amusing—we really danced, you know. Today, there are so few, and to me their chief purpose appears to be the production of din."

With clear blue eyes and smooth skin, Baskerville has the air of a man undiminished in his zest for life. Until a year or so ago, he occupied one of the grandest studios in New York, high up over West Fifty-seventh Street, where he painted society beauties in drawing-room settings and beautiful wild animals in jungle settings. Because, as he says, "my knees have begun to crumble," he found it difficult clambering upstairs to a balconied bedroom, and so he moved last year into an apartment in the East Seventies, all on one floor, where he has a studio with excellent north light. There he goes on painting, surrounded by seventy-odd years of his handiwork and by a profusion of souvenirs, including medals that he won in the First and Second World Wars. Why did he stop writing and drawing the night-club department? Because he wanted to go to Paris for "pleasure and education." Besides, he was paid so little. "Ross was always afraid of spoiling young people," he says. "Did you ever hear such nonsense?"

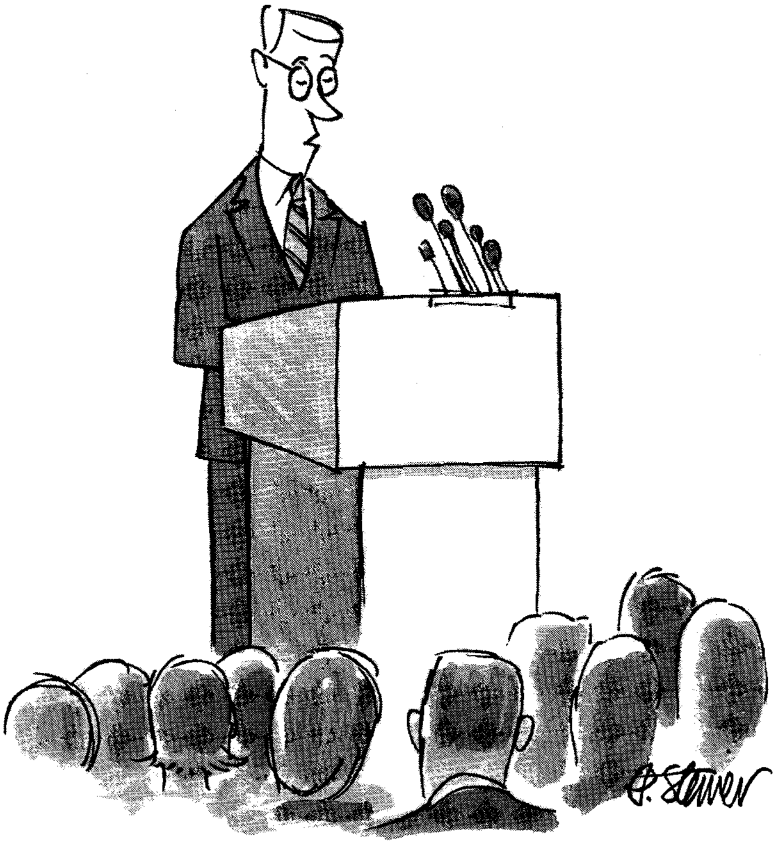
—BRENDAN GILL

FROM THE NEW YORKER, APRIL 11, 1925 (T MAY 9, 1925 (BOTTOM)

wants out of boxing for them, and that meant a lot to me. It may be wishful thinking on my part, but Sean seems like a Ray Robinson type to me." After signing up with the Futch-Lewis team, Daughtry dropped out of City College and quit his job as an assistant salesman on Wall Street. He now supports his family—a wife and two children—by boxing full time. On January 12th, he won his first pro fight, in a TKO. For this bout, Stone, who was, in boxing parlance, an "opponent"—a boxer who is expected to put up a competitive but unsuccessful fight against a featured attraction—was to be paid five hundred dollars; Daughtry's second pro fight would earn fifteen hundred dollars plus ten per cent of his ticket sales.

Daughtry arrived at Madison Square Garden at about six on Saturday night. The bouts would begin at seven, and Daughtry didn't know when he would be fighting. In the event, his turn came early, because the first two fights ended in first-round knockouts. Daughtry and Stone entered the ring shortly before eight o'clock. No more than a tenth of the Garden's seats were occupied when their bout began. Few people watched.

Daughtry fights in a classical, erect style, in stark contrast to Stone, who had a less polished, hunched-over approach. In the first round, Stone made a quick impression on Daughtry with a left hook, and Daughtry, dancing lightly, scored occasionally with soft lefts. The round ended in a standoff. In the second, Daughtry made a breakthrough with his own left hook. The blow staggered Stone, he reached out for Daughtry, and the two men flopped to the canvas together. The referee called it a slip—no knockdown—but Daughtry seemed poised to put his opponent away. For the final two rounds, though, the two men traded punches inconclusively. Despite pleas from his corner like "Get off first, Sean" and "Be first," Daughtry mostly contented himself with counterpunching. In the end, he wound up on the wrong side of a split decision.



"I have a brief statement, a clarification, and two denials."

If the referee had ruled Stone's slip a knockdown, Daughtry would have won an automatic two points, and that would have given him the fight. Instead, after just his second professional appearance Daughtry was a loser.

Gitter said, "We want to put Sean right back on his horse. He's got to put this behind him. It's important that his confidence not be shaken." But as the crowd upstairs gathered for the heavyweight-championship bout, there was mostly silence in Daughtry's dressing room. Daughtry lay face down on a table with an ice pack on his neck. What had seemed like a limitless future of fame and wealth now seemed uncertain. "I'm so shocked I can't even cry," he said. A few moments later, Hedgemon Lewis kissed him twice on the back of his head.

NON-EVENT

A FEW days ago, a tabloid insert was slipped secretly into various copies of the *Times* and the *Post*. "Field Work in Manhattan," it said. Twenty desolate photographs scattered throughout showed garbage, debris, and temporary shacks that looked like huts for street people. On the front page, an infuriating map purported to indicate the locations of the shacks. There were thirty-two black dots on the map, and they were, to be polite, misleading.

Time: Coldest day of the year (8° F. at 8 A.M.).

Place: In a taxi looking for "Field Work in Manhattan" shacks.

Seventy-seventh between First and Second (where the insert said a cave of black plastic bags would be): Nothing but a squashed Milky Way package under the front wheel of a silver Nissan.

Fourteenth Street between Washington and Tenth: No shack. Three black men around a metal drum that had a fire going in it.

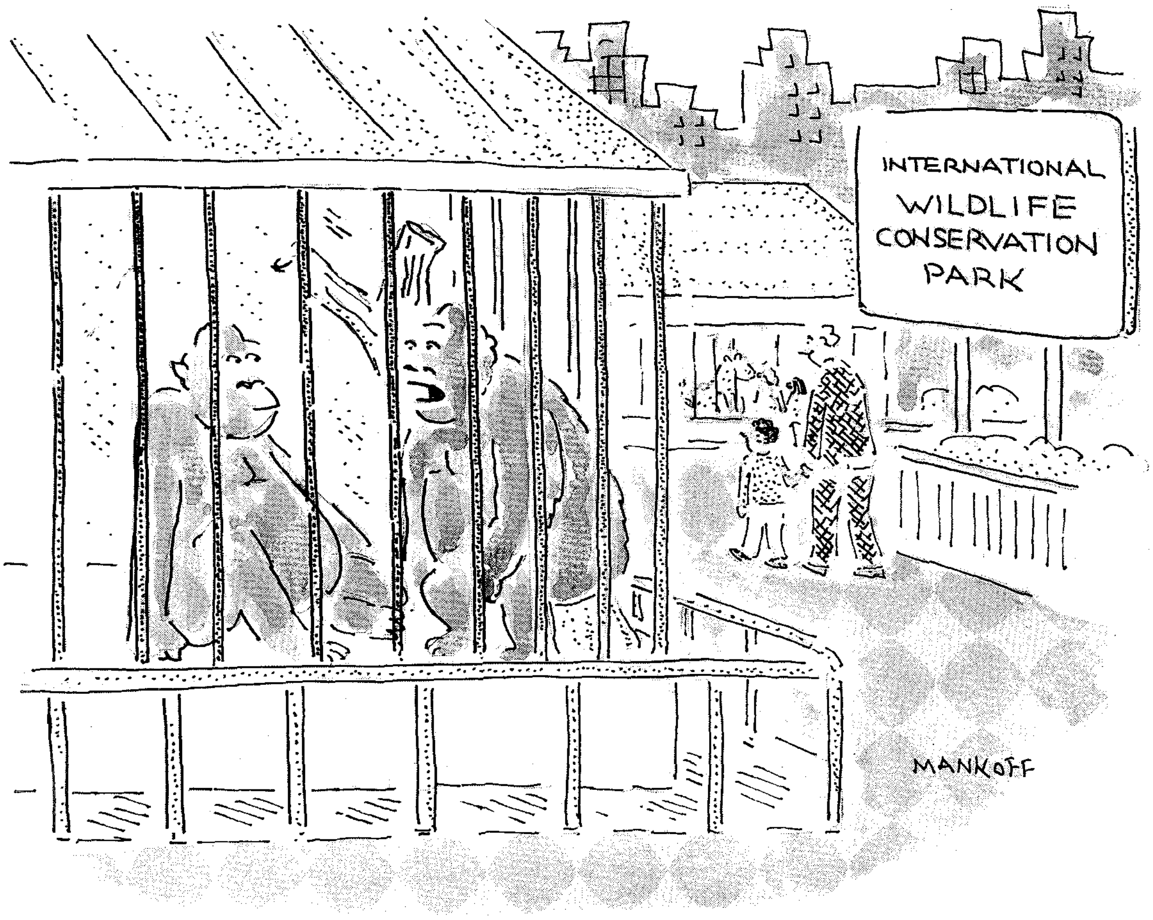
As it turns out, this is the kind of nothingness that the Japanese artist Tadashi Kawamata, the creator of "Field Work in Manhattan," may aspire to. Kawamata had built these structures out of whatever cardboard and lumber was lying around on location and had printed up the insert as his contribution to a show called "In Transit," at the New Museum of Contemporary Art.

Kawamata was in Japan last week, but Kostas Gounis, an anthropologist and one of the organizers of "In Transit," understood Kawamata's outlook on temporariness and was pleased to explain it. Here today, gone today seems to sum it up. Or maybe woe is here for good, but shelter is brief. "His intention wasn't to make additional space," Mr. Gounis said.

When Kostas Gounis was informed that some people had gone all over town on the coldest day of the year in search of Kawamata's shelters, he laughed. "Well, that's the whole idea," he said. "It's a very private kind of exercise on his part. There isn't even a *memory* of it." Mr. Gounis at least knew what the point of Mr. Kawamata's work was. "It is the rarefied appreciation of the transitory nature of urban existence," he explained.

SOMETHING DELICIOUS

PERHAPS for the first time in the history of such events, happiness was celebrated last week at a literary affair in Manhattan. The occasion was sad, but the mood was not: the friends and fans of Laurie Colwin, author of "Family Happiness," "Happy All the Time," and "Home Cooking," gathered at Symphony Space to remember a writer whose rare gift it was to evoke contentment, satisfaction, and affection. Colwin died suddenly last October, at the age of forty-eight, but her friends' readings of her fiction, letters, and essays on food revealed a voice that remains powerfully alive.



"Look, I'd rather be free, too, but at least we're not in a zoo anymore."

• •

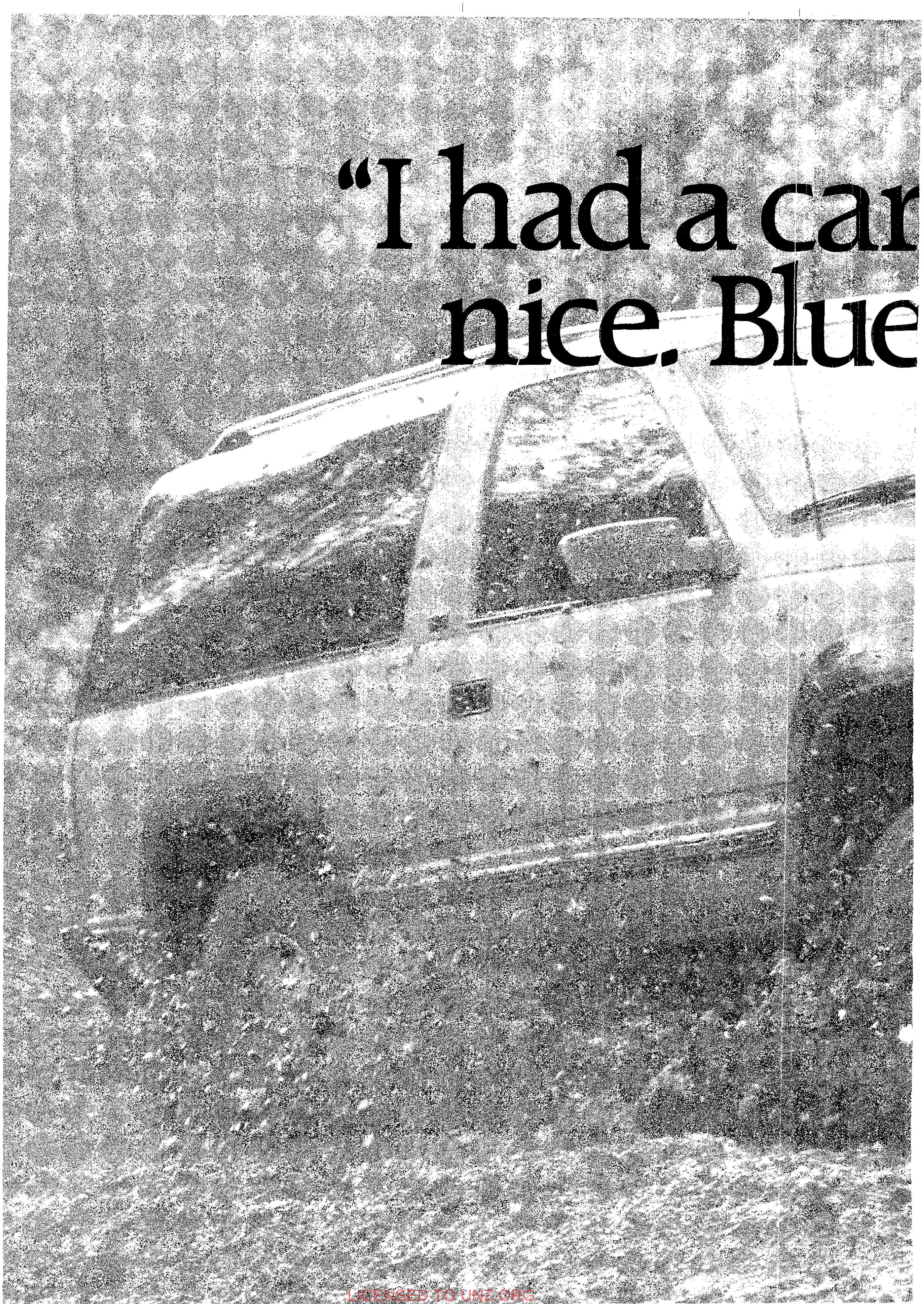
Colwin's life seems to have been as quirky and as marked by serendipity as the lives of her characters. Willard Spiegelman, the editor of the *Southwest Review*, met her in junior high school, where, he told us, "we triumphed over dozens—hundreds?—of other suburban Philadelphian adolescents in the cha-cha competition." Anna Shapiro, a novelist, met her outside the unemployment office on West Twentieth Street, in 1976, when, she said, Colwin, having overheard her declare her free-lance earnings, ran up to her to say, "Are you a writer? Don't ever tell them anything." The actor Tony Randall read Colwin's fiction a few years ago, looked her up in the phone book, and invited himself over to her apartment, hoping to persuade her to write a play about men and women in which he might star as "the older man." She befriended Scott Spencer as he was struggling to become a novelist and later told him that they "were the only two members of the N.W.A.: Normal Writers of America."

An advocate of old-fashioned English food, English cookbooks, and Victorian children's literature, Colwin was also a brilliant and prolific correspondent of the old school, and some of her letters were read at Symphony Space. One, addressed to the man responsible for publicizing one of her novels, went like this: "Even though I *hate* what you are doing, you are very good at it. And besides, it is a hateful thing done by a good fellow."

Over and over again, Colwin's friends remembered something that Willard Spiegelman described as her "moral clarity," and that others knew by other names. Deborah Eisenberg and Anna Quindlen read essays from "Home Cooking," a collection of Colwin's pieces for *Gourmet* and other magazines, which demonstrate, perhaps even more directly than her fiction, that Colwin had an extraordinarily clear understanding of human cravings. In one essay she wrote of being served a wonderful dish of creamed spinach with jalapeño peppers that "was so good it made me want to sit up and beg like a dog." She could contemplate with complete and fascinated frankness and without a trace of embarrassment eating most of an entire bag of vine-ripened tomatoes on her way home from a farm stand; she could admit freely to spooning chutney, red-pepper conserve, and soup stock straight from the jar to her mouth. She ate salt from the shaker. Many of her fictional characters commit adultery—not the throw-yourself-under-a-train, Tolstoyan type but a kind that satisfies some intense craving for a different flavor of intimacy.

Ever the thrifty cook, Colwin could find value even in the frustration of desire. "Repulsive Dinners: A Memoir," one of the essays from "Home Cooking" and a masterpiece of culinary terror, recounts several of the most disgusting home-cooked meals on record, including a "medieval fish pie" of squid, flounder, apples, and "lots of cinnamon." But the groans of the audience gave way the other night to sighs of satisfaction as the essay came to a close. "You deserve something delicious to eat," Laurie Colwin assured us. "You *are* the better for your horrible meal: fortified, uplifted and ready to face the myriad surprises and challenges in this most interesting and amazing of all possible worlds." ♦

“I had a car
nice. Blue



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ANNALS OF COMMUNICATIONS

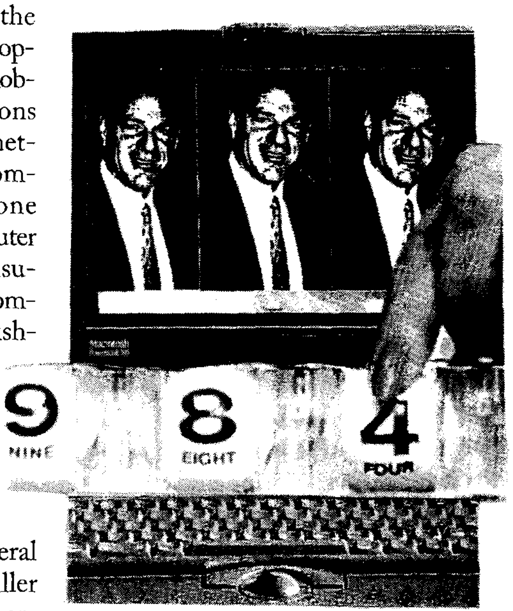
BARRY DILLER'S SEARCH FOR THE FUTURE

Diller's new venture began with a laptop and a home-shopping cable network—and it stunned Hollywood. But it may make him billions.

BY KEN AULETTA

WHEN Barry Diller, the former chairman of Fox, Inc., speaks of his Apple PowerBook, a laptop computer, he grows rhapsodic. "My odyssey began with the PowerBook," Diller said recently of the months he spent after leaving Fox. The odyssey was Diller's ten-month search among the seven industries hoping to dominate global communications—studios, TV networks, cable companies, telephone companies, computer companies, consumer-electronics companies, and publishers—to decide where he should stake out his own future. In fact, the search began in the fall of 1991, several months after Diller and Rupert Murdoch, whose News Corporation owns Fox, met to discuss Diller's future. After being head of prime-time television for ABC Entertainment in the early seventies, and chief of Paramount Pictures for ten years—into the first half of the eighties—and then guiding Fox into the nineties, Diller told Murdoch that he wanted to be a principal, not just a well-paid employee. Murdoch, who had moved to Hollywood and plunged into Fox's business—Diller's business—asked for a few days to consider Diller's request. When he had done so, he responded bluntly, Diller recalls, saying, "There is only one principal in this company."

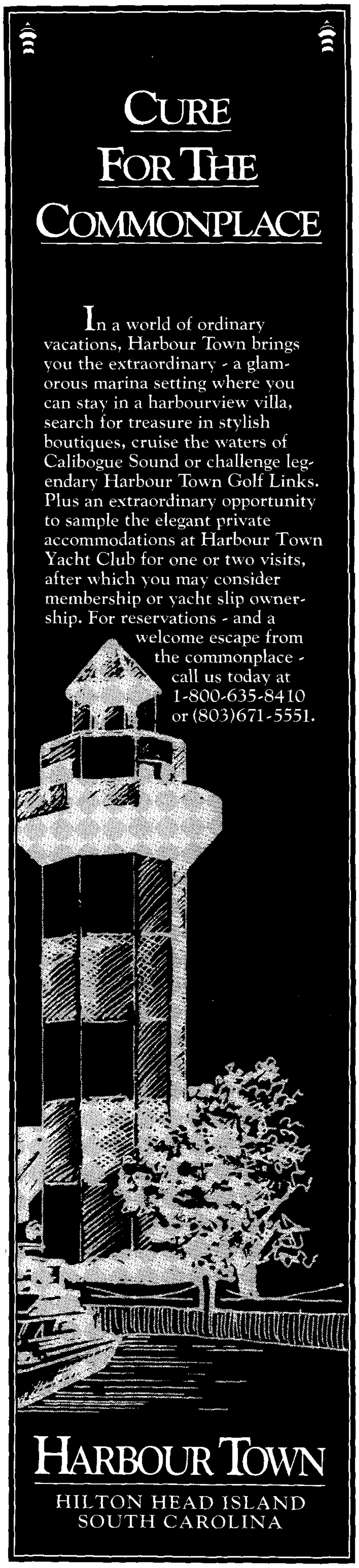
Diller was grateful for the candor, he conceded, but, with his fiftieth birthday approaching, he began to think about leaving. Lifting up his PowerBook, he explained, "I learned it to leave Fox."



TAMMY RUTH TREMBLE

A tutor taught him how to use it. The machine's allure was that it promised a certain kind of freedom—from secretaries, meetings, memos, press leaks. Diller used it to compose his resignation statement; to fax draft copies of the statement to Murdoch and to his own closest friend, the clothing designer Diane Von Furstenberg; to list things he must do before issuing the statement; to sort from his copious address book the three hundred people he wanted to have received the resignation statement before they heard or read about it; to jot down notions of what he might like to do next and whom he might consult. The PowerBook went with him everywhere. Diller punched keys in the middle of meetings, while others were left to stare at the top of his bald head or to listen as he related the many extraordinary feats his machine could perform. "He's had an unbelievable love affair with his computer," Von Furstenberg says. "It has expanded his horizon. No question that his relationship with his little screen—which is irritating to everybody in the room—has altered his life."

Among other things, the machine helped Diller better understand the new video democracy. Through it he could see how technology, with incredible speed, was transforming dumb television sets into smart ones, making it possible for viewers to select, organize, and interact with programming and information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rather than passively consuming what was offered on fifty, or even five hundred, channels. The PowerBook became for him a means of looking into the future, for he uses the laptop the way Apple Computer, which makes it, hopes that people will use a book-size machine, referred to as a personal digital assistant, that is right over the horizon. Just as Diller could convert his laptop into a word processor, a fax, a file cabinet, a spreadsheet, a conveyor of commands, or a link to various networks of news or data, so in the next few years, he came to understand, viewers will receive video on demand—be able to watch what they want when they want. With the click of a remote-control or a telephone button, they will summon up movies from the equivalent of a video jukebox. In an instant, they will send for and receive a paperless newspaper, a program they missed last night, a weather report.

Still, as the day when Diller would announce his departure from Fox neared, he felt vulnerable. "I liked my life," he says. "I liked power." He worried that no one would call, that he might lose his conspicuous seat in restaurants, that it might appear that Murdoch had dismissed him, that the story would leak before he was ready.

Diller issued a statement on February 24, 1992, which came as a complete surprise to the Fox employees and to Hollywood. In it Diller said he "yearned" to be an entrepreneur like Murdoch, whom he called an "inspiration." Murdoch responded with wide praise for his many accomplishments, from creating a fourth TV network, which in 1991 made more money than either NBC or CBS, to engineering the comeback of the Fox film studio. "It's nice to read your obituary while you're living," friends told him. Diller left Fox in good financial condition. He received a severance, bonus, and stock-payment package that a Diller intimate says was worth more than a hundred and fifty million dollars, and a Murdoch intimate says was worth half that; and, upon his departure, he bought a thirteen-seat Fox Gulfstream jet for some five million dollars.

Within days, thirty-three executives offered either to back Diller or to become his partner in any future venture, and their names were immediately filed in his PowerBook. Among the most persistent of these suitors in the months that followed were John Malone, the chief executive officer of Tele-Communications, Inc. (TCI), which is the nation's largest cable company, and Brian L. Roberts, the president of the Comcast Corporation, which is the nation's fourth-largest cable company. Both men believed that cable's weakness—programming—was Diller's strength. They knew that technology would allow a virtually unlimited number of channels, but they also knew that viewers watched programs, not technology.

For months, rumors chased Diller. It was said that he might be acquiring NBC from General Electric, and that he might be asked to run Time Warner. Whenever he was seen lunching with a wealthy financier, such as Ronald O. Perelman, the news would appear in the columns, increasing speculation that Diller was about to launch something big.

Ten months after his Fox announcement, Diller's plans were still a mystery. People in the entertainment and communications worlds began to say that he couldn't be a principal, because he had no capital. "A guy who's an employer is a guy who writes checks, and he can't," one Hollywood power broker said. Then, on December 10, 1992, it was announced that Diller had become a partner of Malone's and Roberts' in something called QVC Network, a twenty-four-hour home-shopping cable network. People passing Diller at his regular table in the Grill Room of the Four Seasons had almost embarrassed expressions as, uncharacteristically, he kept looking around, as if for applause. Those who knew Diller waved a greeting, but they seemed to be thinking, Barry Diller's going to run *what*? A home-shopping network? You've got to be kidding!

"All they care about is status," Diller said some weeks later, in a suite at the Waldorf Towers. "That's why they can't understand why I'm doing this. They say, 'It's not very glamorous.'" Every now and then, he glanced over at his PowerBook, which was sitting on a coffee table relaying minute-to-minute QVC sales. In 1991, QVC made a net profit of nearly twenty million dollars; in the first nine months of 1992, it already showed a profit of thirty-six million dollars. It was recently rated America's "fastest-growing small public company" by the magazine *Inc.*

The people who found QVC insufficiently glamorous probably weren't aware of those numbers. Or, if they were, they wondered why Diller, who had done so much to attract mass audiences, was now in the narrowcasting business. Worse, they wondered why he was hawking "tacky" merchandise. Diller has pretended to be unfazed, but friends admit that he is sensitive. "Remember, the royalty of America is Hollywood," one friend said. "We are the place of fantasy and intrigue and overnight rags to riches. For the time being, Barry is concerned that he's out of that limelight. He feels that what he's in is a bit undignified."

Diller seeks to counter the skepticism in several ways. After ten months of searching for the future, he thinks that he has become a pioneer in a new form of interactive television—one that began with home shopping and will soon include news and programming. He thinks of QVC not as just two televised shopping channels, which is what it is now, but as a springboard to a universe beyond the limited world of channels. He also thinks of QVC as a gold mine. Within two weeks of the announcement that he would run QVC, its stock rose from about thirty dollars a share to forty. On paper, Diller's seven million shares climbed in worth by seventy million dollars, yielding half as much in two weeks as he got when he left Fox. "If he fulfills his vision at QVC, he'll be the richest person any of us know," says Jeffrey Katzenberg, the chairman of Walt Disney Studios, who is a close friend. "Barry Diller will be worth many billions of dollars."

A YEAR ago, as Diller contemplated his future, he said to himself, "There are a couple of concrete possibilities—NBC is one. The others are all large enterprises, the kind I have always run. O.K., but what else is interesting? I don't know very much. I know topic

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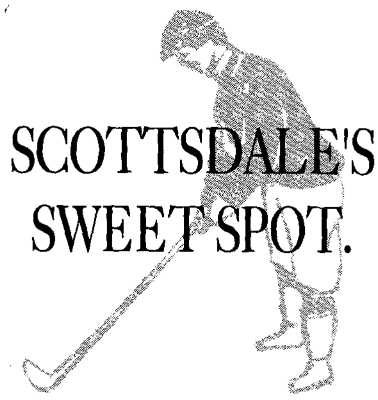

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headings, that's all. Some part of me is urging me to take advantage of this gift of time."

The PowerBook taught Diller that he could work at home, so he had his pool house, in Beverly Hills, converted into an office for himself, constructed an additional office for his secretaries, and moved to his beach house, in Malibu. Meanwhile, his phone was not quiet. Of all those in Diller's wide circle of well-known intimates—the music impresario David Geffen, the designer Calvin Klein, the producer Sandy Gallin, the actor Warren Beatty—the friend he confided in was Diane Von Furstenberg. She says that they spoke, and still speak, at least three times a day. "He's like a husband, really," she says.

On February 29th last year, Von Furstenberg visited QVC's headquarters, in West Chester, Pennsylvania, and the trip amazed her. As soon as she returned, she told Diller on the phone that she and several other people, including Marvin Traub, a former chairman of Bloomingdale's, had just gone on a "field trip" to a place outside Philadelphia to see something called QVC, which stands for "Quality, Value, and Convenience." When they arrived, she said, they sat in a studio behind several banks of telephone operators and watched the soap-opera star Susan Lucci pitch a hair-care product carrying her name.

Suddenly, the phones lit up. "It was amazing. She sold over four hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of hair products in an hour," Von Furstenberg told Diller. She described how the operators had punched in the orders on computer screens in front of them, charged each order to a credit card, and then pressed a key to send the order to a warehouse, which promised delivery usually within seven days. "There you have the potential of talking to millions of people all at once, and you don't have to rely on an in-between," she said. "It's more honest." Sure, much of the merchandise was tacky, she told Diller. But that was correctable. What mattered was the directness of the system. "Barry, you've got to go there," she said.

Diller wanted to go, if for no other reason than that over the years he had personally negotiated most of Von Furstenberg's business contracts. But home shopping did sound—well, *small* for his ambition. He wouldn't physically leave Fox until the spring, and he thought, he said later, that then "I'd have this big, long holiday."

Through the winter and into spring, Diller fiddled with his PowerBook for at least a couple of hours every day, typing options, lists of things he might do; he raised money for his fellow-Democrats Bill Clinton and Bob Kerrey; he read a few books; and by May he was exhausted with leisure. He was ready to begin his odyssey. I don't need a wall to stare at, he remembers thinking. I need new data. He decided to combine a lifelong wish to travel across the country with stops at such potential outposts of the future as the Massachusetts Institute of Technology's Media Lab, William Gates' Microsoft, near Seattle, and Bill Clinton's Governor's Mansion, in Little Rock.

Diller knew from the entertainment business the lightning impact of technology. He remembered how the studios had fought the videocassette recorder and, before that, television, and how both had eventually swelled studio profits. The PowerBook gave Diller some further technical insights. He came to call it "an enabler," because it allowed him to do many different things at once—to be alone and still be able to communicate instantly. In the spring, Brian Roberts, of Comcast, called Diller to chat. He wanted to invite Diller once again to join the cable team. The two men wound up talking about the PowerBook; Roberts had just bought one and was still trying to figure it out. "I wanted to understand it for the cable business," Roberts says. Diller shared his impressions of what computers mean for the future. One day, he speculated, the computer screen might become a TV set, and the keyboard would be a mechanism for summoning anything. The speed would be astonishing. A billion bits of information per second would travel over a wire, contrasted with only a few thousand bits a second sent by a PowerBook fax. Diller had read that these bits of information would perhaps be retrieved by a powerful microprocessor in a cable-converter box inside or beside the screen, and perhaps computer software would make remote-control devices user-friendly, like a computer mouse, permitting viewers to choose what they watch not only by surfing among five hundred or more channels but also by specifying categories—movies, comedy, sports, books, information services.

As Diller thought about the competing interests of the cable companies, Hollywood studios, TV networks, computer hardware and software companies, publishers, telephone companies, and assorted consumer-electronics powerhouses, like Sony—many of which already did business with one another—he realized that each one hoped someday to control either the wire highway to each home or the switching mechanism that would someday direct video traffic or the computer data bases that would serve as a library or the technology that converted pictures and programming to digital signals and back again. He knew that the current system of sending analog signals to TV sets would eventually be replaced, because these electrical impulses took up too much space on the highway, or bandwidth, that they travelled over, limiting the number of channels. What he didn't understand was the digital-compression technology that would replace it. Nor did Diller know—in fact, no one knew, or knows now—whether the future means of delivering television signals would be through back-yard or rooftop dishes (direct-broadcast satellite) or over expensive but almost limitless fibre-optic cables or through some hybrid of fibre-optic cables and existing coaxial cables, or whether those cables would be owned by cable companies or the telephone company or the government. No one knew or knows what will happen as the cable box mates with the computer; the phone with the cable wire; the networks with the studios; the studios with cable; the computer with the studios or with telephone, publishing, or electronics companies. To do any of this, Diller understood, required a convergence of three distinct forces: the emergence of "enabling technologies"; alliances among business adversaries; and government approval.

In the spring of 1992, the borders between the rivals' domains were blurring. Each rival dreamed of becoming a vertically integrated giant—able to control every step in the process, from the idea to the manufacture of it and on to distribution—only to find that such integration was too expensive or too complicated without partners. So Apple Computer already had a joint venture with Sharp Electronics, Pacific Bell, Random House, Motorola, Bellcore, and SkyTel, to provide software and communications through the hand-held personal digital assistant, which Apple is calling the Newton. Toshiba, a Japanese electronics conglomerate that excels in appliances and P.C.s, owned a minority stake in Time Warner. Sony made consumer electronics and owned a film studio and a record company, and so did Matsushita. Overseas, Hollywood studios and TV networks had been seeking local partners, in the hope of avoiding protectionist barriers and making the entertainment product more palatable to national tastes. Cable companies like TCI and Comcast had pushed into the

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telephone business, and the seven Baby Bells had petitioned the government to relax restrictions so that they, too, could provide cable and other information services in their own regions. (Last week, Southwestern Bell pushed into the cable business in another way, by buying two cable systems near Washington, D.C.) A.T. & T., having been barred from providing wired domestic phone service, had gone into the cellular-phone business and was already poised to make the chips that might convert analog to digital signals.

The first of Diller's field visits was to San Mateo, California, to see an electronics company called 3DO. The date was May 13th. 3DO has developed what it calls a universal box—a device that will make home-entertainment and computing equipment compatible, and able to communicate with each other.

Diller travelled on to Fremont, and there he toured the NeXT Computer plant and had dinner at the Palo Alto home of its founder, Steven P. Jobs, who was seeking to re-create the success he had had when he co-founded Apple, in 1975. After studying NeXT's brilliant software and graphics—"It's the most magical computer," Diller says—he recalls telling Jobs, "You've made this thing too hard. It shouldn't be this hard."

"No," Jobs answered. "It's like learning to drive. It takes two months."

"No, it takes very little time to drive," Diller said. "A computer is not that—it's hard. Why make it harder?"

This exchange reinforced Diller's conviction that the technocrats were too insular, and so did his visit to M.I.T., seven days later. While the Media Lab impressed him as a sort of Disney World of the future, with its hundreds of gadgets and technologies, he was unimpressed with the practicality of what he saw. But he did see something useful. "What I learned there is how digital can and needs to work," he says. Digital technology meant that television and radio would no longer be bounded by the narrowness of the highway over which they transmitted pictures or sound; instead, the signals would be converted into tiny numbers. In a universe exploding with channel choices, ten digitalized channels would be able to travel along a bandwidth formerly reserved for a single analog signal. Eventually, as digital-compression technology was perfected, the picture quality would improve.

Throughout the summer, Diller talked on the telephone and met several times in New York with Brian Roberts, of Comcast. Roberts had recently been elevated to president by his father, Ralph J. Roberts, who was the chairman, and he was launched on a parallel odyssey. The two men enjoyed comparing notes. In a long telephone conversation on the morning of June 12th, they swapped information about their PowerBooks and about their latest technological sightings. Roberts remembers telling Diller that services like Prodigy, which allowed computer users to do their banking from home and to call up the news and weather, were maddeningly slow and dull, especially compared with what was coming. Too many offerings were not user-friendly. Roberts knew, as Diller now did, that the "techies" were often brilliant but in some ways dumb.

Roberts talked about Comcast. The company's income, principally from cable subscriptions and cellular telephones—two of the country's fastest-growing businesses—was up eleven per cent in 1991, he said. He reviewed Comcast's varied holdings. He talked about QVC, of which Comcast and John Malone, of TCI, owned a controlling majority of the stock. He talked about how Comcast, jointly with TCI and others, had opened cable and telephone beachheads in England and was looking elsewhere overseas, and about Comcast's pay-per-view services and how digital compression and fibre-optic highways would permit hundreds—thousands—of viewer choices. Roberts said he believed that the next step for Comcast and the cable industry, a twenty-two-billion-dollar-a-year business, was to target the twelve-billion-dollar video-rental business. "If I get a quarter of the video business, that's huge," he says. Comcast also had its eye on the eighty-billion-dollar American telephone business. Annually, A.T. & T. and MCI and other long-distance carriers pay roughly twenty-five billion dollars to local carriers, including the seven Baby Bells, for access to customers, Roberts said. Once the cable companies installed fibre-optic wire, they could handle long-distance interconnections, not to mention local telephone calls. "They can pay us ten per cent less. We'll do it," Roberts said. "That's what we're doing in England, where some twenty per cent of the accessible homes are switching to our cable telephone."

But the most important piece of the puzzle for Comcast, Roberts emphasized to Diller, was also its most glaring weakness: programming. Unlike TCI or Time Warner, Comcast had not invested in programming. It had the hardware; now it needed software. Join us as a partner, he told Diller, and together we can make science fiction real. As the cable and the computer box and the telephone become linked, we can be pioneers. With Barry Diller, he said, cable can make programs that people want to see.

Diller wasn't ready to make choices, but he does remember thinking, This is one of the people I'm definitely going to talk with. First, however, he would be visiting Microsoft, in July, and he was looking forward to it. In many ways, Microsoft was a model of what Diller was seeking, for it created the software that enabled powerful personal computers to function. At Microsoft's corporate campus, in Redmond, Washington, not far from Seattle, he was taken on a tour by Rob Glaser, the vice-president for multimedia and consumer systems, and was shown what Microsoft was currently producing and what was to come. Then he had lunch with the company's chairman and founder, Bill Gates.

Diller assaulted his hosts with questions. He was particularly fascinated by Microsoft's attempts to devise cable boxes that could decode compressed digital signals, retrieve vast amounts of information, and allow viewers to interact with their TV sets. Gates has described such a system as "information at your fingertips"—a world in which, with a few clicks of a mouse, a customer can summon any movie, any program, any sporting event, any weather or news report, from a video warehouse with nearly unlimited storage capacity. "Our vision is to facilitate, to play the same enabling

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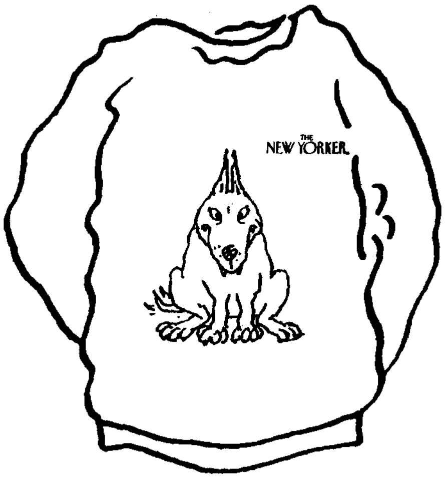

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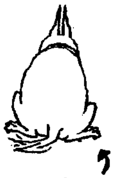

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"A world that seems to be working right for a change."

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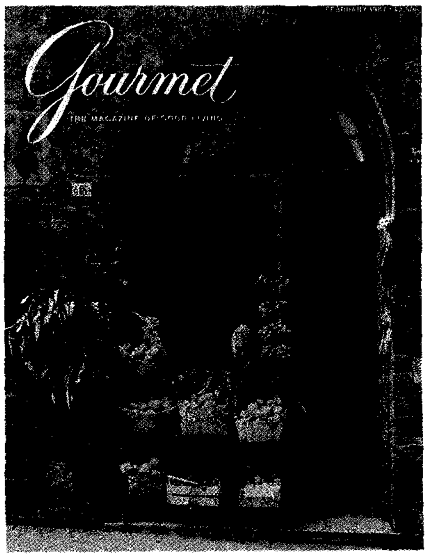

role that we did with home computers,” Glaser says. “Today, people don’t think of their TV set as having an operating system.”

Microsoft’s vision is not limited to TV sets. Diller learned—as Brian Roberts had on a visit to Apple Computer—how the personal digital assistant might work. With a hand-held device, doctors would be able to swap X-rays instantly for a second opinion, or review a patient’s full medical history without riffling through a file, or monitor patients at home, or, with a pen, jot a prescription on the screen and send it to a pharmacy. Using the same built-in codes that identify shoppers, citizens would be able to vote from home. With interactive remote-control devices, children, instead of sitting passively before TV sets, would take part in customized tutorials and quizzes, or play chess.

Many people have visited Microsoft’s campus, including Rupert Murdoch; Martin Davis, the chairman of Paramount Communications; and John Malone, of TCI. “But,” Glaser says, “of all the folks that have come by, Diller was the most engaged in the stuff we are doing.” Diller said later, “Everything blew my mind. I knew little. And each thing I saw made me think in ways I had not thought before.” What he saw was that “a communications enabler could be inside the TV or beside it.” He thought that a software company like Microsoft might provide the operating system for anything electronic in the home, just as it did for P.C.s.

ALSO in July, Diller accompanied Von Furstenberg to QVC’s headquarters. He was captivated by the reach of QVC; through cable, this live, twenty-four-hour home-shopping network and its separate fashion channel reached a potential forty-five million homes. He was staggered by what he saw in the studio: instead of the usual army of producers, camera operators, production assistants, and high-priced anchors, a single producer and a group of product coördinators, accompanied by five robotic cameras, with a director and two engineers in the control room, above, followed the host—described as an “explainer”—as he or she displayed merchandise or interviewed celebrities and designers who marketed products carrying their signatures.

Diller liked the pleasant efficiency of the trained telephone agents there. Each agent completes a transaction in about two minutes, and there is a backup system that can answer up to a thousand calls automatically. Each transaction is recorded in an I.B.M. mainframe computer, and the order is then dispatched to one of three shipping sites, which fill an average of a hundred thousand orders a day. Even more, Diller liked the way QVC made its money: it marked up each item it sold by up to a hundred per cent; and because it purchased in huge quantities it still undersold stores.

Von Furstenberg was already preparing to do business with QVC, and Diller would negotiate the deal. She would design what she called Silk Assets—dresses, skirts, pants, and a blouse—under her own label and exclusively for QVC. She would design the clothes and select a manufacturer, but she wanted no responsibility for dealing with distributing or storing the inventory. That task would fall to QVC.

Before the summer ended, Diller made another visit to QVC, to complete the negotiations, and to look around again. But he still wasn’t ready to jump. He had more to see; for one thing, he was to pay a visit in early August to John Malone, Comcast’s major partner in QVC. Unbeknownst to Roberts, Malone had pursued Diller over the telephone from the day he received word that Diller was leaving Fox. Diller and Malone had known each other for a number of years. Diller didn’t have to be told that Malone was easily one of the most powerful figures in television, and not just because his company controlled one of every five cable connections in the United States (about ten million in all), or because it had a bigger cash flow than ABC, CBS, and NBC combined. Malone’s influence extended into programming, since TCI had an interest in the Discovery Channel and the Learning Channel, and owned twenty-two per cent of the Turner Broadcasting System, including CNN. Liberty Media Corporation, a cable-operations-and-programming company that Malone had spun off (although he is the chairman), partly to silence congressional complaints that TCI was a monopoly, also had a stake in a number of other cable-programming networks. These included QVC; the Family Channel; Black Entertainment Television; American Movie Classics; Court TV; and X*PRESS X*CHANGE, a home computer-information service. It also owned or had an interest in twelve regional sports networks and in the Prime Network, a national sports-programming service. Another Malone subsidiary, Netlink, USA, was the largest provider of cable programming to owners of satellite dishes. And Malone had plans, which would not be announced for several months, to introduce digital compression, which would deliver about five hundred channels, beginning in 1994.

In preparing for those channels, TCI has already become the world’s largest industrial consumer of fibre-optic cable. It is also the largest cable operator in England. And it has partnerships in various future-oriented endeavors with A.T. & T., US West, McCaw Cellular, the Fox network, and Digital Equipment Corporation, among others. In addition, Malone, who has a Ph.D. in industrial engineering, serves as chairman of CableLabs, a cable-funded communications-research center in Boulder, Colorado.

“He’s one of the great visionaries of our time,” Martin Davis, of Paramount, says of Malone. A cable-programming C.E.O. who believes Malone squeezes cable networks for discount rates in exchange for the right to appear on his cable box says, “He’s an evil genius.” Then, there are Malone’s difficulties with Washington. Last year, when Congress was able to override a veto by President Bush and thus impose new regulations on cable, Malone was cited by fellow cable operators as the sort of person the legislation was aimed at. “John Malone is a monopolist bent on dominating the television marketplace,” Senator Albert Gore declared.

To better understand Malone, it helps to see him out West, at his office in Englewood, Colorado, just outside Denver. Here he came to work on a recent day wearing a leather jacket, a blue knit shirt, checked gray slacks, and loafers, not the sombre suits in which he appears on visits to New York or on industry panels. He is square-jawed, dark-haired, and, at six feet one, has the build

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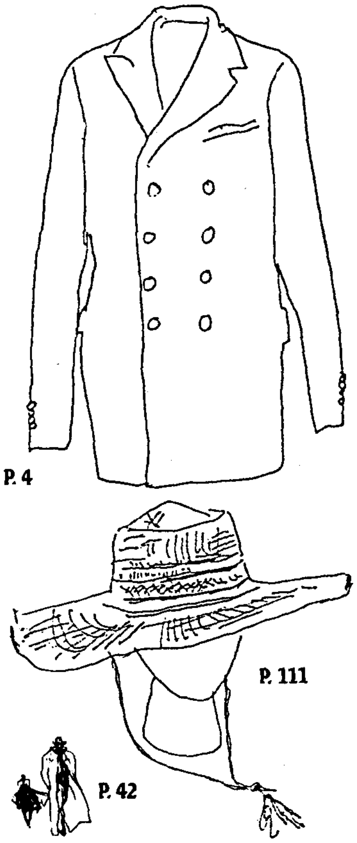

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of a lumberjack. His passion for sailing is reflected in a large model sailboat that rests on a credenza behind his desk. In New York, Malone often appears brusque. Here he speaks so languidly, so casually, that he can sound like Gary Cooper. His office windows stare out at miles of empty plains, bordered by the Rockies. This is a place that obviously gives Malone and TCI a sense of freedom: there is space to roam and few competitors or customers to encounter. "It's an outsider culture," Robert Thomson, senior vice-president of communications and policy planning, explains. "It's a culture that doesn't define itself as *establishment*. It's *not* Eastern. It's a Western culture. Like in 'Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid'—*Who are those guys?* That's us."

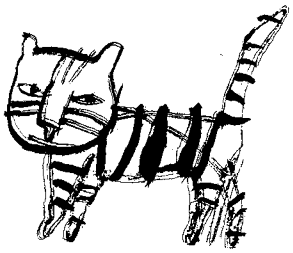
Although Diller is no cowboy, he does swagger about how he cares not a whit about "status" or "glamour" and wants only to be an entrepreneur. Diller may look like a Fortune 500 executive, in his dark suits and white shirts, but he thinks of himself as a buccaneer, like Murdoch or Malone. That's one reason that, in early August, he was eager to fly to Denver and spend a few days visiting Malone.

"What's going on?" Diller asked.

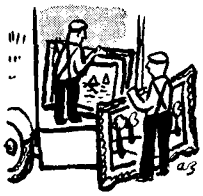
Malone explained that instead of sailing in Maine, as he usually did, he and Brian Roberts and the executive committee of CableLabs had been on the road visiting computer companies, including I.B.M., Apple, and Microsoft. Technology was herding industries together, he said. As broad fibre-optic cable highways became available, and digital compression decreased the space needed on those highways, the cable industry would look for technical help from computer and software companies, and help from television programmers like Diller. The computer companies, he believed, "were stalled a little bit—they have penetrated the workplace but not the home." That's why they looked to cable. The seven communications powers circled one another warily. "It's all a blur," he said. He predicted a media landscape where cable companies operated in the phone-company business, and vice-versa. And network broadcasters were bought by cable, and vice-versa. "It really all comes down to government regulation." One day soon, he said, technology would make possible a digital-compression box "more powerful than any P.C.," and will transform the TV set into "an input/output device." He went on, "The TV remote control will become like a computer mouse. You've got to personalize television. If there are five hundred channels, you can't just give the consumer a scroll. That's the world of the future." So the one-word answer to Diller's question—"What's going on?"—was "Invention."

What particularly impressed Diller was that Malone, like Brian Roberts and others in cable, seemed to invest time in thinking and learning about technology. In October, Malone and Roberts and the CableLabs group planned to tour Europe, meeting with such electronic corporate giants as Holland's Philips N.V. and France's Thomson S.A., looking at technical advances and exploring possible partnerships. A year before, the same contingent travelled to Japan, where they met with the heads of Sony, Matsushita, Toshiba, and Pioneer.

Malone asked Diller what he was thinking of doing, and Diller said he had narrowed his search to four options: he might buy into cable; he might run a movie company; he might team up with a computer-software company; or he might acquire a television network. They spoke about QVC, and Malone sketched a vision of how technology could customize home shopping, allowing viewers to treat their remote-control devices like personal robots, for ordering merchandise, paying bills, collecting information on airline departures. And, he said, such a system would make a bundle of money. Malone told Diller that he hoped he might join forces with cable.



Diller still had a number of other visits planned, including trips that week to two telephone companies. He came away from those visits convinced that the telephone companies were strong in the laboratory and in cash but weak in one crucial area: although they had a wire reaching into every home, those wires might have to be replaced to carry high-quality video signals. To wire even half the homes in the nation with fibre-optic cable would cost the phone companies perhaps a hundred and fifty billion dollars and could take fifteen years to complete. And Diller suspected that the phone companies, after years of being operated as government-regulated monopolies, did not have the kind of entrepreneurial culture typified by Malone.

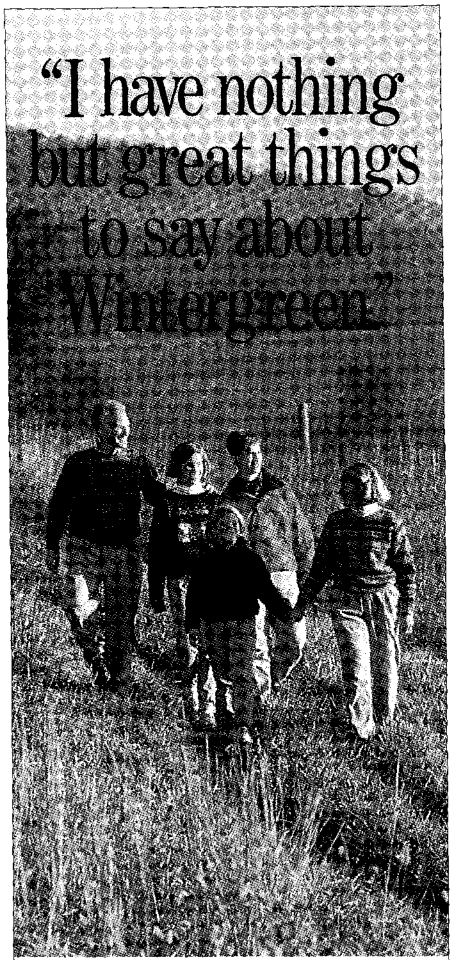


It was hard for Diller to abandon the idea of owning NBC, even though that option seemed less and less attractive. Everything he was learning made it clear that more viewer choices would continue to drain customers from the networks. He believed that viewers no longer needed a network middleman—that technology would enable people to do their own programming. The networks were reliant on a single source of revenue—advertising—at a time when cable enjoyed two sources, ads and subscription fees. He thought that the networks, with about four thousand employees each, were freighted with too much overhead. Yet Diller was tempted. He thought that he could raise the money, and he hoped that he could prevail upon General Electric, which owns NBC, to sell it to him for a lot less than the four billion dollars G.E. was reported to want. He had spent too many years fathering TV programs—pioneering made-for-TV movies and the miniseries form for ABC, and promoting shows with an "attitude," like "The Simpsons," on the upstart Fox network—not to believe in himself. Besides, he had a vision of making the network a healthy business again. There was the possiblity of a twenty-four-hour worldwide news service, going toe to toe with CNN. There was also the possibility of dumping the two hundred-plus stations that constitute NBC's distribution system and replacing them with cable affiliates. This would save the hundred million dollars NBC pays to its stations in compensation for carrying network programs. Instead of paying stations, grateful cable affiliates would pay subscription fees to NBC. Thus, NBC—if the federal government allowed it—would no longer be in the free-TV business. There are NBC executives who have thought about such a revenue-rich plan, but they fear that the government would never permit them to use the public airwaves in this way.

Diller's conversations with NBC stretched into the fall. Owning a network "would be fun," Diller said recently. "But, even as I say it, I bore myself. In the end, I thought, it only involves ego." By the end of the summer, Diller had decided, more or less, where his future lay. He had come to believe that cable had the pole position in the race to control access to the home. Unlike the networks, it had its own distribution system, through its coaxial cable. Unlike the telephone companies, cable companies had wire already in place that could handle the video needs of the near future. It was possible, he knew, that a fourth option—direct-broadcast satellites sending signals to home satellite dishes—would win favor. However, he guessed that this technology was too expensive for consumers, and was years away; in any case, cable operators like Malone had hedged by investing in this technology as well.

The future, Diller concluded, would be "led by the cable systems." Sixty-three per cent of all American homes were already wired for cable. Cable companies could charge for much of their programming, by pay per view, thereby perhaps alleviating government concerns about steep cable prices. In the words of TCI's chief operating officer, Brendan Clouston, "Cable will go à la carte. You pay for what you watch. Like your phone bill." And Diller agreed with Brian Roberts that some of that eighty billion dollars in telephone bills could be siphoned off by cable. Finally, Diller came to believe that the cable people treated technology not as an adversary but as an ally. "They're livelier than most of the competition in their thinking," Diller says. "Talk to the cable people, as opposed to senior people in the news-gathering business, or at the TV networks, or in the studios. Just line them up, and you find that people in the leadership of cable are students of technology and spend vast amounts of time and capital thinking issues through."

Diller knew that he could bring several things to the cable table, starting with a flair for showmanship: only more programming could allow cable to fill those five hundred-plus channels and



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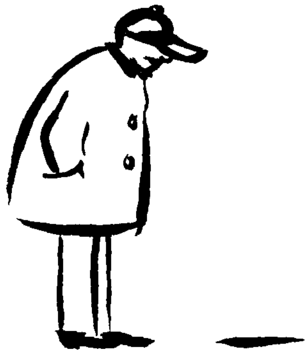
also spruce up the presentation of home shopping, or of information and interactive games. Another asset was Diller's relationships in Washington, particularly with the incoming Clinton Administration. At a time when government would have more say—in whether to impose new strictures on unpopular cable systems that in recent years had raised rates twice as fast as inflation, in regulating how the Baby Bells would participate in the video-information-and-entertainment business, in whether to lift regulations inhibiting networks from plunging into the production-and-syndication business, in whether to invest in and own the fibre-optic cables—the cable industry needed political friends. "We bet on Bush," Brendan Clouston says. "We lost."

By the end of the summer, Diller and Brian Roberts had spoken so frequently that they had become friends. Roberts proposed that Diller should be cable's programmer. But Diller wasn't interested in being in the service business; he wanted ownership. The cost of buying a cable system was too high. If Comcast was serious about Diller, Roberts realized late in August, he would have to give up some ownership to make him a partner. But in what?

Diller had arranged to be in Philadelphia, where Comcast has its headquarters, on September 28th, and to meet with Brian and Ralph Roberts. They spent the entire morning in a suite at the Four Seasons Hotel, looking for an idea they could all agree on. At one point, Diller mentioned his two visits to QVC, noting what an incredible operation it was. He said that he was thinking of producing an on-air segment for Diane Von Furstenberg's Silk Assets. Brian Roberts pointed out that QVC had an operating cash flow of a hundred and thirty million dollars in 1991 and was nearly debt free. He said that each cable operator received five per cent of QVC's sales in its territory, which gave the operators an incentive to promote QVC and open more channels for it. Diller perked up.



For the remainder of the morning, the three men spoke of nothing but QVC. An idea popped into Ralph Roberts' head—how to make Diller a partner—and he sketched it out. He recounted how, five years earlier, he had helped the entrepreneur Joseph M. Segel start QVC. Segel had launched eighteen businesses, he said, and he enjoyed start-up situations. Now Segel was hoping to leave QVC at the end of the year. "There's an opportunity, if it is something of interest," Ralph Roberts remembers telling Diller. QVC, he thought, might be the means by which to marry Diller not just to home shopping but also to the cable industry's appetite for more programming. John Malone was already a part owner, and if Comcast and Malone were allied, as they usually were, they controlled a majority of the stock. Brian Roberts pointed out as an added feature that much of the cable industry had a piece of QVC, for in order to get home shopping launched on their systems most of the other cable companies had been offered stock in QVC. And there was always the prospect that QVC's main competitor, the Home Shopping Network, which Malone would soon own part of, could be merged with QVC.

"That was it," Diller recalled later. "After that meeting, I thought I was really on to something. Once I left that day, I thought it would be QVC."

Diller and the Robertses talked again at the Atlantic City Cable Show, in mid-October. By then, Malone was involved and enthusiastic. It could be a three-way partnership, with QVC as the vehicle for Diller's programming expertise. "Having a couple of good partners is as good as doing your own thing," the elder Roberts told Diller. Partners would provide deeper pockets and guarantee distribution of whatever programs or products Diller produced.

Diller made one more visit to QVC, at 9 A.M. on Saturday, November 7th, for Diane Von Furstenberg's first sale. Surrounded by her silk clothing, she sat beside the host on a small stage in a large brick cavern. Diller stood behind one of eighty telephone operators there and watched the toll-free calls pour in.

Diller was awed. At one point, he looked up and saw that Von Furstenberg was chatting with a woman from Brewster, New York. At another point, he looked down and noticed a colored bar on a computer screen surging, to register an increased number of calls. In less than two hours, the computer showed, Von Furstenberg had sold twenty-nine thousand items to nineteen thousand customers, for a total of a million two hundred thousand dollars. "This was the clincher," Brian Roberts said. "It was the ultimate Nielsen rating. The phones light up. You don't wait till you come into the office tomorrow to find out how you did." And Diller said, "It was the closest link I've ever seen between action and reaction."

Diller and Roberts flew to Colorado on a Saturday to spend a day with Malone, and a commitment to pursue a deal was forged between Comcast and Malone's Liberty Media. The deal ultimately called for Diller to invest twenty-five million two hundred thousand dollars to acquire eight hundred and forty thousand shares (roughly three per cent) of QVC stock; he would also have an option to buy six million more shares, at an average price of just over thirty dollars a share. Diller would become the chief executive officer of QVC; when he exercised his option and his partners sold each other shares, he would own a third of the controlling interest in the company. Peter Barton, the C.E.O. of Liberty, was thrilled. "I think Barry Diller's going to be punching a hole in the sky," he said. The lawyers for the three partners were instructed to move quickly.

Diller obviously sees QVC as much more than a shopping network, and so does John Malone. "The shopping business itself can become a big business," Malone said recently. "How big is the shopping-catalogue business? QVC does a billion dollars a year, and it's just scratching the surface." He believes QVC can be as huge as Walmart. He makes it clear, however, that home shopping is not the ultimate aim of QVC. "It's about whatever we can cook up," he says. "It's a vehicle. It's a platform for Barry. We just look at Barry as firepower. We're delighted that he's wearing one of our uniforms."

A MONTH after the December announcement, Diller began spending about three days a week on QVC's corporate campus, in West Chester, Pennsylvania. He has a corner office on the second floor of a two-story red brick building which faces a ridge of evergreens; they are so close that Diller can see none of the rolling countryside. Along the wall to the left of his desk are nine TV sets. In rural Pennsylvania, Diller is no less concerned with details than he was in Hollywood. He interrupts conversations to pick up his glasses and stare at QVC or the Home Shopping Network. "Why does Home Shopping sell pillows all the time?" he asks. "Maybe we should be selling pillows?" A few moments later, he spots a QVC game wheel, much like the one on "Wheel of Fortune," and says he intends to get rid of it, because it looks cheap. He often refers to QVC as "them" and says, "They've had such explosive growth in their business that they're reluctant to change."

Diller wants to persuade QVC to think of itself as more than just a channel. QVC can also be a shopping catalogue, and a brand name, like L. L. Bean—a catalogue that Diller can program pictures for. He thinks that QVC's full shopping potential won't be tapped until it becomes truly interactive. As Diller envisions it, the customer will say, "I want a raincoat. Instantly! I want an umbrella," and it will figure out the cheapest ones, and deliver them to the door. He predicts, "Three years from now, you'll say, 'I want shoes.' You'll press a button and see yourself in various shoes on the screen." From their homes, he says, consumers will be able to roam the aisles of Bloomingdale's; avoid the last-minute Christmas rush by calling up a special selection of gifts for the "special person," choosing one, and having it delivered the next day; find a hotel in the Caribbean, inspect its rooms and amenities on the TV screen, and then press a button to make a reservation.

Diller foresees selling QVC and other packages or services to disparate customers, including Time Warner, which recently unveiled a digital system that it plans to test in Tampa, Florida, late this year—a system that Gerald Levin, Time Warner's chairman, has hailed as "the electronic superhighway of the twenty-first century." If it is successful, it will allow viewers to select their own channels and packages.

The direction the video business is taking is toward lessening the power of the middleman. Networks and independent stations are middlemen, in that they schedule programs on certain days and at certain hours, or give the viewers the news they deem important. Consumers watching what they want when they want will gain a sense of participation, of empowerment. To this end, Diller envisions QVC providing viewers with news stories that present more historical sweep and context, and also with instant news. "Information services are something I plan to have a real role in," he says.

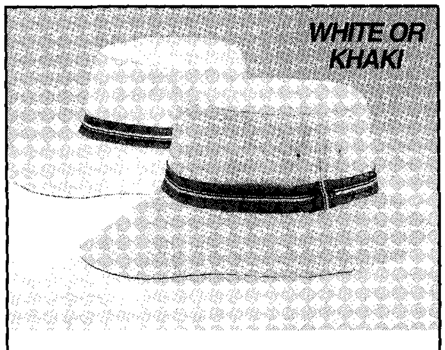
Diller also says that in several years he expects to be "in the storytelling form as well." He is sure that there will be some interactive element. He is uncertain at the moment whether his entertainment programs will be distributed over QVC channels or sold as packages. "That's around a dark corner," he says.

THE economic and social consequences of the technology revolution that Diller envisions are also unclear, of course, and so is the larger philosophical question of whether his efforts—and those of technology in general—may further weaken our already fragile sense of community. Neil Postman, who has written about television as a narcotic, has now written a book about technology, entitled "Technopoly: The Surrender of Culture to Technology." Although Postman speaks specifically of computers, he is making a broader point, and it is one that could be extended to QVC:

> Now comes the computer, carrying anew the banner of private learning and individual problem-solving. Will the widespread use of computers in the classroom defeat once and for all the claims of communal speech? Will the computer raise egocentrism to the status of a virtue?

Diller was asked in an interview whether by creating narrowcasting channels and catering to individual cravings through video on demand he is further weakening the bonds of community and shared experience that, whatever the many vices of broadcasting, were, at least, a virtue.

"It's an interesting question, as a question," Diller said. "We don't know enough yet. We don't know yet what 'good' is in a more fractionated world of communication. I'm not interested in narrowcasting—that's not the direction I'm going in. As to what its value will be, later gets to judge." ♦



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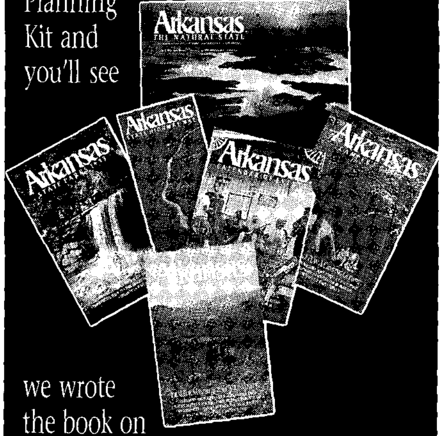

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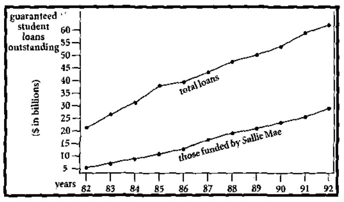

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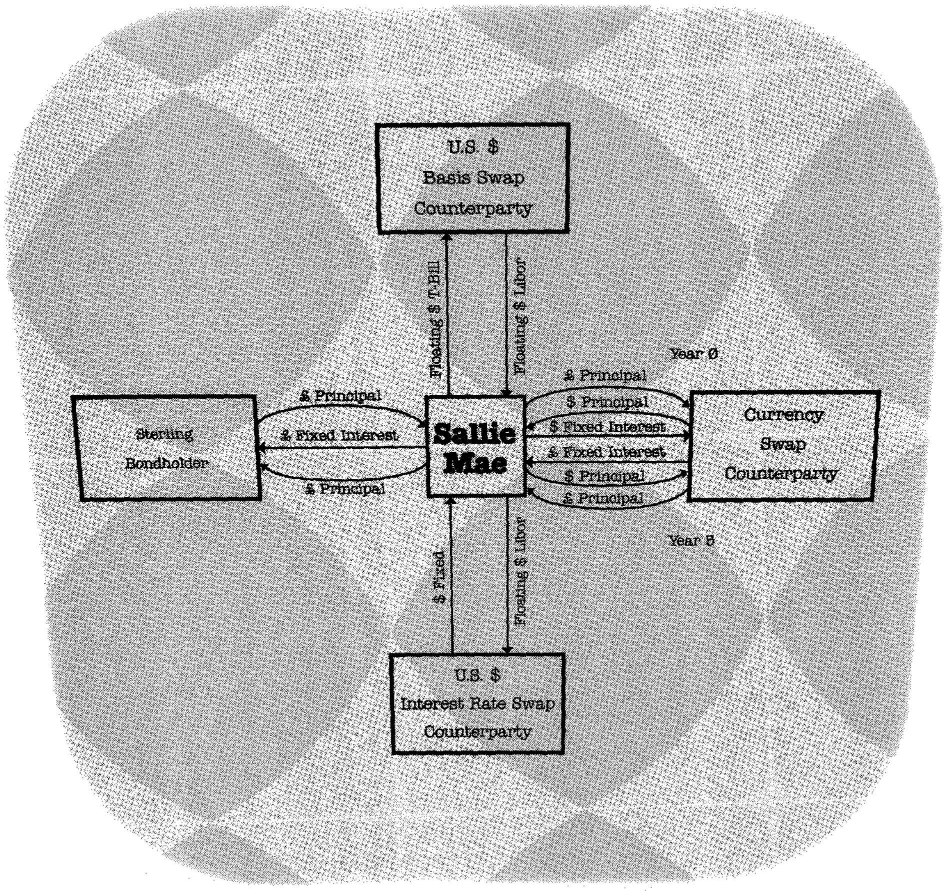
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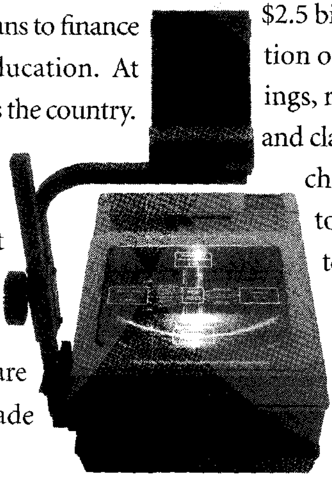

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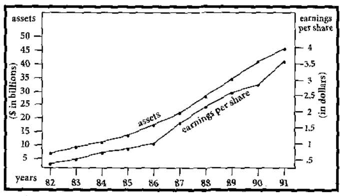

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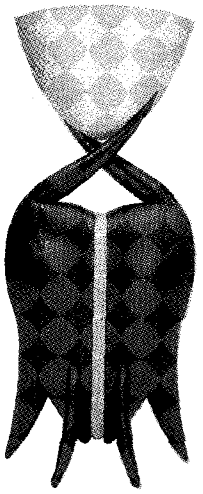

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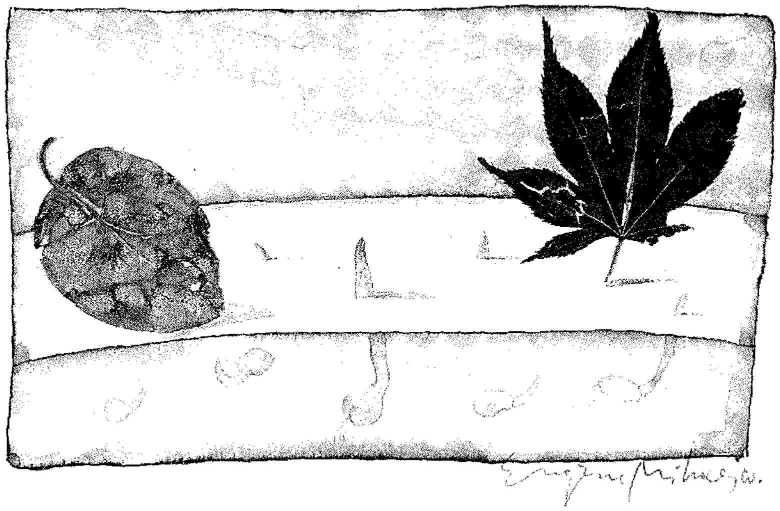
A FIRE BY ICE

Looking for signs of life in the dead of winter.

BY JAMAICA KINCAID



EUGENE MIHAESCO

IT is winter in Vermont, and so my garden does not exist. In its place are mounds of white, the raised beds covered with snow, as in a graveyard—not a graveyard in New England, with its orderliness and neatness and sense of that's that, but a graveyard in the place I am from, a warm place. There, a grave is topped off with a huge mound of loose earth—carelessly, as if piled up in child's play, not serious at all—because death is just another way of being, and the dead will not stay put, and sometimes the actions of the dead are more significant, more profound, than their actions in life, and no structure of concrete or stone can contain them.

The whiteness of the snow is an eraser, so that I am in a state of near-disbelief. A clump of lovage, with its tall, thick stalks of celerylike leaves (with celerylike taste), did really stand next to the hedge of rhubarb; the potatoes were near the rhubarb, the broccoli was near the potatoes, the carrots and beets were together and near the potatoes, the basil and cilantro were together and near the peas; the tomatoes were in a bed by themselves (a long, narrow strip that I made all by myself this summer with a new little tiller I bought from Gardener's Supply Company), separating my garden from my daughter Annie's; the strawberries were in a bed by themselves, and so were all the salad greens; the sunflowers, tall and short, in various hues of yellow and brown, were clustered in groups over here, over there, and over here again. The scarecrow that scared nothing was here; the gun to shoot the things the scarecrow didn't scare was right here (unloaded, lying between the bundles of hay for mulching the potatoes). The line of silver (aluminum pie plates) was strung between the two tepees covered with lima-bean vines (whose pods remained empty of beans).

The colors (the green of leaf, the red-pink stem of rhubarb, the red veins of beet leaves, the yellows and browns of sunflowers) start out tentatively, in a maybe-or-maybe-not way, and then one day, perhaps after a heavy rain, everything is strong and itself, twinkling, jewel-like. At that moment, I think life will never change: it will always be summer. The families of rabbits or woodchucks will eat the salad greens just before they are ready to be picked; I plot ways to kill these animals but can never bring myself to do it; I decide to build a fence around the garden and then decide not to. There are more or fewer Japanese beetles than last year—who can really care? There are too many zucchini—who can really care? And then, as if it had never happened before, I hear that the temperature will drop to such a low degree that it will cause a frost.

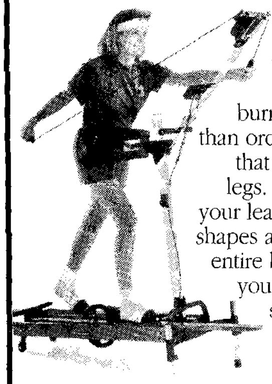
I always take this personally; I think a frost is something someone is doing to me—only to me. And this is how winter in the garden begins—with another tentativeness, a curtsy to the actual cold to come, a gentle form of it. The effect of the cold air on things growing in the garden is something I cannot get used to, cannot understand, even after so many years. How can it be that after a frost the entire garden looks as if it had been to a party in Hell? As if it had been picked up and set down just outside the furnace of a baker's oven, with the fire constantly fed and the oven door never shut?

I must have been about ten years old when I first came in contact with cold air. Where I lived (Antigua), the air was hot and then hotter, and if sometimes—usually in December—the temperature at night got down to seventy-five degrees you wore a sweater, and a flannel blanket was put on the bed. Once, the parents of a girl I knew got a refrigerator, and when they were not at home she asked me to come and put my hand in the freezer part. I was convinced then (and remain so now) that cold air is unnatural, man-made, associated with prosperity (refrigerators being common in the prosperous North), and more real (as the artificial always seems) and special than the warm air that was so ordinary to me. And then (when I moved to the prosperous North) I became suspicious of cold air, because it seemed also associated with the dark. With the cold comes the dark. In the dark, things grow pale and die, and no explanation, from science or nature, of how the sun can shine brightly in the deep of winter has ever been satisfactory to me. In my heart I know that the cold and the light, the winter and the summer, cannot be at the same time.

SUMMER: One afternoon, before I arrived for dinner at my friend Albert's, he and his mother were walking in his garden. Albert's garden is an enormous circle, subdivided into rectangular beds, half-circle-shaped beds, square beds; it is separated from his house by a wide sheet of obsessively well-cut grass and a deep border of iris, foxglove, and other June-and-July flower-bearing perennials. Albert was in a fretful mood (his mother's presence had made him that way); he was looking forward to feeding me (he later told me so), because I like the food he cooks (almost always something he has grown), and also, perhaps, because my presence would come as a relief (he did not tell me this). As Albert and his mother walked, they removed faded flowers and ripe vegetables (he plants flowers and vegetables freely together), and they exchanged the silences and sentences typical of people bound together in a way they did not choose and cannot help (and so do not like). When his mother came to a bed where Asiatic lilies were in bloom, she broke one of the exchanges of silence by saying, "Just look at these nigger colors." Albert was shocked but not surprised; after all, this was his mother, whom he had always known.

When I arrived, Albert made cocktails, and snacks of vegetables with a dip while his mother and I walked in the garden. We exchanged monuments of praise to Albert's gardening ability, and when we came to the bed of Asiatic lilies I wondered (since I did not know her very well) if I should be my natural and true self or unnatural and untrue. Without deciding, I blurted out something true. I said, pointing to the Asiatic lilies, "I hate these colors." Then I went back to being unnatural and untrue (polite, that is), and would have forgotten Albert's mother entirely, except that later, while Albert and I did the dishes alone, he was venting his irritation with the people in his life whom he loved but did not like, and he told me of what had happened before I arrived—of his mother's casual but hateful remark. Had I sensed the true character of the person with whom I was taking a walk in the garden, I would have embraced the Asiatic lilies and their repulsive, psychedelic hues.

AUTUMN: Visible from the back door of my house is a stone wall, sensibly separating a terrace and flower bed from a sudden downward slope (which my children like for sledding). The stone wall was dilapidated, and two men—one fat, the other thin (this Jack Sprat style in couples is not an unusual sight in Vermont)—came to rebuild it. One day, as they worked, I sat on a stone step (also in need of repair), revelling in my delicious position of living comfortably in a place that I am not from, my position of visitor, of not the native, of seeing my orders carried out by the two men who



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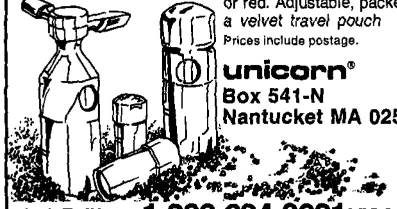

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were stooped over before me. I had to tell one of the men to save Mrs. Woodworth's roses, which he had dug up in the process of dismantling the wall. Mrs. Woodworth was the previous owner of my house (she is now dead), and her roses had been in that spot for forty years and had come from her mother's house, in Maine, so I had a sentimental feeling about them, a false feeling that no native can afford to have.

After the man agreed to save the roses, he told me that he had been to New York City only once in his life and didn't wish to go there again. He said that when he was a boy he had been to New York City on a day trip with his class, and their bus had been pelted with stones by some people; not all the people who threw the stones were colored, he said; he liked colored people, but his father did not; his father had been in the Army with some colored men, and they had all got along very well until they were ordered into battle and all the colored men in unison turned and ran away. I said it was so sensible of the soldiers to run away; I would certainly have done the same; and it was just as well that the soldiers were colored, because if they had been white, his father would have come to dislike white people, and then certainly his mother would have looked like me. He stared at me and said he saw what I meant—but that couldn't have been true, because I couldn't see right away what I meant.

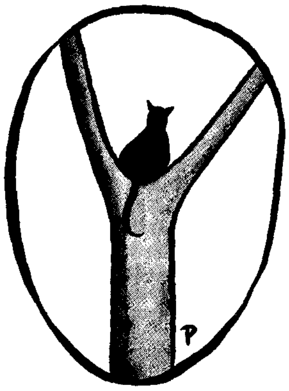
The next day, he brought me a small paper bag full of bulbs, each the size of three thimbles. He did not know the name of the flower the bulbs would bear, but he described it (small, white, star-shaped) and said it would bloom earlier than anything else in spring. I wanted to plant the bulbs quite near the stone wall, so I waited until the wall was finished, and left the paper bag of bulbs unprotected on the ground. The paper fell apart; the bulbs spilled out and scattered. Each morning, as I went to work in the garden, I planned to plant them, and at the end of each day I would resolve to do it the next day. And finally one day, with gestures completely free of anger, I put them not in the compost heap but in the rubbish bin.

BETWEEN the end of summer and the shortest day of the year, I battle a constant feeling of disbelief. All things come to a halt rapidly; they die, die, die; the garden is all brown stalks and the ground is tightening. What continues to grow and bloom does so in isolation. All the different species of chrysanthemums in the world grouped together (and I have seen more than a hundred and fifty strains of them on display at once in greenhouses at Smith College), all the sedum, all the rest of it—it's beautiful, but it takes place against a background of dead or almost so.

People will go on and on about the beauty of the garden in winter. They will point out scarlet berries in clusters hanging on stark brown brittle branches; they will maintain that this beauty is deep and unique, and that it will be even more so when brought inside. They talk about the Christmas rose (and sometimes they actually say *Helleborus niger*—but why, when the common name sounds much better, the way common names do?); this plant, in bloom in December, is beautiful, but only in the way of a single clean plate found on a table many months after a large number of guests have eaten dinner there. Or people describe the barks of trees, in varying stages of peeling, and the moss or lichen growing on the barks of other trees, the precious, jewel-like sparkle of it at certain times of day, in certain kinds of light—and, you know, I like lichen and moss, but, really, to be reduced to admiring it because nothing else is there except brown bramble and some red berries and mist! It is willful, this admiration of the garden in winter, this assertion that the garden is then a beautiful place. Here is Miss Gertrude Jekyll (with whose writing I am so in love that I am always pleased to see a picture of her and realize how beautifully ugly she was, but never know what to make of her English habit of infantilizing and making cozy—a nice grouping of nut-bearing trees cannot remain so but must become The Nutwalk):

> A hard frost is upon us. The thermometer registered eighteen degrees last night, and though there was only one frosty night next before it, the ground is hard frozen. . . . How endlessly beautiful is woodland in winter! Today there is a thin mist; just enough to make a background of tender blue mystery three hundred yards away, and to show any defect in the grouping of near trees.

But this is not true at all, of course—not to me. I want to say to her (but I can't, she's dead), "This is just something you are saying, this is just something you are making up." I want to say that I am looking out my window, and the garden does not exist: it is lying underneath an expanse of snow, and there is a deep, thick mist slowly seeping out of the woods, and as I see this I do not feel enraptured by it. White is not a color at all (the snow is white, the mist suggests white); white only makes you feel the absence of color, and white makes you long for color, and white makes you understand that the space is blank and is waiting to be filled—with color.



It is best to accept what you have, and not go and take from other people the things that they have and you do not; and so I accept that I now live in a climate that has four seasons, one of which I do not fully appreciate—certainly not from a gardener's point of view. What I would really like is to have winter, but only outside the area that is my garden; my garden would be the West Indies, but only until spring. That is what I would really like. Since I cannot have it, I hope never to hear myself agreeing with this:

> I determined to bring life to my garden in winter—to make autumn join hands with spring. Winter was to be a season in its own right, vital to the gardener who really wants to garden. I decided, like that innovative gardener, William Robinson, to banish the idea that "winter is a doleful time for gardens."

So says Rosemary Verey, in her book "The Garden in Winter." Not one idea or photograph in this book made me change my mind, and it is just the sort of thing to give pleasure a bad name. The effort to be put into finding beauty in a dry branch, a leafless tree, a clump of limp grass, the still unyielding earth is beyond me, and is not something I can summon naturally, without inner help.

One very cold night this winter, I had just had dinner with my friend Kristen in a dreary restaurant in Bennington (dreary only because it won't change the menu: year in, year out, it serves the same dishes, good-tasting dishes but always the same). Just as we were walking toward our cars, she pointed to a charred stalk, the remains of a purple cone flower (I had seen it when it was in bloom), and she said, "Oh, that's so great! You know, I have decided to plant only things that will look good when they are dead and it's cold in my garden."

Again, there was so much effort involved. I thought of the lilies in Albert's garden. Here is the reason I do not like those lilies. Years ago, when I was young, for a period of about a year I took a hallucinogenic drug at seven-day intervals. Near the end of the year, the hallucinogenic part of the drug ceased to have any effect; I experienced only the amphetamine part, which put my stomach in a taut and jittery state. This hallucinogenic drug was sometimes square, sometimes round; it fitted well in the middle of my tongue; it was glassy, sometimes yellow, sometimes orange—the exact texture and color of Albert's lilies. I never fail to see those flowers, their waxy texture, their psychedelic shades, without becoming aware of my stomach. At dinner with Kristen, I had been discussing how overwhelming is the beginning of winter, the middle of winter, the end of winter, and how much I missed my garden; and she mentioned seasonal mood shifts (those were her words, exactly) and the number of mood-modifiers available to the average person today. She spoke the word "Prozac." I had seen this drug; it was in the palm of a druggist's hand, being shown to me. It was two-toned: a slight shade of green and a smudged white—winter colors, from "nature's most sophisticated palette" (Rosemary Verey again). When Kristen and I parted, she was still in a state of admiration of the asleep and the dead, the remains of a fire by ice. At that moment, I was thinking, I want to be in a place where people don't see a landscape of things dead or asleep and desire it or move mountains to achieve its effect; by tomorrow, I want to be in a place that is the opposite of the one I am in now. At that moment I did not know if that place would be a modified mood or the West Indies. ♦

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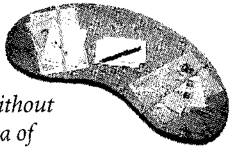

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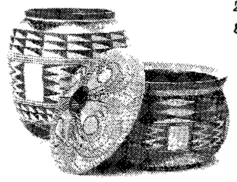

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FICTION

PUL MELA

BY VIKRAM SETH

THE Raja of Marh, feather-turbanned and diamond-buttoned, with a glittering retinue of retainers, performed a progress to the Pul Mela, the great religious festival held every spring on the River Ganges at Brahmpur.

His Highness started out in the morning from the site of the Siva Temple (where he offered obeisance), threaded through the old town of Brahmpur, and arrived at the top of the great earthen ramp that led gently down from the top of the mud cliffs to the sands on the south bank of the Ganges. Every few steps, a crier announced the Raja's advancing presence, and rose petals were flung into the air to his greater glory. It was idiotic. However, it was of a piece with the Raja's conception of himself and his place in the world.

The procession halted at the top of the ramp under the shade of the great pipal tree, and the Raja looked down. Below him, as far as the eye could see, lay an ocean of tents—khaki, haze-enveloped—spread out along the sands. Along with the semi-permanent pontoon bridge across the Ganges, there were, at present, five bridges of boats, effectively cutting off all downriver traffic. But large flotillas of little boats were still plying across the river in order to ferry pilgrims to particularly auspicious bathing spots along sandspits on either side—or simply to provide a swifter and more enjoyable means of crossing the river than the improvised and grossly overcrowded bridges.

The grand ramp, too, was crowded with pilgrims from all over India, many of whom had just arrived by special trains that had been laid on for the Pul Mela traffic. For a few minutes, though, the Raja's retainers forced the crowd back sufficiently to give their master a regal and leisurely view of the scene.

The Raja gazed with reverence at the great brown river, the beautiful and placid Ganges. He was bound for a specific encampment down below: the tents of the holy man known as Sanaki Baba. This cheerful, middle-aged man spent his time in devotion to Krishna, in praise and in meditation. He had a great reputation as a source of peaceful energy. The Raja was determined to visit him even before he visited the encampments of the Siva worshippers.

"Hurry up, hurry up!" shouted the Raja to his entourage as he stumbled down the long ramp to the sands. "Where is this Sanaki Baba's camp? Where do all these sister-fucking pilgrims come from? Isn't there any organization? Get me my car!"

"Your Highness, the authorities have forbidden all cars except for police and V.I.P.s. We could not get permission," murmured someone.

"Am I not a V.I.P.?" The Raja's breast swelled with indignation.

"Yes, Your Highness. But . . ."

Finally, among the miles of tents and camps, after they had walked for almost half an hour along makeshift roads of metal plates laid out by army engineers on the sands, they arrived within sight of Sanaki Baba's encampment, and the Raja's retinue moved toward it gratefully. They were only about a hundred yards away.

"At last!" cried the Raja of Marh. The heat was telling on him. He was sweating like a swine. "Tell the Baba to come out. I want to see him. And I want some sherbet."

"Your Highness—"

But hardly had the man run ahead with the message for Sanaki Baba than from the other side a police jeep screeched to a halt before the camp, and several people got down and made their way in.

The Raja's eyes popped. "We were here first. Stop them! I must see the Baba at once!" he cried in a burst of outrage.

But the jeep people had gone in already.

WHEN the jeep first descended to the river's edge, Dipankar Chatterji, a twenty-year-old student from Calcutta and a seeker of truth and meaning, who was one of its passengers, had been truly astonished.

The roads among the tents and encampments on the Pul Mela sands were packed with people. Many were carrying rolls of bedding and other possessions, including pots and pans for cooking, food supplies, and perhaps a child or two tucked under an arm or clinging onto a back. The pilgrims carried cloth bags, pails and buckets, sticks, flags, pennants, and garlands of marigolds. Some were panting with heat and exhaustion, others were chatting as if they were on a picnic outing, or singing bhajans and other holy songs because their enthusiasm at finally getting a glimpse of Mother Ganges had removed in an instant the weariness of the journey. Men and women and children, old and young, dark and fair, rich and poor, Brahmans and outcastes, Tamils and Kashmiris, saffron-clad sadhus and naked *nagas*, all jostled together on the roads along the sands. The smells of incense and marijuana and sweat and noonday cooking, the sounds of children crying and loudspeakers blaring and women chanting and policemen yelling, the sight of the sun glittering on the Ganges and the sand swirling in little eddies wherever the roads were not covered with people, all combined to give Dipankar an overwhelming sense of elation. Here, he felt, he would find something of what he was looking for, or the Something he was looking for. This was the universe in microcosm, and somewhere in its turmoil lay peace.

The jeep struggled, honking, along the sandy, metal-plated routes. At one point the driver appeared to be lost. They came to a crossroads, where a young policeman was attempting with difficulty to direct the traffic. The jeep was the only vehicle involved, but great crowds swirled around the policeman, who shouted and flailed his baton in the air to little effect. Mr. Maitra, Dipankar's octogenarian host in Brahmpur and an ex-officer of the Indian Police, was sitting in the jeep; he now took matters into his own hands.

"Stop!" he told the driver in Hindi.

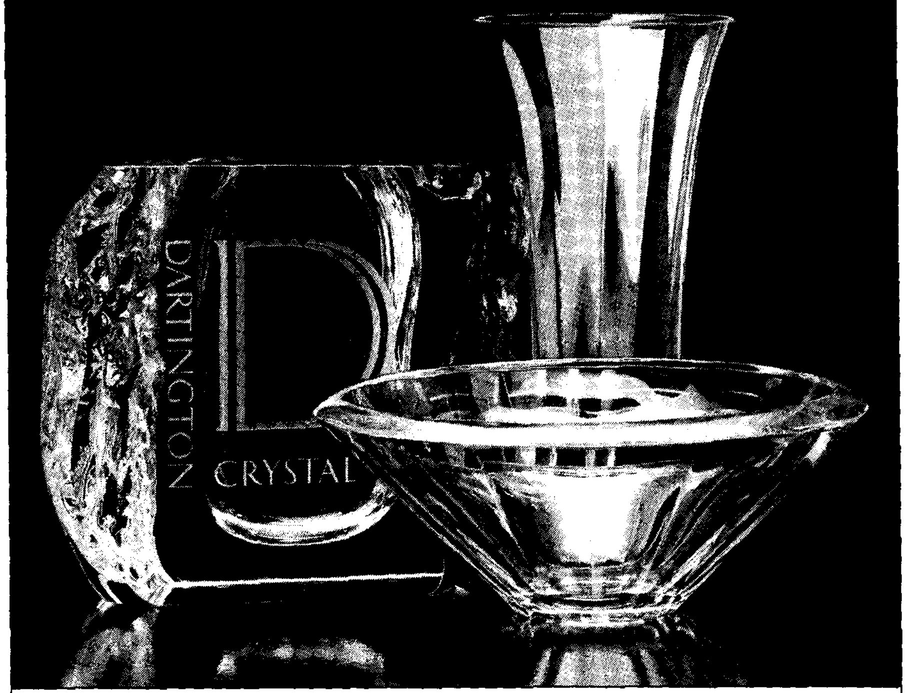
The driver stopped the jeep.

The lone policeman, seeing the jeep, approached it.

"Where is the tent of Sanaki Baba?" asked Mr. Maitra in a voice of command.

"There, sir—two furlongs in that direction, on the left-hand side."

"Good," said Mr. Maitra. A sudden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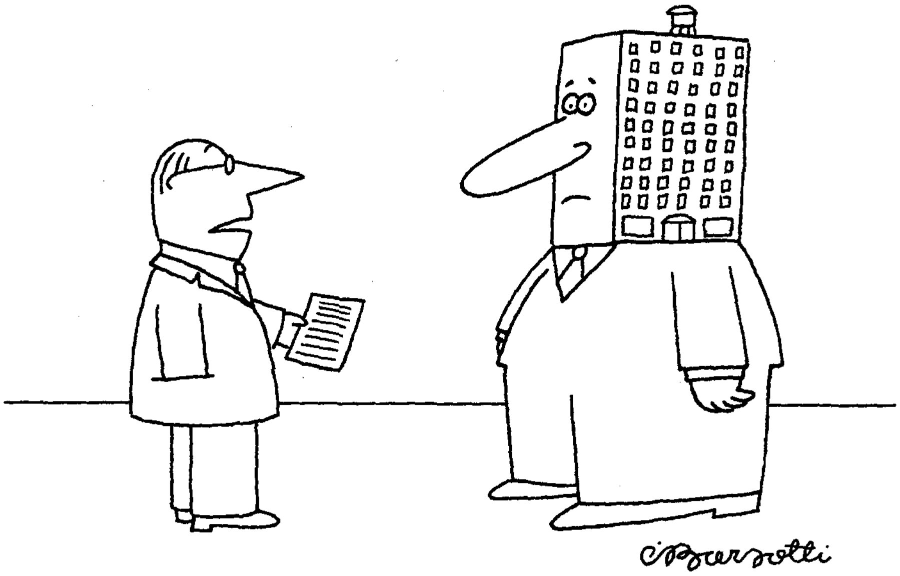

"A John Barrymore nose wouldn't be a problem, but I'm afraid the fact that you've been designated a landmark would."

• •

thought struck him. "Do you know who Maitra was?"

"Maitra?" said the young policeman.

"R. K. Maitra."

"Yes," said the policeman, but it sounded as if he were saying so just to satisfy the whim of his strange questioner.

"Who was he?" demanded Mr. Maitra.

"He was our first Indian Superintendent of Police," replied the policeman.

"I am he!" said Mr. Maitra.

The policeman saluted with tremendous smartness. Mr. Maitra's face registered delight.

"Let's go!" he said, and the jeep was off again.

Soon the party arrived at Sanaki Baba's camp. As they were about to go in, Dipankar noticed that a flower-flinging procession of some kind was approaching from the other side. He did not pay it much attention, however, and he and his party entered the first tent of the encampment—a large one which acted as a kind of public audience hall. Rough red and blue carpets covered the ground inside the tent, and everyone was seated on them: men on the left, women on the right. At one end was a long platform covered with white cloth. On this sat a young, thin, bearded man in a white robe; he was giving a sermon in a slow and hoarse voice. Behind him was a photograph of Sanaki Baba, a plump man, fairly bald, very cheerful, naked to the waist with a great deal of curly hair on his chest. A pair of baggy shorts was all he wore.

As Maitra's party stood listening, the Raja of Marh and his retinue entered. The man the Raja had sent ahead had not been so bold as to interrupt the sermon. The Raja, however, was not a man to be awed by a V.I.P.'s jeep or a subsidiary baba. He caught the young preacher's eye. The young man did namaste, glanced at his watch, and directed a man wearing a gray kurta with frayed sleeves to see what the Raja wanted. Mr. Maitra thought this an excellent opportunity to get his own arrival announced to Sanaki Baba, who was known to be quite casual about times and places—and sometimes people—and might well not appear for hours. The man in the gray kurta left the tent and went to another, smaller tent, deeper in the encampment. Mr. Maitra looked impatient, the Raja impatient and highly agitated. Dipankar looked neither impatient nor agitated. He had all the time in the world, and he concentrated again on the sermon. He had come to find an answer or answers at the Pul Mela, and a quest could not be rushed.

The young baba continued the sermon in his hoarse, earnest voice.

The Raja of Marh was stamping his feet. He was used to giving audiences, not waiting for them. And where was the glass of sherbet he had ordered?

The young baba had just begun a hymn when Sanaki Baba, clad only in his shorts, came into the tent, still engaged in conversation with the man in the gray kurta. "Yes, yes," Sanaki Baba was saying, his small eyes twinkling, "you had better go and make arrangements: some pumpkins, some onions, some potatoes. Where will you get carrots in this season? . . . No, no, spread *this* there. . . . Yes, tell Maitra Sahib. . . ." He disappeared as suddenly as he had come. He had not even noticed the Raja of Marh.

The favored ones moved into Sanaki Baba's small tent. Mr. Maitra introduced Dipankar to Sanaki Baba.

"His father is a judge of the Calcutta High Court," said Mr. Maitra. "And he is searching for the truth." Dipankar said nothing, but looked at Sanaki Baba's radiant face. A sense of calm had come upon him.

Sanaki Baba appeared impressed. "Very good, very good," he said, smiling cheerfully. "Where will you stay during the week of the Pul Mela?" he asked Dipankar.

"He is staying with me here in Brahmpur," said Mr. Maitra.

"And coming such a long distance each day?" said Sanaki Baba. "No, no, you must stay here in this camp and go for a bath in the Ganges three times every day. You just follow me!" He laughed. "You see, I am wearing swimming clothes. It is because I am the swimming champion of the Pul Mela. What a Mela this is! Each year it gets bigger. And every six years it explodes. There are thousands of babas. There is a Ramjap Baba, a Tota Baba, even an Engine-Driver Baba. Who knows the truth? Does anyone? I can see you are searching." He looked at Dipankar and continued kindly, "You will find it, but who knows when?" To Mr. Maitra he said, "You can leave him here. He will be good. What did you say your name is—Divyakar?"

"Dipankar, Babaji."

"Dipankar." He said the name very lovingly, and Dipankar felt suddenly happy.

"I must practice English while you are with me," the Baba went on. He turned to Mr. Maitra and asked him, "Now, where will you be going?"

"I am going to visit Ramjap Baba on the northern shore. I have a jeep, so we'll cross the pontoon bridge. Two years ago, I visited him, and he remembered

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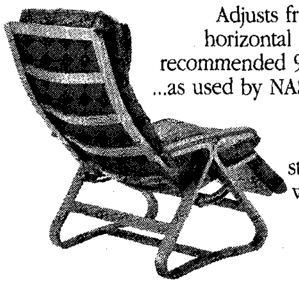

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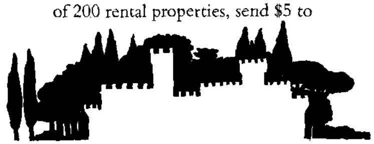

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me—he remembered me from twenty years before. He had a platform in the Ganges then, and you had to wade out to see him."

"Hiss mammary berry shop," said Sanaki Baba to Dipankar, in his heavily accented English. "Old, old, old man. Like a stick."

"So, now. I'll go and visit Sanaki Baba," said Mr. Maitra, getting up.

Sanaki Baba looked nonplussed.

Mr. Maitra frowned, and explained again. "On the other side of the Ganges."

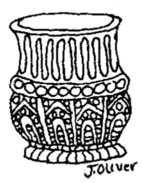
"But I am Sanaki Baba," said Sanaki Baba.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Maitra. "I meant—what's his name?"

"Ramjap Baba."

"Yes. Ramjap Baba."

It was Dipankar's second night at the Pul Mela, and he wanted to see what it was like. He walked along, pushed here or there by the crowds, or pulled here or there by his curiosity or instinct. He passed a row of stalls selling handloomed cloth, bangles, trinkets, vermillion powder, flossy candy, sweets, rations, and holy books. He passed groups of pilgrims lying down on their blankets and clothes or cooking their evening meals before smoky, improvised fires embedded in the sand. He joined a large crowd that was watching a play about the life of Krishna in a tent close to the handloom stalls. A little, lively white puppy rushed out at him from nowhere, and snapped playfully at his pajamas.



Large areas of the Pul Mela sands were demarcated for various sects or orders of sadhus. Some of these groups, known as *akharas*, were famous for their tightly knit, militant organization. It was sadhus from these *akharas* who formed the most striking part of the traditional procession that took place each year at the Pul Mela on the grand bathing day after the full moon. The various *akharas* vied for proximity in location to the sacred river, for precedence in the procession, and in the splendor of their display. They sometimes became violent.

Dipankar chanced to wander through an open gate into the huge covered area that marked one such *akhara*. He felt a palpable sense of tension. But other people, clearly not sadhus themselves, were wandering in and out, and he decided to remain.

This was the *akhara* of an order of Siva worshippers. The sadhus sat in small groups at dull fires that stretched in a line deep into the smoky recesses of the area. Tridents were stuck into the ground beside them, sometimes wound around with garlands of marigolds, sometimes crowned with the small drum associated with Lord Siva. The sadhus were smoking from clay pipes, which they passed around from hand to hand, and the smell of marijuana was thick in the air. Dipankar wandered deeper and deeper through the *akhara's* encampment, and suddenly stopped short. At the far end, in a pall of the thickest smoke, several hundred young men, wearing nothing but short white loincloths, their heads shaven, sat around huge iron pots, like bees around a row of hives. Dipankar did not know what was going on, but a sense of fear and awe seized him—as if he had come upon a rite of initiation, viewing which meant danger to the curious outsider.

And, indeed, before he could back away, a naked sadhu, his trident pointed straight at Dipankar's heart, said to him in a low voice, "Go."

Dipankar turned and almost ran.

Near the entrance, a group of five or six sadhus sat around a small, ashy fire, smoking hashish. They looked at him and laughed in high-pitched voices. "Put your right hand forward," one of them ordered. Dipankar, trembling, did so.

The sadhu smeared a little ash on Dipankar's forehead and placed some in his palm. "Now eat it," he commanded.

Dipankar drew back.

"Eat it. Why are you blinking? If I were a tantrik, I would give you the flesh of dead men to eat. Or worse." The other sadhus giggled.

"Eat it," commanded the sadhu, looking compellingly into his eyes. "It is the grace offering of Lord Siva."

Dipankar swallowed the horrible powder and made a wry face. The sadhus thought this hilarious, and began to giggle once more.

One asked Dipankar, "If it rained twelve months each year, why would the streams be dry?"

Another asked, "If there was a ladder from heaven to earth, why would the earth be populated?"

A third asked, "If there was a telephone from Gokul to Dwarka, why would Radha be constantly fretting about Krishna?"

At this they all burst out laughing. Dipankar did not know what to say.

The fourth asked, "If the Ganges is still flowing from the topknot of Lord Siva, what are we doing here in Brahmpur?"

This question made them forget about Dipankar, and he made his way out of the *akhara's* encampment, disturbed and perplexed. Perhaps, he thought, it is a question I am looking for, not an answer.

A LONG line of pilgrims was bound across the boat bridges for the platform of Ramjap Baba. Raised high on stilts of wood and bamboo, ornamented with leaves and marigold garlands, and surrounded by a great throng of pilgrims, the platform stood on the gently sloping northern sands about fifty yards from the bank of the river. Here Ramjap Baba would stay even when, in a few weeks, snow-melt and the monsoons swelled the river and the platform effectively became an island in the Ganges. He would spend his days doing nothing but reciting the name of God: "Rama, Rama, Rama, Rama," almost uninterruptedly throughout his waking hours, and often even in his sleep.

Because of his austerities and because of what people saw as his basic goodness, he had acquired much merit and power. People walked for miles in the sand, faith written in their eyes, to catch a glimpse of him. From July to September, when the Ganges lapped at the stilts, they rowed out to him. They had done so for thirty years. What they got from him was difficult to say. Sometimes he spoke to them, sometimes not; sometimes he blessed them, sometimes not. This thin man, as withered as a scarecrow, burned to the color of dark, tanned leather by the sun and the wind, gaunt, exhausted, squatted on his platform, his knees near his ears, his long head faintly visible over the ledge of the parapet. He had a white beard, matted black hair, and sunken eyes that stared almost sightlessly across the crowd, as if the people were so many grains of sand or drops of water.

THE night before the grand procession, the wind was whistling down the alleys of old Brahmpur and shaking the pipal tree by the ramp with all its force. Rain was running down the steps of the ghats, merging with the surface of the Ganges and gouging out channels in the Pul Mela sands. Above, clouds scurried confusedly across the sky; below, men and women scurried confusedly around on the ground, trying to protect their belongings from the rain, hammering their tent pegs more firmly into the sand, and tottering through the lashing rain and the howling, sand-laden wind toward the Ganges to bathe, for the most auspicious bathing time—which would last fifteen hours, until about three the next afternoon—had just begun.

"The great pipal tree has come down," cried someone in dismay. And though it was not true, the rumor spread like the erratic wind itself through the crowds of awestruck pilgrims. They looked at each other and wondered what it could mean. For if the great pipal tree that stood by the ramp had indeed fallen, what would become of the legendary bridge of pipal leaves, or of this festival commemorating that legend, or indeed of the very order of things?

Halfway through the night the storm ceased. The clouds disappeared, the full moon reappeared. The pilgrims, hundreds of thousands, bathed through the night and into the next day.

IN the morning the processions of the *akharas* began. The sadhus of each order paraded in turn down the main road of the Mela, which ran parallel to the river but several hundred yards up the sands. The display was magnificent: floats, bands; men on horseback, *mahants* carried on palanquins; banners, flags, drums, whisks, naked *nagas* bearing fire tongs or tridents; a tall, barbaric man who yelled holy verses as he brandished a massive sword. Huge crowds gathered to gaze at the spectacle and cheer the sadhus on. Hawkers sold flutes, false hair, holy thread, bangles, earrings, balloons, and snacks—peanuts and *chana-jor-garam* and rapidly melting ice cream. Policemen on foot or mounted on horses—and in one case on a camel—maintained order. The procession was staggered to avoid confusion—or conflict between one sect of sadhus and another. Since the sadhus were as militant as they were arrogant and competitive, the authorities of the Pul Mela had taken pains to insure that at least

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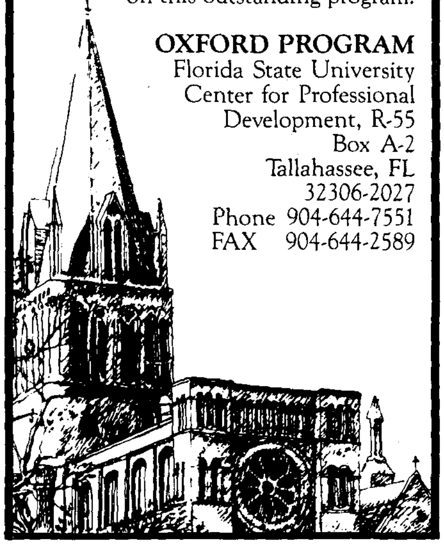

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fifteen minutes elapsed between one company and the next. At the end of their march, the sadhus of each group took a sharp left turn and made straight for the Ganges, where—to shouts of "*Jai Ganga!*" and "*Ganga Maiya ki jai!*"—they took an enthusiastic and rowdy communal dip. Then they returned by another, narrower, parallel road to their camps, satisfied that no *akhara* could be more magnificent or pious than theirs.

The great pipal tree above the broad earthen ramp was, as anyone could now see, intact and would probably continue to flourish for a few hundred years more. The pilgrims continued to arrive in droves at the Pul Mela Railway Station, a few hundred yards above the ramp, to pass by the tree, fold their hands in respect and prayer, and begin the journey down the ramp to the sands and the Ganges. But today, from time to time, when a phalanx passed along the main Mela route by the foot of the ramp there was a slight obstruction to the downward flow and thus some backup on the ramp itself. However, it was all taken in good spirit, especially since the ramp provided many who stood on it with a general view of the procession below—and gave those pilgrims who had just arrived on this auspicious day a first view of the whole tent-covered expanse and the holy river beyond.

Veena Tandon and her old friend Priya Goyal, the married daughters of two prominent state ministers, together with a few members of their immediate families, were among the crowds looking downward from the ramp. Old Mrs. Tandon was there, and so was Veena's small son, Bhaskar, a math wizard who was very eager to see and count and estimate and calculate and enjoy everything. Priya, whose husband's pious family kept its women in strict seclusion, had managed to escape with him specifically for this holy purpose from her virtual confinement in the extended-family home in old Brahmpur. Her father, L. N. Agarwal, was the Home Minister, and thus responsible for the Pul Mela arrangements, which all the newspapers agreed were excellent.

Veena and Priya chatted away like teen-agers. They discussed their school days, their old friends, the sights of the Mela, the notorious antics of the monkeys of Priya's neighborhood, and, sotto voce, whenever Priya's husband, Ram Vilas Goyal, appeared not to be listening, their families (including him and his tendency to be more vocal asleep than awake). The two women were dressed up as gaudily as taste permitted, Veena in red and Priya in green.

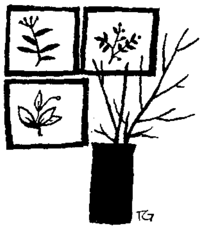
It was about ten in the morning, and hot. Some of the pilgrims carried umbrellas to protect themselves from the sun, or possible rain. For the same reason—and because it was a symbol of authority—the more important among the sadhus in the various processions were protected with parasols held by their devotees.

The blaring announcements on the loudspeaker continued endlessly, as did the sounds of drums and trumpets and the alternating murmur and roar of the crowd. The procession continued, wave on wave: yellow-clad priests with orange turbans, announced by tubas and conches; a palanquin carrying a sleepy old man who looked like a stuffed partridge, preceded by a red velvet banner announcing that he was "Sri 108 Swami Prabhananda Ji Maharaj, Vedantacharya, M.A."; semi-nude *nagas*, each with a string tied at the right side of his waist and a small white pouch for his genitals; long-haired men carrying silver maces; bands of all kinds—one, with black tunics and epaulets of gold braid, blaring tunelessly on clarinets, another with red tunics and piercing oboes. One horse-drawn chariot had a fierce, toothless man on it, who shouted "*Har, Har* . . ." at the crowd, to evoke the roared response "*. . . Mahadev!*" Another holy man, fat and dark and with breasts as plump as a woman's, seated benignly on a man-drawn cart, flung marigolds at the pilgrims, who scrambled for them where they fell on the moist sand.

By now Veena and her party had got halfway down the broad ramp, which was crowded by pilgrims almost fifty abreast. They were all being pushed forward continuously by the pressure of the pilgrims behind them. Since there were deep ditches on either side of the ramp, there was nowhere to go but forward. Unfortunately, the band of sadhus that blocked their path below was advancing more sluggishly, probably because of some obstruction ahead—or possibly in order to prolong their own enjoyment of their popularity with the spectators. On the ramp, people began to get alarmed. Old Mrs. Tandon suggested that her party try to go back, but this was clearly impossible. Finally, the procession moved on, a welcome gap appeared before the next group, and the crowds on the ramp surged and stumbled forward across the main route into the mass of spectators who lined the other side. The police managed to restore order, and in a few minutes Bhaskar, from Ram Vilas's shoulders, was able to view the next contingent: several hundred *naga* ascetics, completely nude, led by six huge gold-caparisoned elephants and followed by six more.

Bhaskar and his family were still on the ramp, though now only about twenty feet from its base. They had a closer view of things, and with the release of the people in front of them the crush had eased a little. Bhaskar viewed with absolute astonishment the ash-smeared naked men. Their gray penises, flaccid or semi-flaccid, swung to and fro as they marched past, four to a row, tridents or spears held high in their right hands. He was too astonished to ask his grandmother what all this was about. But a great cheer, almost a roar, rang out from the crowd, and several women, young and middle-aged, rushed forward to touch the feet of the *nagas*, and to gather the dust on which they had trod.

The *nagas*, however, would not have their formation disturbed. They turned on the women fiercely, brandishing their tridents. The police tried to reason with the women, but to no effect. Then, suddenly, the procession stopped.



No one knew why. Everyone expected it to start up again in a minute or two. But it did not. The *nagas* began to get impatient. Once more the pressure on the ramp began to build up. The people at the base of the ramp now found themselves crushed by the weight of the numbers behind them. A man pressed himself into Veena, and, indignant, she tried to turn around. But there was no room. It was becoming difficult to breathe. People all around her were beginning to shout. Some yelled at the police to let them through, others shouted up the ramp to find out what was going on. But though the view was wider, the situation was not much clearer to people higher up on the ramp. They could see that the elephants that preceded the *nagas* had stopped because the procession in front of them had halted. But why that earlier section had stopped was impossible to tell. At that distance marchers and spectators merged into one, and nothing was clear.

Completely bewildered, the crowd on the lower reaches of the ramp began to panic. And when, in a few minutes, those above them saw that the next cohort of sadhus had arrived and now formed a continuous barrier below the ramp, with no gap to come, they, too, began to panic. The heat, terrible before, was now stifling. The police themselves got swallowed up in the crowd they were trying to control. And still the tired, heat-battered but enthusiastic pilgrims kept arriving at the station, and—ignorant of what was happening below—pushed eagerly forward toward the pipal tree and the ramp in order to get to the holy river.

Veena saw Priya clutch the necklace round her neck. Her mouth was open and she was gasping. Bhaskar looked at his mother and his grandmother. He could not grasp what was happening, but he was terribly frightened. Ram Vilas, seeing that Priya was being crushed, tried to move toward her. Bhaskar toppled from his back, and Veena managed to get hold of him. But old Mrs. Tandon was nowhere to be seen—the crowd had swallowed her up in its helpless and irresistible movement.

People were screaming now, clutching and stepping on each other, trying to find their husbands and wives, their parents and children, or flailing around for their own survival. Some pressed forward into the *nagas* below, who, fearing they would be crushed between these pilgrims and those on the other side, laid into them with their tridents, roaring with anger. People fell, blood pouring from their wounds, onto the ground. At the sight of blood, the crowd reacted with terror and tried to turn back. But there was nowhere to go.

Some people at the edges of the ramp tried to slip through the bamboo barricades and scramble down to the ditches on either side. But last night's storm had made these steep slopes slippery, and the ditches themselves were filled with wa-

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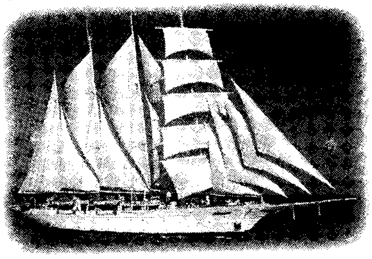

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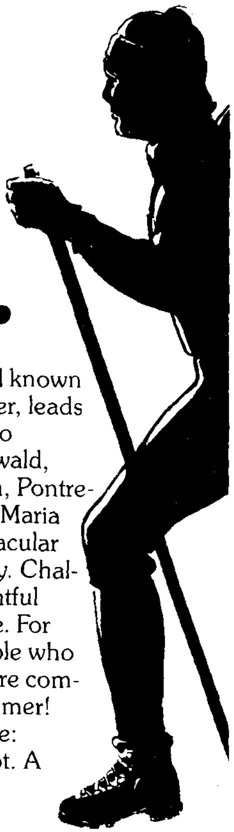

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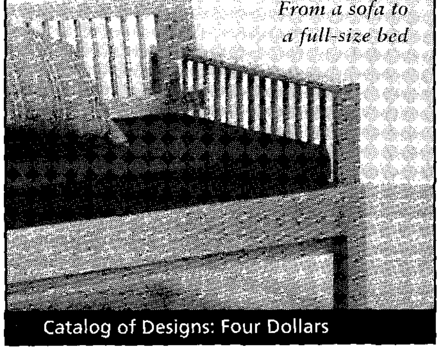

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ter. About a hundred beggars were sheltering by the side of one of the ditches. Many of them were cripples; some were blind. The injured pilgrims, gasping for breath and clawing for a foothold on the slope, now came tumbling down onto them. Some of the beggars were crushed to death, and some tried to flee into the water, which soon turned to a bloodied slush as more of those trapped on the ramp sought this, their only route of escape, and slid onto the screaming people below.

At the foot of the ramp, where Veena and her family were trapped, people were maimed or dying. Many of the old and infirm fell to the ground. Some of them, exhausted by the long journey, had little strength to withstand the shock or the pressure of the crowd. A student, unable to move, watched helplessly as his mother was trampled to death and his father's ribs were crushed. Many people were literally squeezed to death upright against each other. Some were suffocated, some succumbed to injuries. Veena saw one old woman suddenly collapse, blood pouring out of her mouth.

There was complete and dreadful chaos.

"Bhaskar—Bhaskar—don't let go of my hand!" cried Veena, clutching him tightly. She had to gasp out every word. But they were thrust to and fro by the great, terrified, injured mass all around them, and she could feel the weight of someone's body forcing their hands apart. "No—no—" she screamed, sobbing with dread. But she felt the small hand slip, palm first and then digit by digit, out of her own.

Within fifteen minutes more than a thousand people were dead.

Finally the police managed to communicate with the railway authorities and stop the trains. They set up barriers across the approach routes to the ramp, and cleared the area below and around it. The loudspeakers started telling people to go back, not to enter the Mela grounds, not to watch the procession. They announced that the remaining contingents would not march.

It was still not clear what had happened.

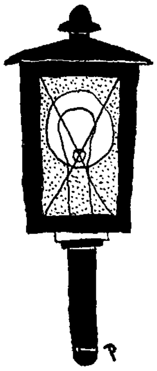
DIPANKAR CHATTERJI had been among the spectators on the other side of the main route. He watched with horror the carnage that was taking place less than fifty feet away, but—with the *nagas* between him and the ramp—there was nothing he could do. He did not recognize anyone on the ramp, so tightly packed was the crowd. It was a hellish scene, like humanity gone mad, each element indistinguishable from every other, all bent on a kind of collective suicide.

Suddenly, he saw one of the younger *nagas* stab furiously at an old man who had, in his terror, tried to force his way through the procession to safety on the other side. The man fell, then rose again. Blood was streaming from wounds in his shoulder and back. With horror, Dipankar recognized him as a man whom he had met near the river, a hardy old pilgrim from Salimpur, who had been insistent upon determining the correct spot for bathing. The man tried to struggle back, but was flung down by the crowd as it surged forward again. His back, his head were crushed by the trampling feet. When the crowd next surged away from the points of the tridents, the mangled body of the old man remained, like a piece of debris washed up by the tide.

MEANWHILE, a number of V.I.P.s and army officers, who had been watching the great spectacle of the procession from the ramparts of the Brahmpur Fort, looked down in disbelief at the scene far below them. The panic began so suddenly, and the whole thing was over so quickly, that the number of motionless bodies lying on the ground was unbelievable. What had happened? was what everyone asked. What arrangements had gone wrong? Who was to blame?

The fort commander, without waiting for a formal request, immediately sent troops down to help the police and the Mela officers. They began to clear bodies away, to take the injured to the first-aid centers, and the corpses to the Pul Mela police station. He also suggested immediately setting up a central control room to deal with the aftermath of the disaster—and this suggestion was accepted. The temporary telephone exchange that had been established for the Mela was taken over for this purpose.

Those V.I.P.s who had wanted to bathe on this auspicious day were on a launch in the middle of the Ganges when the captain came up to them in great agitation. S. S. Sharma, the Chief Minister, and L. N. Agarwal, Home Minister, were standing side by side. The captain, holding out a pair of binoculars, said to the Chief Minister, "Sir—I fear there is some trouble on the ingress ramp. You might wish to take a look for yourself." Sharma took these binoculars wordlessly and refocussed them. What had looked from a distance like a slight perturbation suddenly came alive to him in all its horrifying actuality. His mouth opened, he closed his eyes in distress, and opened them again to scan the upper reaches of the ramp, then the ditches on either side, the *nagas*, the embattled police. He handed the binoculars to the Home Minister with the single word "Agarwal!"



The Home Minister's first thought was that in the ultimate analysis he might be held responsible for the calamity. Perhaps it is unjust to consider this thought atypical and unworthy. Even in the worst calamities of others, some part of our mind, often the one that is quickest to respond, tries to brace itself for the vibration that will reach us from the epicenter. "But the arrangements were perfect—I went over them with the Mela officer myself," the Home Minister was about to say, but a second thought stopped him in his tracks.

Priya. Where was Priya? His daughter had planned to go to the Mela today with their family friend Veena Tandon—to watch the procession, to bathe. Surely she was all right. Surely nothing could have happened to her. Torn between love for her and fear of what might have happened, he could not say a word. He handed the binoculars back to Sharma. The Chief Minister was saying something to him, but Agarwal could not understand what he was saying. He could not follow the words. He hid his head in his hands.

After a while, the fog in his mind thinned out. He told himself that there were millions of people at the Mela today, and that the chances, the real chances, of Priya's being one of the unfortunate people caught in the stampede were very small. But he was still sick with worry for his only child. May nothing have happened to her, he said to himself. May nothing have happened to her.

The Chief Minister continued to look grim and to speak grimly to him. But, apart from the sharp tone, the Home Minister caught nothing, understood nothing. After a while he looked at the Ganges. A few rose petals and a coconut were floating on the water near the launch. Pressing his hands together, he began to pray to the holy river.

Because the launch had a deeper draft than a regular riverboat, it was difficult to land it on the shallow bank. The captain finally resorted to the expedient of mooring it to a chain of boats, which he thus in effect commandeered. By the time the launch was moored, more than half an hour had passed. The crowds at the main bathing areas on the Brahmpur side had thinned to almost nothing. The news of the disaster had spread swiftly. The bathing posts, with their colorful mnemonic signs—parrot, peacock, bear, scissors, mountain, trident, and so on—were almost deserted. A few people, in a restrained, almost fearful way, were still dipping themselves in the river and hurrying off.

The Chief Minister, frowning unhappily, and the Home Minister, almost trembling with anxiety, accompanied by the few officials who had been with them on the boat, got to the area at the foot of the ramp. The scene was an eerie one. A large stretch of sand was entirely empty of people. There were not even any bodies—just shoes, slippers, umbrellas, food, pieces of paper, clothes torn to shreds, bags, utensils, belongings of all kinds. Crows were pecking at the food. One could see patches here and there, where the damp sand had been stained darker, but there was nothing to indicate the terrible extent of the calamity.

The fort commander presented himself. So did the Mela officer, who belonged to the Indian Administrative Service. The press had been fended off, after a fashion.

"Where are the dead?" said the Chief Minister.

"At the police station."

"Which one?"

"The Pul Mela station, sir."

The Chief Minister's head was shaking slightly—as it sometimes did when he was tired, but not for that reason now.

"We will go there immediately. Agarwal, this . . ." the Chief Minister pointed at the scene, then shook his head, and did not continue.

L. N. Agarwal, who could think of nothing but Priya, pulled himself together with an effort. He thought of his great hero, the freedom fighter and statesman Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel, who had died less than a year ago. It was said that Patel had been in court, at a critical stage in his defense of a client

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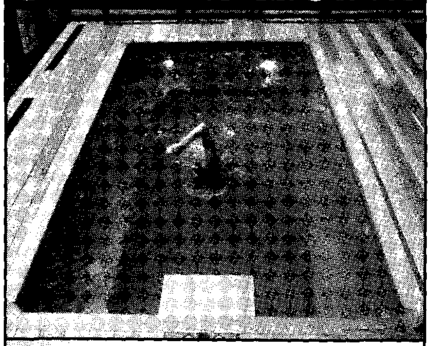

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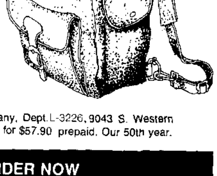

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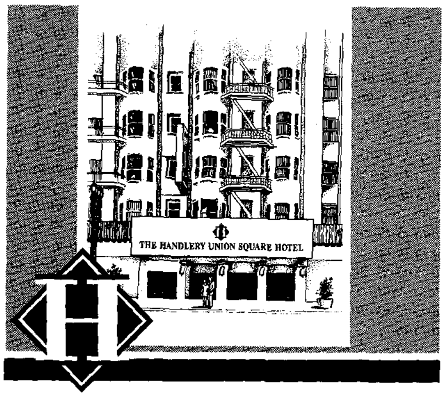
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against a murder charge, when a telegram bearing the news of his wife's death was brought to him. He had controlled his sorrow and continued with his argument. Only when the court rose did he allow himself to mourn the already dead without risk to the still living. This was a man who knew the meaning of duty, and its precedence over private grief.

> Wherever his faltering mind
> unsteadily wanders,
> he should restrain it
> and bring it under self-control.

These words of Krishna in the Bhagavad Gita came to L. N. Agarwal's mind. But they were followed immediately by Arjuna's more human cry:

> Krishna, the mind is faltering,
> violent, strong, and stubborn;
> I find it as difficult
> to hold as the wind.

On the way to the police station, Home Minister Agarwal apprised himself of the situation as well as he could.

"What about the injured?" he asked.

"They have been taken to the first-aid centers, sir."

"How many injured are there?"

"I do not know, sir, but judging from the number of dead—"

"The facilities are inadequate. The seriously injured must be taken to hospital."

"Sir." But the officer knew it was impossible. He decided to risk the Minister's wrath. "But how, sir, can we do that when the exit ramp is full of departing pilgrims? We are trying to encourage everyone to leave as soon as possible."

L. N. Agarwal turned on him caustically. So far he had not said one word of recrimination to this officer, who had been in charge of the arrangements. He wanted to ascertain responsibility before he relieved his spleen. But now he said, "Do you I.A.S. people ever use your brains? I am not thinking of the exit ramp. The ingress ramp is deserted, cordoned off. Use it to get vehicles in and out. It is broad enough. Use the area near the road at the base of the ramp as a car park. And requisition every vehicle within a mile of the pipal tree."

"Sir, requisition—?"

"Yes. You heard me. I'll put it in writing in due course. Now give orders that this be done immediately. And warn the hospitals of what to expect."

The police station presented a painful sight.

The dead were laid out in rows for identification. There was nowhere to keep them but in the sun. Many of the bodies were horribly distorted, many of the faces crushed. Some of the dead looked merely asleep, but they did not brush away the swarms of flies that settled thickly and filthily on their faces and their wounds. The heat was terrible. Sobbing men and women were moving from body to body, looking for the ones they loved among the long lines of corpses. Two men were embracing tearfully nearby. They were brothers who had been separated in the crush, and each had come here fearing that the other might be dead. Another man was holding the body of his dead wife and shaking both her hands almost in anger, as if he hoped that this would somehow bring her to life again.

"Where is the phone?" said L. N. Agarwal.

"Sir, I will bring it to you," a police officer answered.

"I'll make the call inside," Agarwal told him.

"But, sir, here it is already," said the obliging officer; a telephone on a long cord had been brought out.

The Home Minister called his son-in-law's house. At the news that Priya and his son-in-law had both gone to the Mela—and that they had not been heard from since—he said, "And the children?"

"They are both at home."

"Thank God. If you hear from her, you must call me at once at the police station. I will get the message wherever I am."

The Chief Minister nodded at the Home Minister, a note of sympathy entering his voice. "Ah, Agarwal, I didn't realize. . . ."

L. N. Agarwal's eyes filled with tears, but he said nothing.

After a while, he asked an officer, "Has the press been here?"

"Not here, sir. They were taking photographs of the dead at the site itself."

"Get them here and ask them to be coöperative. And get any photographers on the government payrolls here as well. Where are the police photographers? I want all these bodies photographed carefully. Each one of them."

"But, sir!"

"These bodies have begun to stink. Soon they will become a source of disease. Let relatives claim their dead and take them away. The rest must be cremated tomorrow. Arrange a site for cremation on the bank of the Ganges with the help of the Mela authorities. We must have photographs of all the dead who have not yet been identified either by their relatives or by other means."

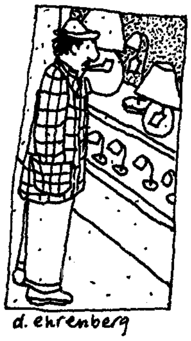
The Home Minister walked up and down the lines of the dead, fearing the worst. At the end he said, "Are there any more dead?"

"Sir, they are still coming in. Mainly from the first-aid centers."

"And where are the first-aid centers?" L. N. Agarwal still could not con-trol the agitation in his heart.

"Sir, there are several, some quite far away. But the camp for lost and injured children is just over there."

The Home Minister knew his own grandchildren were safe. He wanted above all to scour the first-aid centers, where the injured were lying, before they began to be dispersed—by his own instructions—through the hospitals of the city. But something struggled in his heart, and he sighed and said, "Yes, I'll go there first."



WOMEN volunteers were feeding the children and giving them what comfort they could. They had made lists of those who had been found—incomplete though such lists necessarily were—and transmitted them to the central control room to be matched with a list of the missing that was being compiled there. But it was clear to the Home Minister that the foundling children would, like the dead, have to be photographed if they were not claimed soon.

"Take a message to the police station—" he began. And then his heart almost stopped for joy and relief as he heard his daughter's voice say, "Papa."

"Priya." The name, which meant "beloved," was never truer than now. He looked at her and began to weep. Then he embraced her and asked, noticing her sad face, "Where is Ram Vilas? Is he all right?"

"Yes, Papa, he's over there." She pointed to the far end of the compound. "But we can't find Veena's child, Bhaskar. That's why we're here."

"Have you checked at the police station? I didn't look at the children there."

"Yes, Papa."

"And?"

"No." After a pause she said, "Do you want to talk to Veena? She and her mother-in-law are frantic with worry. Veena's husband is not even in town."

"No. No." L. N. Agarwal, after fearing he had lost his child, could not bear to face someone else in the same anguish.

"Papa . . ."

"All right. Give me a minute or two."

In the end he went over to Veena and said what words of comfort and practicality he could: If Bhaskar had not been found so far at the police station the chances were good, etc. . . . But even as he spoke he heard how hollow his words must sound to the mother and the grandmother. He told them that he would go around to the first-aid centers and phone Bhaskar's home if there was any news, good or bad; they, too, should phone in periodically to check.

But at none of the first-aid centers was there any sign of the little boy, and as hour followed hour the family and friends sank into a deeper and deeper sense of hopelessness and desperation.

Late that night, Bhaskar was found among the injured, unconscious. Only after days of fever, weeks of mental confusion did he recover much of that bright nature his family had despaired of seeing again.

DIPANKAR Chatterji returned to Sanaki Baba's tent the next day. He had been thinking of death and almost nothing but death since the meaningless disaster of the stampede. "Does it matter, Baba?" he asked.

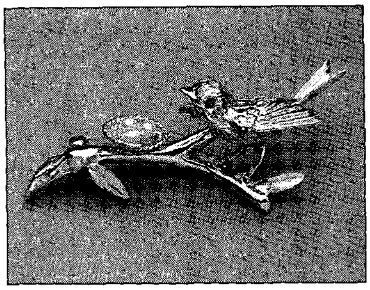
"Yes." The kind face looked down at a pair of rosaries, and the small eyes blinked as if in amusement.

Dipankar had bought these rosaries, one for himself and one for his secular and rather cynical brother Amit. He had asked Sanaki Baba to bless them before he left the Mela.

Sanaki Baba took them in his cupped hands, and said, "What form, what power are you most attracted to? Rama? Or Krishna, or Siva, or Shakti, or Om itself?"

Now Sanaki Baba was waiting for his answer.

Dipankar thought, Om is too ab-



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VINTAGE CONTEMPORARIES

stract for me; Shakti too mysterious; Siva is too fierce and Rama too righteous. Krishna is the one for me.

"Krishna," he said. The answer seemed to please Sanaki Baba, but he merely repeated the name.

Then he said, taking both Dipankar's hands in his own: "Now say after me, O God, today—"

"Oh God, today—"

"On the bank of the Ganges at Brahmpur—"

"On the bank of the Ganges at Brahmpur—"

"On the auspicious occasion of the Pul Mela—"

"On the occasion of the Pul Mela," amended Dipankar.

"On the auspicious occasion of the Pul Mela," insisted Sanaki Baba gently.

"On the auspicious occasion of the Pul Mela—"

"At the hands of my guru—"

"But are you my guru?" asked Dipankar, suddenly skeptical.

Sanaki Baba laughed. "At the hands of Sanaki Baba, then," he said.

"At the hands of Sanaki Baba—"

"I take this, the symbol of all your names—"

"I take this, the symbol of all your names—"

"By which may all my sorrows be removed."

"By which may all my sorrows be removed."

"Om Krishna, Om Krishna, Om Krishna."

"Om Krishna, Om Krishna, Om Krishna."

"Everyone has tragedy," Sanaki Baba said. "But Krishna had joy. The secret of life is acceptance. Accept happiness, accept sorrow; accept success, accept failure; accept fame, accept disgrace; accept doubt, even accept the impression of certainty. Now, when are you leaving?"

"Today. Baba, how do you explain all this?" Dipankar pointed to the distant smoke from a huge funeral pyre, where hundreds of unidentified bodies were being burned. "Is it all the sport of the universe, the games of God? Are they fortunate because they died in this auspicious spot on this auspicious festival?"

"Do you want an interim answer?"

"Yes," said Dipankar.

"I think there was a flaw in the administrative arrangements," replied the guru blandly.

IN previous Pul Melas, the crowds would begin to thin out in a few days, with large numbers of pilgrims still remaining, even fourteen days later, for the next "dark" moon, which was sacred to Lord Jagannath. Not so this time. The tragedy had resulted in a complete dislocation of regular administration on the sands. The health staff, overburdened by the emergency, was forced to neglect its regular tasks. Hygiene suffered, and there were epidemics of gastroenteritis and diarrhea. The food stalls were dismantled in an attempt to discourage the pilgrims from remaining, but those who stayed on had to eat, and soon profiteering became rife: one ser of *puris* cost five rupees, one ser of boiled potatoes cost three rupees, and the price of paan tripled.

But soon the pilgrims did disperse entirely. The army engineers removed the electricity poles and the steel plates from the roads and dismantled the boat bridges. River traffic began to move downstream.

In time, the river rose with the monsoon rains and covered the sands.

Ramjap Baba remained on his platform, surrounded now on all sides by the Ganges, and continued to recite unceasingly the eternal name of God. ♦

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The index that begins on the facing page, the first in what will now become a New Yorker tradition, can be pulled out and saved for future reference. Reprints of the index are available by writing to: The New Yorker Index 1992, Dept. 671370, P.O. Box 10214, Des Moines, Iowa 50336. (The cost of the index is $2.50, including shipping and handling. Please allow six to eight weeks for delivery.)

Our sixty-eighth anniversary issue continues on p. 105.

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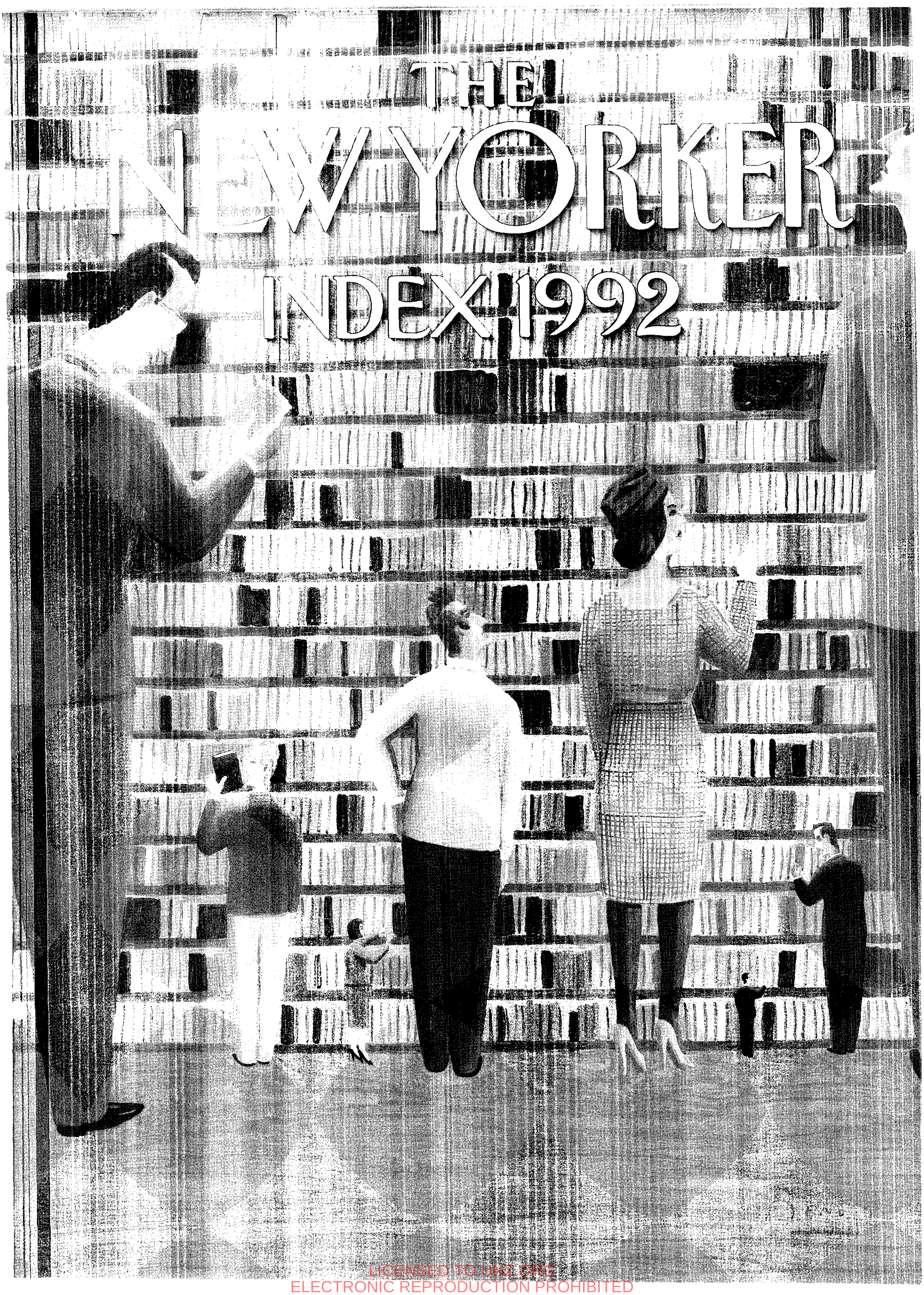

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OPENING THE STACKS

BY JOHN McPHEE

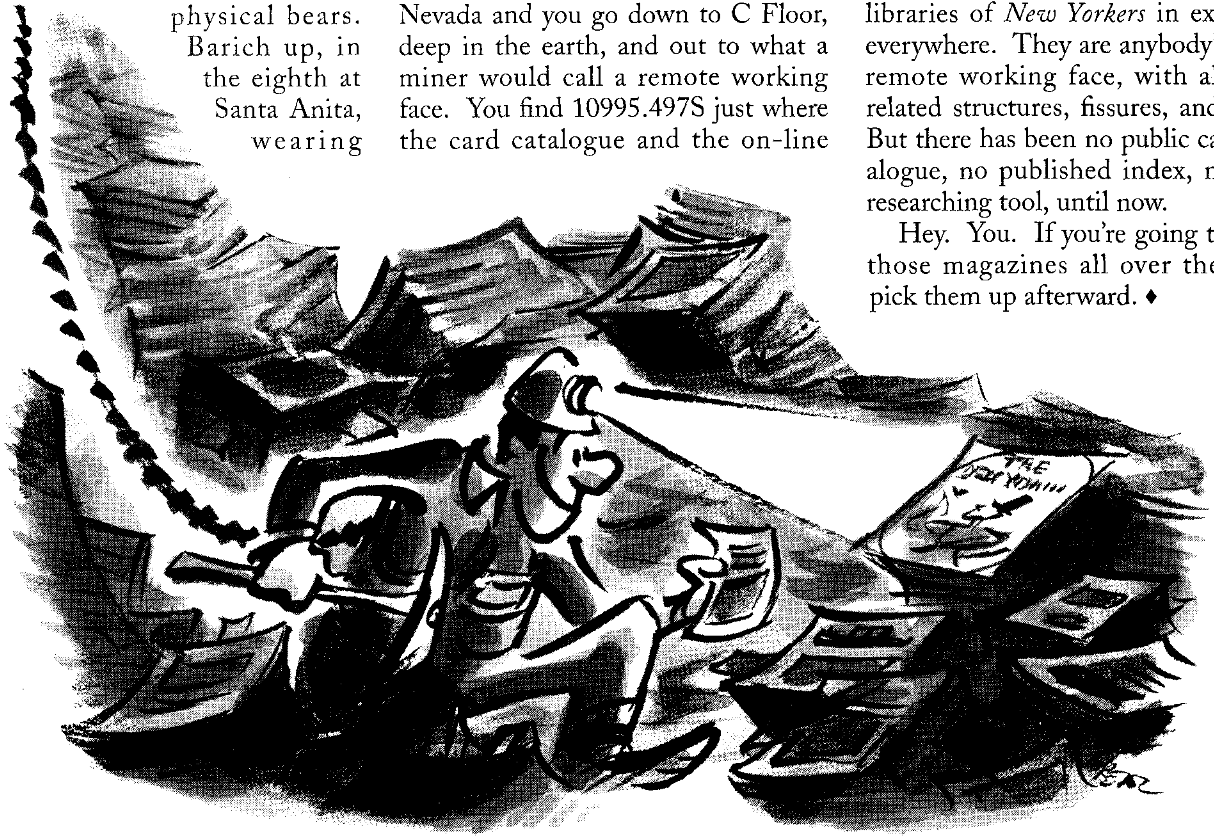
I USED to go to New Hampshire in the summertime with a stack of *New Yorkers* a foot and a half high. I would paddle straight over the lake until I was twenty-seven yards out of earshot and then I would lie down and go through those magazines like a drill bit, looking for things I particularly remembered, looking for things I'd missed while on journeys during the year. Trillin in Provence fighting bulls in water—*Taureaux Piscine!* Mark Singer and the Puerto Rican rooster in the window of the Israeli locksmith shop on Seventh Avenue. Ackerman and the albatross, Iglauer and the salmon, Frazier's metaphysical bears. Barich up, in the eighth at Santa Anita, wearing our silks. Updike on the eighth, parring. Angell in the eighth, relieving.

Finished with the animals, I started on the vegetables. An index would have helped. Having none, I paddled ashore and called up *The New Yorker.* Library, please. Hello, Helen, in what issue did Whiteside tee up the American latex tomato? Whose was the thing about the grass at Wimbledon? When was Kahn in the rice paddy? Helen Stark knew everything, but her line was often busy with calls from other canoes.

Speaking of libraries: A big open-stack academic or public library is no small pleasure to work in. You're, say, trying to do a piece on something in Nevada and you go down to C Floor, deep in the earth, and out to what a miner would call a remote working face. You find 10995.497S just where the card catalogue and the on-line computer thought it would be, but that is only the initial nick. The book you knew about has led you to others you did not know about. To the ceiling the shelves are loaded with books about Nevada. You pull them down, one at a time, and sit on the floor and look them over until you are sitting on a pile five feet high, at which point you are late home for dinner and you get up and walk away. It's an incomparable boon to research, all that; but it is also a reason why there are almost no large open-stack libraries left in the world.

Speaking of such libraries: In attics, basements, bathrooms, boudoirs, there are large open-stack libraries of *New Yorkers* in existence everywhere. They are anybody's least-remote working face, with all their related structures, fissures, and veins. But there has been no public card catalogue, no published index, no such researching tool, until now.

Hey. You. If you're going to strew those magazines all over the floor, pick them up afterward. ♦



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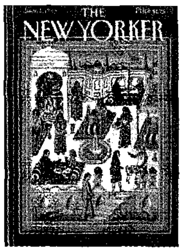
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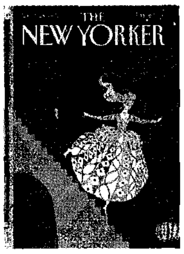
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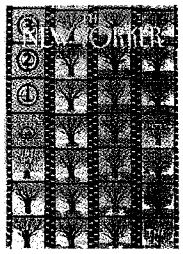
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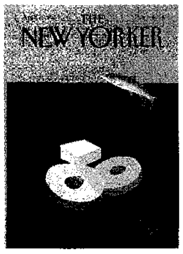
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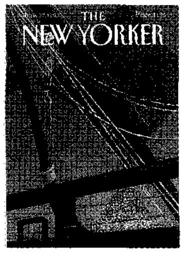
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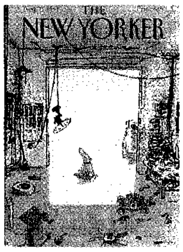
THE
NEW YORKER

AUGUST 17, 1992
George Booth

THE
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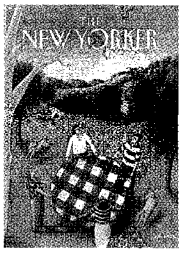
AUGUST 24, 1992
Danny Shanahan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AUGUST 31, 1992
Bob Knox

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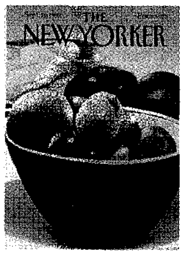
SEPTEMBER 7, 1992
Saul Steinberg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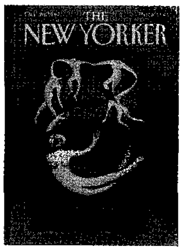
SEPTEMBER 14, 1992
Gretchen Dow Simpson


THE
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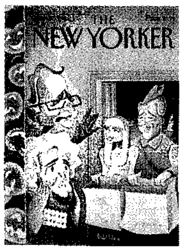
OCTOBER 26, 1992
Andrea Arroyo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NOVEMBER 2, 1992
Robert Risko

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NOVEMBER 9, 1992
Mark Alan Stamaty

THE
NEW YORKER

NOVEMBER 16, 1992
Arnold Roth

THE
NEW YORKER

NOVEMBER 23, 1992
Russell Connor

FROM IRVIN TO RISKO, AND EVERYONE IN BETWEEN

LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS

Every writer and artist whose name appeared in The New Yorker's Table of Contents in 1992 is cited in one of the four lists below: fact; fiction and casuals; poetry; and art.

FACT

Ackerman, Diane REP: Insect Love (Aug. 17).

Acocella, Joan BKS: Ostwald, Nijinsky (May 18); Tharp (Nov. 30).

Aloff, Mindy BKS: Fizdale and Gold (Mar. 23).

Alvarez, A. ANL Science: Sleep (Feb. 10).

Anderson, Jervis ONW: Derek Walcott (Dec. 21).

Angell, Roger SPRT: Minor-league baseball (Aug. 17); World Series (Dec. 7). PRS HST: "Early Innings" (Feb. 24). SH&M (Oct. 5, Nov. 9). MEM: Shawn (Dec. 28/Jan. 4). ART: Harold Ross (Nov. 9).

Arlen, Michael SH&M (Nov. 16).

Balliett, Whitney JAZZ: Charlie Parker recordings (Jan. 6); Red Allen (Mar. 2), Jelly Roll Morton shows (Oct. 26). PRF: Julius Monk (Apr. 6); Rosemary Clooney (Aug. 3). BKS: Price (Oct. 5); Ondaatje (Dec. 7). PS: Sylvia Syms (Oct. 19). Tables for Two: Andrea Marcovicci (Dec. 21). MEM: Shawn (Dec. 28/Jan. 4).

Barnes, Julian Letter from London (Jan. 6, May 4, July 20, Dec. 28/Jan. 4). SH&M (Oct. 26).

Barnet, Richard J. RFL: "The Disorders of Peace" (Jan. 20).

Berman, Paul BKS: Buckley (Oct. 12).

Bliven, Naomi BKS: Chang (Feb. 10); Hollander, Woodward (June 8); Lubow (Sept. 14).

Blum, David PRF: Richard Goode (June 29).

Blumenthal, Sidney Letter from Washington (Dec. 7, Dec. 28/Jan. 4).

Bonner, Raymond LTR Sudan (July 13). REP: Kurdistan (Sept. 28). RPT Kuwait (Nov. 16).

Botsford, Gardner MEM: Shawn (Dec. 28/Jan. 4).

Boyer, Peter J. LTR Burbank: Jay Leno (Nov. 9).

Brenner, Marie The Diplomatic Life: Robert Strauss (Dec. 28/Jan. 4).

Brodeur, Paul ANL Radiation: The Cancer at Slater School (Dec. 7).

Brodkey, Harold Couch Reporter (Oct. 26).

Brookhiser, Richard BKS: Beatty (Nov. 9).

Brubach, Holly FASH: Dressing down (Feb. 3); Yves Saint Laurent (Feb. 24); Feminism (July 6); End of Elegance (Sept. 21); Madonna, sex, fashion shows (Nov. 23). PRF: John Loring (Aug. 10).

Bruck, Connie BUS: Time Warner (July 6).

Buck, Joan Juliet ONW: Daniel Day-Lewis (Oct. 12).

Buckley, Christopher SH&M (Oct. 12). TALK: The Basses (Oct. 19).

Buruma, Ian POST Berlin: Günter Grass (Oct. 19).

Cannadine, David BKS: Rhodes James (June 22).

Croce, Arlene MEM: Shawn (Dec. 28/Jan. 4). DNC (Dec. 28/Jan. 4). For subject, see Checklist of Reviews.

Cullen, Robert RPT Ukraine (Jan. 27). REP: Siberia (July 27).

Dannen, Fredric ANL Crime: Chinese gangs (Nov. 16).

Drew, Elizabeth Letter from Washington (Feb. 17, Mar. 9, Mar. 30, Apr. 20, May 18, June 1, June 15, July 6, Aug. 3, Sept. 7, Sept. 28, Oct. 19, Nov. 2, Nov. 16).

Epstein, Edward Jay PS: Jim Garrison (Nov. 30).

Espen, Hal MEM: Shawn (Dec. 28/Jan. 4).

Finnegan, William SPRT: Surfing (Aug. 24 and 31). FAR: Barcelona Olympics (Sept. 28).

Frady, Marshall PRF: Jesse Jackson (Feb. 3, 10, 17). RFL: Malcolm X (Oct. 12).

Franks, Lucinda ANL Surveillance: Judge Wachtler (Dec. 21).

Fraser, Kennedy PRF: Eliot Fisk (Mar. 30). MEM: Shawn (Dec. 28/Jan. 4).

Frazier, Ian MEM: Shawn (Dec. 28/Jan. 4).

Garrison, Deborah BKS: Baker (Mar. 9); Minot (Nov. 2).

Geng, Veronica MEM: Shawn (Dec. 28/Jan. 4).

Gill, Brendan SKY: "1932" (Apr. 27); Louis Kahn (June 15); Renovated Guggenheim Museum (July 27); Lincoln Square, Riverside South (Aug. 31); Audubon Building (Oct. 12); Astor Row (Nov. 2). TALK: Schlesinger (Oct. 26). MEM: Shawn (Dec. 28/Jan. 4).

Gopnik, Adam ARTW: Chuck Close (Feb. 24); Jeff Koons (May 18); Brice Marden (July 20); "The Death of an Audience" (Oct. 5); Matisse (Oct. 12); Basquiat (Nov. 9). BKS: Gourse, Taraborrelli (Jan. 13); Wilson (Oct. 26). SH&M (Oct. 19). ART U.S. Presidents (Oct. 19); Magic Flute (Dec. 28/Jan. 4).

Gottlieb, Robert MEM: Shawn (Dec. 28/Jan. 4).

Griffiths, Paul MUS (Aug. 3, Aug. 17, Aug. 31, Sept. 14, Sept. 28, Oct. 19, Oct. 26, Nov. 9, Nov. 23, Dec. 7, Dec. 14). For subjects, see Checklist of Reviews.

Guillermoprieto, Alma LTR Bolivia (Mar. 16); LTR Panama (Aug. 17). RPT Mexico (Nov. 9).

Hamburger, Philip SH&M (Nov. 30). MEM: Shawn (Dec. 28/Jan. 4).

Harris, Lis MEM: Shawn (Dec. 28/Jan. 4).

Hersh, Seymour M. REP: "Nixon's Last Cover-Up" (Dec. 14).

Hirsch, Edward BKS: Simic (Dec. 21).

Hiss, Tony An Ecologist at Large: Community Gardening (Oct. 26). PRS HST: Alger Hiss (Nov. 16).

Hofstadter, Dan ANL Antiquities Trade (July 13 and 20).

Hughes, Robert DEPT Raised Eyebrows: Olympics mascot (Oct. 5).

Husarska, Anna ANL Journalism: Sarajevo (Oct. 5).

James, Clive BKS: Schwartz (Dec. 28/Jan. 4).

ABBREVIATIONS FOR DEPARTMENTS

AMPL	Department of Amplification
ANL	Annals
ART	Featured Art
ARTW	The Art World
BKS	Books
BUS	The World of Business
CIN	The Current Cinema
CITY	Around City Hall
COM	Comment
CRTC	A Critic at Large
DEPT	Miscellaneous Departments
DNC	Dancing
DPL	The Diplomatic Round
FAR	Our Far-Flung Correspondents
FASH	In Fashion
FICT	Fiction
JAZZ	Jazz
LOC	Our Local Correspondents
LTR	Letter from ...
MEM	Remembering Shawn
MUS	Musical Events
ONW	Onward & Upward
PHOTO	Photograph
POEM	Poetry
POP	Popular Music
POST	Postcard
PRF	Profile
PRS HST	Personal History
PS	Postscript
REP	A Reporter at Large
RFL	Reflections
RPT	Report from...
SH&M	Shouts and Murmurs
SKY	The Sky Line
SPRT	The Sporting Scene
TALK	The Talk of the Town
THTR	The Theatre
TV	On Television

Jennings, Luke Between the Acts: Rudolf Nureyev (Dec. 28/Jan. 4).

Kahn, E.J., Jr. PRF: Richard Evans Schultes (June 1). MEM: Shawn (Dec. 28/Jan. 4).

Kendall, Elizabeth RFL: The Kirov (June 8).

Kierstead, Mary D. MEM: Shawn (Dec. 28/Jan. 4).

Kincaid, Jamaica In the Garden (Oct. 5). MEM: Shawn (Dec. 28/Jan. 4).

Kinsley, Michael DEPT Second Thoughts: Punditry (Oct. 26).

Klinkenborg, Verlyn BKS: Macfarlane (Feb. 17); Nabokov (June 1); Crawford (Sept. 21); Ackroyd (Nov. 23).

Kramer, Jane LTR Europe: Germany (May 25); Italy (Sept. 21). In the South Bronx: Bronzes (Dec. 21). MEM: Shawn (Dec. 28/Jan. 4).

Kramer, Mimi THTR (Jan. 27, Feb. 3, Feb. 10, Feb. 24, Mar. 2, Mar. 30, Apr. 6, Apr. 13, Apr. 20, Apr. 27, May 4, May 11, June 1, June 22, July 6). For plays reviewed, see Checklist of Reviews.

Lahr, John THTR (Oct. 19, Oct. 26, Nov. 9, Nov. 16, Nov. 23, Dec. 21, Dec. 28/Jan. 4). For plays reviewed, see Checklist of Reviews.

Lane, Anthony TALK: Beckett (Nov. 9).

Lardner, James BKS: Greene (Apr. 13); Thomson (Dec. 7).

Leithauser, Brad BKS: Cummings (Feb. 3); Palgrave (June 15).

LeMoyne, James LTR South Florida: Hurricane Andrew (Oct. 5).

Logan, Andy CITY (Jan. 27, Mar. 2, Apr. 6, May 11, June 8, July 20, Aug. 31, Oct. 5, Nov. 2, Dec. 28/Jan. 4). Toys (Dec. 7). MEM: Shawn (Dec. 28/Jan. 4).

Lorenz, Lee MEM: Shawn (Dec. 28/Jan. 4).

Lubow, Arthur ONW: Tony Kushner (Nov. 30).

Macaulay, Alastair DNC (Feb. 17, Apr. 27, May 11, May 25, June 22, July 6, Aug. 24). For subjects, see Checklist of Reviews.

Macklin, Elizabeth ART: 14th Street (Nov. 23).

Malcolm, Janet MEM: Shawn (Dec. 28/Jan. 4).

Maxwell, William MEM: Shawn (Dec. 28/Jan. 4).

McGrath, Charles MEM: Shawn (Dec. 28/Jan. 4).

McKibben, Bill RFL: Television (Mar. 9). MEM: Shawn (Dec. 28/Jan. 4).

McPhee, John ANL Former World: California geology (Sept. 7, 14, 21). MEM: Shawn (Dec. 28/Jan. 4).

Mehta, Ved MEM: Shawn (Dec. 28/Jan. 4).

Menaker, Daniel MEM: Shawn (Dec. 28/Jan. 4).

Menand, Louis BKS: Baker (Jan. 6); Stone (May 4); Wright (July 20); Medved (Oct. 5).

Mordden, Ethan BKS: Spiegelman (Apr. 6).

Mortimer, John DEPT Dire Straits: "John Major's Lament" (Nov. 2).

Newhouse, John DPL: Rio Earth Summit (June 1); Yugoslavia (Aug. 24); Baker/Bush (Oct. 26). PRF: Alan Simpson (Mar. 16). REP: Cuba (Apr. 27).

Oliver, Edith MEM: Shawn (Dec. 28/Jan. 4). THTR (Feb. 3, Feb. 10, Feb. 24, Mar. 2, Mar. 9, Mar. 30, Apr. 6, Apr. 13, Apr. 20, Apr. 27, May 4, May 11, June 22, July 6, Aug. 31, Oct. 12, Oct. 19, Nov. 2, Nov. 16, Nov. 23, Dec. 7, Dec. 21). For plays reviewed, see Checklist of Reviews.

Orlean, Susan LOC: Supermarket (June 22). TALK: Marky Mark (Nov. 2).

Owen, David FAR: Travelling circus (Apr. 20).

Ozick, Cynthia RFL: "Alfred Chester's Wig" (Mar. 30).

Pfaff, William RFL: "The Absence of Empire" (Aug. 10).

Pierpont, Claudia Roth CRTC: Olive Schreiner (Jan. 27); "Gone with the Wind" (Aug. 31). BKS: Barker, Phillips (Aug. 10).

Pollitt, Katha BKS: Greer (Nov. 2).

Porter, Andrew MUS (Jan. 13, Jan. 20, Feb. 3, Feb. 10, Feb. 24, Mar. 16, Mar. 30, Apr. 6, Apr. 27, May 4, May 11, May 25, June 8, June 22, July 6). For subjects, see Checklist of Reviews.

Preston, Richard PRF: David and Gregory Chudnovsky (Mar. 2). REP: Ebola virus (Oct. 26).

Rafferty, Terrence CIN (Jan. 13, Jan. 27, Feb. 10, Feb. 24, Mar. 9, Mar. 23, Apr. 6, Apr. 20, May 4, May 18, June 1, June 15, June 29, Sept. 7, Sept. 21, Oct. 5, Oct. 19, Nov. 2, Nov. 16, Nov. 30, Dec. 14, Dec. 28/Jan. 4). For films reviewed, see Checklist of Reviews.

Reid, Alastair RFL: Columbus in the Dominican Republic (Feb. 24).

Remnick, David LTR Moscow (Mar. 23). RPT Moscow: "The Trial of the Old Regime" (Nov. 30). LOC: Crown Heights (Dec. 21).

Rieff, David LTR Bosnia (Nov. 23).

Rose, Lloyd BKS: Silverman (Apr. 27); Spoto (June 29).

Ross, Lillian MEM: Shawn (Dec. 28/Jan. 4).

Rubinstein, Jonathan DEPT Modest Proposals: "To Russia with Love" (Nov. 9).

Rushdie, Salman CRTC: "The Wizard of Oz" (May 11).

Ryback, Timothy W. RPT Dachau (Aug. 3).

Rymer, Russ ANL Science: "A Silent Childhood" (Apr. 13 and 20).

Sachs, Harvey PRF: Giorgio Strehler (May 4).

Sacks, Oliver A Neurologist's Notebook: Tourettic surgeon (Mar. 16); Memory artist (July 27).

Schell, Jonathan MEM: Shawn (Dec. 28/Jan. 4).

Schiff, Stephen ONW: Edward Gorey (Nov. 9). Cultural Pursuits: William Trevor (Dec. 28/Jan. 4).

Schlesinger, Arthur M., Jr. RFL: "The Turn of the Cycle" (Nov. 16).

Sesser, Stan REP: Singapore (Jan. 13). RPT Cambodia (May 18).

Shapiro, Anna BKS: Kraft (July 6).

Shapiro, Fred C. REP: Mongolia (Jan. 20). LTR Hong Kong (June 29).

Sheed, Wilfrid BKS: Vidal (Oct. 26).

Singer, Mark REP: Brett Kimberlin and Dan Quayle (Oct. 5). PRF: The Chino family farm (Nov. 30). MEM: Shawn (Dec. 28/Jan. 4).

Sischy, Ingrid ONW: Takarazuka (Sept. 28).

Smith, Patrick LTR Japan (Apr. 13).

Spark, Muriel PRS HST: "Venture into Africa" (Mar. 2).

Sragow, Michael BKS: Vineberg (Jan. 20). CIN (Apr. 6, Apr. 20, May 4, May 18, June 1, June 15, June 29, July 13, July 27, Aug. 10, Aug. 24, Sept. 7, Sept. 21, Oct. 5, Oct. 19, Nov. 2, Nov. 16, Nov. 30, Dec. 14, Dec. 28/Jan. 4). For films reviewed, see Checklist of Reviews.

Steiner, George BKS: Nevin (Mar. 2); Vitoux (Aug. 24); Macintyre (Oct. 19); Gould (Nov. 23). MEM: Shawn (Dec. 28/Jan. 4).

Stern, Jane and Michael ANL Gastronomy: Chili peppers (May 25). REP: Bull riding (Sept. 14).

Stevenson, James SH&M (Dec. 14).

Sullivan, Robert POST Oregon: Gay-rights vote (Nov. 9).

Tomkins, Calvin DEPT Advance Warning: "Madonna's Anticlimax" (Oct. 26). BKS: Watson (Dec. 14).

Trillin, Calvin SH&M (Nov. 23). MEM: Shawn (Dec. 28/Jan. 4).

Unger, Craig (with Murray Waas) ANL Government: Bush, Iran-Contra, and Iraqgate (Nov. 2).

Updike, John BKS: Mencken (Feb. 24); Puig, Amis (May 25); Yourcenar, Brodsky (July 13); Miller (Sept. 28); Paglia (Oct. 19); Manea (Nov. 16). SH&M (Nov. 2, Dec. 21). MEM: Shawn (Dec. 28/Jan. 4).

Vendler, Helen BKS: Ashbery (Aug. 3).

Viorst, Milton REP: Israel (Sept. 7).

Waas, Murray (with Craig Unger) ANL Government: Bush, Iran-Contra, and Iraqgate (Nov. 2).

Weaver, Mary Anne FAR: "Hunting with the Sheikhs" (Dec. 14). ANL Political

Terror: Ethiopia (Dec. 28/Jan. 4).
Weschler, Lawrence PRF: Kanan and Mohamed Makiya (Jan. 6). REP: Poland (May 11); Kavan in Czechoslovakia (Oct. 19). AMPL: Czechoslovakia (Nov. 2). Convergences: Magritte (Nov. 16).
Wheen, Francis TALK: Shawcross (Oct. 12).
Wilkinson, Alec ANL Crime: Midwest murder (June 8 and 15). PRF: Mike Richter (Nov. 23).
Wills, Garry From the Campaign Trail: James Carville (Oct. 12).
Wolcott, James SH&M (Dec. 7). TV (Oct. 5, Oct. 12, Oct. 26, Nov. 9, Nov. 23, Nov. 30, Dec. 21). TALK (Oct. 5). For shows reviewed, see Checklist of Reviews.
Wright, Lawrence LTR Dallas: Perot (Oct. 26).
Wright, Robin RPT Turkestan (Apr. 6). REP: Iran (June 22).
Wurtzel, Elizabeth POP: U2 (Feb. 17); Cowboy Junkies (Apr. 13); Girl groups (June 29); Bruce Springsteen (Aug. 17); Rap music (Sept. 28).
Zarin, Cynthia PRF: James Laughlin (Mar. 23). Children's books (Nov. 23).

FICTION AND CASUALS

Amis, Martin "Career Move" (June 29).
Beattie, Ann "Zalla" (Oct. 19).
Bergman, Andrew "The Wallerstein Memoirs" (Nov. 23).
Bingham, Robert "The Other Family" (July 6).
Buzzi, Aldo "Chekhov in Sondrio" (Sept. 14).
Byatt, A.S. "The Chinese Lobster" (Oct. 26).
Carter, Emily "Parachute Silk" (July 27).
Chabon, Michael "Mrs. Box" (May 18).
Cooney, Ellen "A Nurse" (June 8).
Drury, Tom "You Name It" (Jan. 6), "Accident at the Sugar Beet" (Feb. 17), "Change in Louise" (Aug. 3), "Tiny in the Wilderness" (Dec. 14).
Ford, Richard "Jealous" (Nov. 30).
Frazier, Ian "Have You Ever" (Feb. 24), "Linton's Whatnots" (May 11), "Issues and Non-Issues" (Oct. 19).
Frost, Polly "Artichoke" (Dec. 7).
Gallant, Mavis "Mlle. Dias de Corta" (Dec. 28/Jan. 4).
Geng, Veronica "Salt of Life" (Feb. 17), "Faculty Lounge Surveillance Tapes" (Aug. 10).
Goodman, Allegra "The Wedding of Henry Markowitz" (Jan. 13), "Fantasy Rose" (Nov. 16).
Gopnik, Adam "The Musical Husbands" (Aug. 31).
Gordon, Mary "The Important Houses" (Sept. 28).
Hecht, Julie "That's No Fun" (Feb. 3), "Do the Windows Open?" (July 20), "Were the Ornaments Lovely?" (Dec. 21).
Heiny, Katherine "How to Give the Wrong Impression" (Sept. 21).
Hope, Christopher "Maundy" (June 1), "Nativity" (Dec. 28/Jan. 4).
Johnson, Diane "Great Barrier Reef" (Sept. 7).
Jones, Thom "A White Horse" (July 13), "The Black Lights" (Oct. 12).
Kauffman, Janet "Girl Games" (Apr. 13).
Klíma, Ivan "Archeology" (Aug. 24).
Konrád, George "The High Priest of Frivolity" (Mar. 9).
Lee, Andrea "Winter Barley" (Mar. 2).
Liebmann-Smith, Richard "Cyberprez" (Mar. 9).
Lombreglia, Ralph "One-Woman Blues Revival" (Nov. 23).
Maxwell, William "What He Was Like" (Dec. 7).
McCall, Bruce "Frisco Shift Sparks Hegira Flurry" (Sept. 7), "$39.95 Before Xmas, $3.95 After" (Dec. 28/Jan. 4).
Menaker, Daniel "Authority Figures" (Mar. 23).
Menand, Louis "Also Available" (July 6).
Moore, Lorrie "Charades" (Apr. 20).
Munro, Alice "A Real Life" (Feb. 10), "A Wilderness Station" (Apr. 27).
Murakami, Haruki "Sleep" (Mar. 30), "Barn Burning" (Nov. 2).
Nelson, Antonya "Naked Ladies" (May 4), "Loaded Gun" (Nov. 9).
O'Brien, Edna "Wilderness" (Mar. 16).
Ondaatje, Michael "Drawn by Desire" (Aug. 10).
Pinckney, Darryl "The Handbook of Interracial Dating" (Jan. 20).
Saunders, George "Offloading for Mrs. Schwartz" (Oct. 5).
Schwartz, Adam "This Bed" (June 22).
Segal, Lore "The Talk in Eliza's Kitchen" (Apr. 6).
Shapiro, Jane "Mousetrap" (Apr. 13), "Poltergeists" (May 25).
Shomer, Enid "Disappeared" (Aug. 17).
Smith, Scott B. "The Empty House" (June 15).
Thompson, Jean "The Little Heart" (Jan. 27).
Treitel, Jonathan "Stalin, Stalin, and Stalin" (Sept. 21).
Trevor, William "Lost Ground" (Feb. 24).
Trow, George W.S. "Keiretsu" (Jan. 27), "Eyes On" (June 8), "Those Little Papers" (Sept. 28).
Troy, Judy "Things to Care For" (May 18), "Secrets" (Aug. 31).
Updike, John "His Mother Inside Him" (Apr. 20), "Baby's First Step" (July 27), "Playing with Dynamite" (Oct. 5).
Walker, Lisa "Blown Away" (Aug. 17).
Woiwode, Larry "Silent Passengers" (May 11).

POETRY

Ashbery, John "The Phantom Agents" (Feb. 3), "Withered Compliments" (Mar. 30), "The Large Studio" (May 11), "Baked Alaska" (June 29), "The Garden of False Civility" (Sept. 28).
Bierds, Linda "Flood" (Dec. 7).
Boland, Eavan "The Dolls' Museum in Dublin" (Oct. 26).
Booth, Philip "Requiescat: Western Union" (May 4).
Brodsky, Joseph "Lines for the Winter Recess" (May 4), "Transatlantic" (Aug. 3).
Burke, Marianne "Shirts" (June 1), "Little Whaley, Pawling, N.Y." (Aug. 17).
Christopher, Nicholas "The Skeleton of a Trout in Shallow Water" (Apr. 13).
Clampitt, Amy "A Cadenza" (Apr. 13), "In Umbria: A Snapshot" (Aug. 10), "Brought from Beyond" (Dec. 28/Jan. 4).
Digges, Deborah "For the Lost Adolescent" (Nov. 23).
Fainlight, Ruth "The Coptic Wedding" (Feb. 3).
Fraser, Caroline "The Fragility of Heavy Machinery" (Apr. 27), "Passes" (July 6).
Garrison, Deborah "The Firemen" (July 20), "You Prune Your List in Summer" (Oct. 26).
Gilbert, Celia "Naked Seed" (Jan. 20).
Glück, Louise "Field Flowers" (Feb. 24), "Gold Lily" (Mar. 30).
Goldbarth, Albert "The Systems" (Dec. 21).
Graham, Jorie "Notes on the Reality of the Self" (Aug. 24).
Greger, Debora "Off-Season at the Edge of the World" (Mar. 23), "The Hustler de Paris" (Nov. 16).
Grennan, Eamon "Day's Work" (Apr. 6), "Bubbles" (June 1), "Birthday" (Sept. 28), "Whistling in the Dark" (Dec. 14).
Gunn, Thom "Rapallo" (Jan. 6), "The Butcher's Son" (Feb. 10).
Gustafsson, Lars "Itemized Expenses" (Apr. 6), "Austin, Texas" (Aug. 24).
Hadas, Rachel "Red House" (Jan. 27).
Halpern, Daniel "The Last Day" (Nov. 2).
Harrison, Jeffrey "A Shave by the Ganges" (Aug. 31).
Harvor, Elisabeth "The Death of the Nurse" (May 18).
Heaney, Seamus "Keeping Going" (Oct. 12).
Herbert, Zbigniew "Mr. Cogito and a Poet of a Certain Age" (Feb. 10), "Farewell to the City" (May 18), "Wagon" (Sept. 28), "Prayer of the Old Men" (Nov. 23).
Hirsch, Edward "Simone Weil: The Year of Factory Work (1934-35)" (Jan. 13), "Blunt Morning" (July 20).
Holbo, Christine "Gomorrah" (Jan. 27).

Howard, Richard "Lives of the Painters: Artists' Antidotes" (Aug. 3), "Undertakings" (Aug. 31).

Hughes, Ted "Opus 131" (Nov. 30).

Jacobsen, Josephine "Hourglass" (Aug. 31).

James, Clive "What Happened to Auden" (Nov. 2).

Jarman, Mark "A.M. Fog" (Mar. 9).

Jordan, Barbara "Dragonfly Reserve" (May 25).

Kasdorf, Julia "At the Acme Bar & Grill" (Mar. 16), "Prospect Park, Holy Week" (Apr. 20), "Freundschaft" (June 8), "A Family History" (Aug. 10).

Kenyon, Jane "Gettysburg: July 1, 1863" (July 13), "Pharaoh" (Nov. 9).

Kinnell, Galway "Hitchhiker" (Oct. 26).

Kleinzahler, August "Winter Ball" (Mar. 9), "Spring Trances" (May 18).

Koch, Kenneth "Poems by Ships at Sea" (July 13).

Larson, Rustin "The Paternal Side" (Sept. 21).

Laughlin, James "La Tristesse" (June 8), "The Country Road" (Dec. 14).

Lea, Sydney "Beautiful Miles" (Jan. 20).

Levine, Mark "The Message" (June 1).

Levine, Philip "My Sister's Voice" (June 15), "On the Meeting of García Lorca and Hart Crane" (Oct. 19).

Lindgren, John "Octopus" (July 27).

Logan, William "Iowa" (Oct. 19).

Macklin, Elizabeth "The Nearsighted" (Jan. 13), "The Watches" (Mar. 16), "The Season" (May 25), "The Lazy Girl Was Never Scolded" (Sept. 21), "Fall Back" (Nov. 9).

Matthews, William "Fireworks" (July 6).

Mazzocco, Robert "Good Times" (Mar. 2), "Cook's Tour" (Apr. 27).

McGrath, Campbell "Night Travellers" (Nov. 23).

McPherson, Sandra "Bedrooms" (Jan. 20).

Merrill, James "Self-Portrait in Tyvek™ Windbreaker" (Feb. 24).

Merwin, W. S. "Present" (Aug. 17), "Net" (Sept. 14).

Milosz, Czeslaw "A Lecture" (June 22), "Capri" (Nov. 30).

Moldaw, Carol "Beads of Rain" (Nov. 30).

Nathan, Leonard "Potato Eaters" (Apr. 27), "Alchemist" (June 8), "In the Woods" (Aug. 17).

Ormsby, Eric "Grackle" (Oct. 5), "Adages of a Grandmother" (Nov. 16).

Pollitt, Katha "Wisdom of the Desert Fathers" (June 29).

Ponsot, Marie "Even" (July 27).

Reidel, James "Cicadas" (July 13).

Rose, Karen "Memory During Antidepressant Treatment" (Feb. 17).

Salter, Mary Jo "A Rough Night" (June 22), "Argument" (Dec. 7).

Salzman, Eva "Lucky Strikes" (Oct. 5), "Boreal Owl" (Dec. 21).

Schnackenberg, Gjertrud "A Gilded Lapse of Time" (June 15), "The Resurrection" (Sept. 21), "A Monument in Utopia" (Nov. 2).

Seshadri, Vijay "Divination in the Park" (May 11), "The Reappeared" (Sept. 7).

Simic, Charles "The Prodigal" (Feb. 24), "The Dead" (Apr. 20), "Three Photographs" (June 15), "This Morning" (Aug. 10), "The Oldest Child" (Oct. 5), "On a Side Street" (Nov. 16).

Smith, Charlie "Ice" (Jan. 6), "White Shining Sea" (Feb. 17), "Mother at Eighty" (Aug. 24), "Money" (Oct. 19).

Smith, Dave "Wreckage at Lake Pontchartrain" (Mar. 23).

Sommer, Piotr "Celebrations" (Dec. 28/Jan. 4).

Strand, Mark "Here" (Jan. 27), "Labrador" (May 4), "In the Night Without End" (Sept. 7), "Our Masterpiece Is the Private Life" (Nov. 2).

Szymborska, Wislawa "Maybe All This" (Dec. 14).

Tate, James "More Later, Less the Same" (Sept. 14).

Updike, John "July" (July 20), "Rio de Janeiro" (Oct. 12), "Burning Trash" (Dec. 7).

Valentine, Jean "Sick, Away from Home" (Aug. 3).

Van Duyn, Mona "The Delivery" (Mar. 2), "Rascasse" (Dec. 21).

Willard, Nancy "Guesthouse, Union City, Michigan" (May 11), "The Exodus of Peaches" (July 27), "At the Optometrist's" (Sept. 7).

Williams, C. K. "The Insult" (Apr. 20).

Woo, David "Empty Room" (Apr. 13), "Grandfather Writes His Will" (Sept. 14).

Zarin, Cynthia "White Violets in South Hadley" (Oct. 12), "The Anthill" (Nov. 9).

ART

FEATURED ARTISTS

Avedon, Richard PHOTO Malcolm X (Oct. 12), W. H. Auden (Nov. 2), Edward Gorey (Nov. 9), Alger Hiss (Nov. 16), Andrea Marcovicci (Dec. 21), Robert Lepage (Dec. 28/Jan. 4).

Burke, Philip "The Big Apple Circus" (Dec. 28/Jan. 4).

Chast, Roz "The Rainy Season" (Mar. 23), "Millie's Gear Slips" (June 1), "Last-Minute Bombshells" (Oct. 26), "Recycling in Hell" (Nov. 16), "Thanksgiving Q & A" (Nov. 30).

Cline, Richard "Christmas Off Fifth" (Dec. 14).

Crawford, Michael "Milan Chair Harvest" (Nov. 30).

Feiffer, Jules "The Test" (Oct. 5), "Nightwhine" (Nov. 2).

Gosfield, Josh "Ross at One Hundred" (Nov. 9), "14th Street" (Nov. 23).

van Innis, Benoît "Conversations About Art" (Jan. 6), "Winter Wonderland" (Dec. 28/Jan. 4).

Kelley, Gary "Sounds of the Subway" (Oct. 19).

Mahood, Kenneth "After Magritte" (Oct. 12).

Martel, Huguette "Blind Date" (Apr. 27), "Weekend in Vermont" (Aug. 3).

McCall, Bruce "Rating the Hot New H_2Os" (Jan. 20), "The Supper Club Hockey League" (Dec. 21).

Merkin, Richard "Beisbol, Etc." (Oct. 5).

Monceaux, Morgan "Hail to the Chiefs" (Oct. 19).

Scarfe, Gerald "Mozart's Flute" (Dec. 28/Jan. 4).

Searle, Ronald "Rush Hour" (Oct. 12), "The First Security Check" (Dec. 21), "Party Animal" (Dec. 28/Jan.4).

Sorel, Edward "Media Feeding Frenzy" (Nov. 9).

Shanahan, Danny "Kringle on the Beach" (Dec. 21).

Skalisky, Stephanie "A Consumer's Christmas" (Dec. 14).

Spiegelman, Art "A Jew in Rostock" (Dec. 7), "Buy the Right Thing" (Dec. 14).

Stamaty, Mark Alan "Bob Dylan: The Hottest Ticket in Town" (Nov. 2).

Steig, William "The Wild West" (Feb. 24), "Nagging Questions" (Nov. 16).

Walker, John S. P. "Furniture Reunion" (July 13).

Witte, Michael "Bobby Short" (Dec. 7).

REGULAR CONTRIBUTORS

Ed Arno, Charles Barsotti, Glen Baxter, George Booth, Roz Chast, Tom Cheney, Richard Cline, Michael Crawford, Leo Cullum, Eldon Dedini, Liza Donnelly, Joseph Farris, Ed Fisher, Dana Fradon, Edward Frascino, Mort Gerberg, Mimi Gnoli, Sam Gross, William Hamilton, J. B. Handelsman, Sid Harris, Benoît van Innis, John Jonik, Bruce Eric Kaplan, Ed Koren, Stuart Leeds, Arnie Levin, Lee Lorenz, Kenneth Mahood, Robert Mankoff, Huguette Martel, Henry Martin, Michael Maslin, Warren Miller, Joseph Mirachi, Frank Modell, John O'Brien, Mark O'Donnell, W. B. Park, Peter Porges, Donald Reilly, Mischa Richter, J. P. Rini, Victoria Roberts, Al Ross, Brian Savage, Bernard Schoenbaum, Ronald Searle, Danny Shanahan, Stephanie Skalisky, Edward Sorel, William Steig, Peter Steiner, Mick Stevens, James Stevenson, Mike Twohy, Dean Vietor, John S. P. Walker, Noel Watson, Robert Weber, Gahan Wilson, Bill Woodman, Jack Ziegler.

CHECKLIST OF REVIEWS

Checklists have been provided for reviews of cinema, theatre, television, musical events, dance, and books. With the exception of some book-review subjects, the entries in this section are not included in the subject index. Art, jazz, and popular-music subjects can be found in the subject index.

CINEMA

Our reviewers this year were Terrence Rafferty (TR) and Michael Sragow (MS).

"Afraid of the Dark" (Mark Peploe), Aug. 24 (MS).
"Aladdin" (John Musker/Ron Clements), Nov. 30 (MS).
"Alien^3" (David Fincher), June 1 (TR).
"American Dream" (Barbara Kopple), Mar. 23 (TR).
"The Babe" (Arthur Hiller), May 4 (MS).
"Basic Instinct" (Paul Verhoeven), Apr. 6 (TR).
"Batman Returns" (Tim Burton), June 29 (TR).
"Beethoven" (Brian Levant), May 4 (MS).
"The Best Intentions" (Bille August), July 27 (MS).
"Bob Roberts" (Tim Robbins), Sept. 7 (TR).
"The Bodyguard" (Mick Jackson), Dec. 14 (TR).
"Boomerang" (Reginald Hudlin), July 13 (MS).
"Bram Stoker's Dracula" (Francis Ford Coppola), Nov. 30 (TR).
"A Brief History of Time" (Errol Morris), Sept. 7 (MS).
"Candyman" (Bernard Rose), Oct. 19 (MS).
"Cousin Bobby" (Jonathan Demme), June 14 (MS).
"Crisscross" (Chris Menges), June 29 (MS).
"The Crying Game" (Neil Jordan), Nov. 16 (TR).
"Death Becomes Her" (Robert Zemeckis), Aug. 24 (MS).
"Deep Blues" (Robert Mugge), Aug. 10 (MS).
"Enchanted April" (Mike Newell), Aug. 10 (MS).
"Far and Away" (Ron Howard), June 1 (MS).
"A Few Good Men" (Rob Reiner), Dec. 14 (MS).
"1492: Conquest of Paradise" (Ridley Scott), Oct. 19 (MS).
"Glengarry Glen Ross" (James Foley), Oct. 5 (MS).
"Hear My Song" (Peter Chelsom), Mar. 9 (TR).
"Hero" (Stephen Frears), Oct. 5 (TR).
"High Heels" (Pedro Almodóvar), Feb. 10 (TR).
"Home Alone 2: Lost in New York" (Chris Columbus), Nov. 30 (MS).
"Honeymoon in Vegas" (Andrew Bergman), Sept. 7 (MS).
"Housesitter" (Frank Oz), June 14 (MS).
"Howards End" (James Ivory), May 4 (TR).
"Husbands and Wives" (Woody Allen), Sept. 21 (TR).
"Incident at Oglala" (Michael Apted), June 1 (TR).
"JFK" (Oliver Stone), Jan. 13 (TR).
"The Last of the Mohicans" (Michael Mann), Oct. 5 (TR).
"A League of Their Own" (Penny Marshall), July 13 (MS).
"Mike Leigh Retrospective" Feb. 24 (TR).
"Let Him Have It" (Peter Medak), Feb. 10 (TR).
"Love Field" (Jonathan Kaplan), Dec. 14 (TR).
"The Lover" (Jean-Jacques Annaud), Nov. 16 (MS).
"Malcolm X" (Spike Lee), Nov. 30 (TR).
"A Midnight Clear" (Keith Gordon), May 18 (MS).
"Mississippi Masala" (Mira Nair), Apr. 20 (MS).
"Monster in a Box" (Nick Broomfield), June 29 (MS).
"Mr. Saturday Night" (Billy Crystal), Oct. 5 (MS).
"My Cousin Vinny" (Jonathan Lynn), Apr. 20 (MS).
"My New Gun" (Stacy Cochran), Nov. 2 (TR).
"Naked Lunch" (David Cronenberg), Feb. 10 (TR).
"Night and the City" (Irwin Winkler), Oct. 19 (TR).
"Night on Earth" (Jim Jarmusch), May 18 (TR).
"Noises Off" (Peter Bogdanovich), Apr. 6 (MS).
"One False Move" (Carl Franklin), July 27 (MS).
"Patriot Games" (Phillip Noyce), June 15 (TR).
"The Playboys" (Gillies MacKinnon), May 18 (MS).
"The Player" (Robert Altman), Apr. 20 (TR).
"Prelude to a Kiss" (Norman René), July 27 (MS).
"The Prince of Tides" (Barbra Streisand), Jan. 27 (TR).
"The Public Eye" (Howard Franklin), Oct. 19 (MS).
"Raising Cain" (Brian De Palma), Aug. 24 (MS).
"Reservoir Dogs" (Quentin Tarantino), Oct. 19 (TR).
"The Restless Conscience" (Hava Kohav Beller), June 1 (TR).
"A River Runs Through It" (Robert Redford), Oct. 19 (TR).
"Shadows and Fog" (Woody Allen), Apr. 6 (MS).
"Single White Female" (Barbet Schroeder), Aug. 24 (MS).
"Sister Act" (Emile Ardolino), June 15 (MS).
"Sneakers" (Phil Alden Robinson), Sept. 21 (MS).
"South Central" (Steve Anderson), Nov. 2 (MS).
"A Stranger Among Us" (Sidney Lumet), July 27 (MS).
"The Stranger" (Satyajit Ray), May 18 (TR).
"This Is My Life" (Nora Ephron), Mar. 9 (TR).
"Under Siege" (Andrew Davis), Nov. 16 (MS).
"Unforgiven" (Clint Eastwood), Aug. 10 (MS).
"Universal Soldier" (Roland Emmerich), July 27 (MS).
"Unlawful Entry" (Jonathan Kaplan), July 13 (MS).
"The Waterdance" (Neal Jimenez/Michael Steinberg), June 15 (MS).
"Waterland" (Stephen Gyllenhaal), Nov. 2 (TR).
"Whispers in the Dark" (Christopher Crowe), Aug. 24 (MS).
"White Men Can't Jump" (Ron Shelton), Apr. 6 (TR).
"Wind" (Carroll Ballard), Sept. 21 (MS).
"Wisecracks" (Gail Singer), June 1 (MS).
"Zebrahead" (Anthony Drazan), Nov. 2 (MS).

THEATRE

Our reviewers this year were Mimi Kramer (MK), John Lahr (JL), and Edith Oliver (EO).

"Angels in America" (Tony Kushner, Mark Taper Forum), Nov. 23 (JL).
"Les Atrides" (dir. Ariane Mnouchkine), Oct. 19 (JL).
"Awake and Sing!" (Clifford Odets, Steppenwolf Theatre), Oct. 26 (JL).
"The Best of Forbidden Broadway" (Gerard Alessandrini), May 4 (MK).
"Black Snow" (Mikhail Bulgakov, American Repertory Theatre), Dec. 21 (JL).
"Boesman & Lena" (Athol Fugard), Feb. 10 (EO).
"Conversations with My Father" (Herb Gardner), Apr. 13 (MK).
"Crazy for You" (George and Ira Gershwin, Ken Ludwig), Mar. 2 (EO).

"Death and the Maiden" (Ariel Dorfman), Mar. 30 (MK).
"The End of the Day" (Jon Robin Baitz), Apr. 20 (MK).
"The Extra Man" (Richard Greenberg), June 1 (MK).
"Falsettos" (William Finn), May 11 (MK).
"The Fifteen Minute Hamlet" (Tom Stoppard), Aug. 31 (EO).
"Five Guys Named Moe" (Louis Jordan, Clarke Peters), Apr. 20 (EO).
"Flaubert's Latest" (Peter Parnell), July 6 (EO).
"Four Baboons Adoring the Sun" (John Guare), Mar. 30 (EO).
"Grandchild of Kings" (Sean O'Casey), Feb. 24 (EO).
"Gunmetal Blues" May 4 (MK).
"Guys and Dolls" (dir. Jerry Zaks), Apr. 27 (EO).
"Hamlet" (with Stephen Lang), Apr. 13 (EO).
"The High Rollers" (with Allen Toussaint), May 4 (EO).
"The Holy Terror" (Simon Gray), Oct. 19 (EO).
"Jake's Women" (Neil Simon), Apr. 6 (MK).
"Jelly's Last Jam" (with Gregory Hines), May 11 (EO).
"Joined at the Head" (Catherine Butterfield), Dec. 7 (EO).
"A Little Hotel on the Side" (Feydeau), Feb. 10 (MK).
"Mad Forest" (Caryl Churchill), Oct. 26 (JL).
"Man of La Mancha" (with Raul Julia and Sheena Easton), May 11 (MK).
"The Master Builder" (dir. Tony Randall), Apr. 6 (EO).
"Metro" Apr. 27 (EO).
"Millennium Approaches" (Tony Kushner, Mark Taper Forum), Nov. 23 (JL).
"The Most Happy Fella" (dir. Gerald Gutierrez), Feb. 24 (MK).
"My Favorite Year" (Stephen Flaherty, Lynn Ahrens), Dec. 28/Jan. 4 (JL).
"Needles and Opium" (Robert Lepage), Dec. 28/Jan. 4 (JL).
"Oleanna" (David Mamet), Nov. 16 (JL).
"On the Bum" (Joyce Reehling), Dec. 7 (EO).
"Perestroika" (Tony Kushner, Mark Taper Forum), Nov. 23 (JL).
"The Price" (Arthur Miller), June 22 (EO).
"Private Lives" (with Joan Collins), Mar. 2 (MK).
"The Real Inspector Hound" (Tom Stoppard), Aug. 31 (EO).
"Remembrance" (Graham Reid), Oct. 12 (EO).
"Richard III" (with Ian McKellen), June 22 (MK).
"Salomé" (Oscar Wilde; with Al Pacino), July 6 (MK).
"The Seagull" (dir. Marshall W. Mason), Dec. 21 (EO).
"Search and Destroy" (Howard Korder), Mar. 9 (EO).
"Shimada" (Jill Shearer), May 4 (EO).
"The Show-Off" (George Kelly), Nov. 16 (EO).
"Sight Unseen" (Donald Margulies), Feb. 3 (MK).
"The Sisters Rosensweig" (Wendy Wasserstein), Nov. 2 (EO).
"A Small Family Business" (Alan Ayckbourn), May 11 (EO).
"Solitary Confinement" (Rupert Holmes; with Stacey Keach), Nov. 23 (EO).
"Someone Who'll Watch Over Me" (Frank McGuinness), Dec. 7 (EO).
"Spic-O-Rama" (John Leguizamo), Nov. 9 (JL).
"Spike Heels" (Theresa Rebeck), June 22 (EO).
"A Streetcar Named Desire" (dir. Gregory Mosher; with Jessica Lange and Alec Baldwin), Apr. 27 (MK).
"The Substance of Fire" (Jon Robin Baitz), Mar. 9 (EO).
"'Tis Pity She's a Whore" (dir. JoAnne Akalaitis), Apr. 20 (MK).
"Two Shakespearean Actors" (Richard Nelson), Jan. 27 (MK).
"Two Trains Running" (August Wilson), Apr. 27 (MK).
"The Visit" (Friedrich Dürrenmatt), Feb. 3 (EO).
"Wilder, Wilder, Wilder: Three Plays by Thornton" Dec. 21 (EO).

TELEVISION

James Wolcott reviewed the following television programs:

"Designing Women" (Oct. 12).
"Evening Shade" (Oct. 12).
"Going to Extremes" (Oct. 5).
"The Jacksons: An American Dream" (Nov. 23).
"Law & Order" (Nov. 30).
"Middle Ages" (Oct. 5).
"Overkill: The Aileen Wuornos Story" (Nov. 30).
"Roseanne" (Oct. 26).
"Running Mates" (Oct. 5).
"Sinatra" (Nov. 9).
"Stalin" (Nov. 23).
"2000 Malibu Road" (Oct. 5).

MUSIC

Music was reviewed through July by Andrew Porter and thereafter by Paul Griffiths.

Jan. 13 John Corigliano's "The Ghosts of Versailles."
Jan. 20 "Parsifal" at La Scala.
Feb. 3 Mozart Masses; John Corigliano's First Symphony; John Adams' "El Dorado"; Handel's "Radamisto."
Feb. 10 92nd Street Y's Schubertiade; Juilliard's Focus!; the New York Virtuoso Singers.
Feb. 24 Boieldieu's "La Dame Blanche" at Carnegie Hall; the Hockney "Turandot" in Chicago.
Mar. 16 Aulis Sallinen's "Kullervo."
Mar. 30 Wagner's "Rienzi"; Scarlatti's "David"; Mozart's "Zaide"; Donizetti's "I Pazzi per Progetto."
Apr. 6 "Parsifal" at the Met; two Lully operas; "The Tales of Hoffmann" in Boston.
Apr. 27 "Elektra" at the Met; Rossini celebrations.
May 4 Stefan Wolpe; Simon Rattle and the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra; Britten's "Billy Budd" and "Death in Venice."
May 11 Varèse's "Equatorial"; the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, featuring Oliver Knussen's "Songs Without Voices"; Verdi's "I Due Foscari."
May 25 Met and Philadelphia Orchestras; Delius's "Fennimore and Gerda."
June 8 Harry Somers' opera of Thomas Mann's "Mario and the Magician" in Toronto.
June 22 Purcell; Vivaldi; Milhaud's "Matelot"; Frank Martin's "Le Vin Herbé"; Conrad Cummings' "Photo Op"; John Eaton's "Peer Gynt."
July 6 "Madama Butterfly," Britten's "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Judith Weir's "The Vanishing Bridegroom," and Rossini's "Il Turco in Italia" in St. Louis.
Aug. 3 Kirov Opera's "Boris Godunov," "The Queen of Spades," and "The Fiery Angel."
Aug. 17 Mostly Mozart Festival; Kurt Masur's Tchaikovsky; the start of the New York City Opera season; Murray Boren's "Emma."
Aug. 31 Hans-Jürgen von Bose's "The Sorrows of Young Werther" and Christopher Alden's staging of "The Beggar's Opera" at Santa Fe.
Sept. 14 Olivier Messiaen's "Saint François d'Assise" and Pierre Boulez's "Répons" at Salzburg.
Sept. 28 Tchaikovsky's "Yolanta" and "The Nutcracker" at Edinburgh.
Oct. 19 Kurt Masur; "Doktor Faust"; "The Tales of Hoffmann"; Elliott Carter.
Oct. 26 Philip Glass's "The Voyage."
Nov. 9 Robert Taub plays Milton Babbitt's "Preludes, Interludes, and Postlude."
Nov. 23 Olivier Messiaen's "Éclairs sur l'Au-Delà ..."
Dec. 7 Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande"

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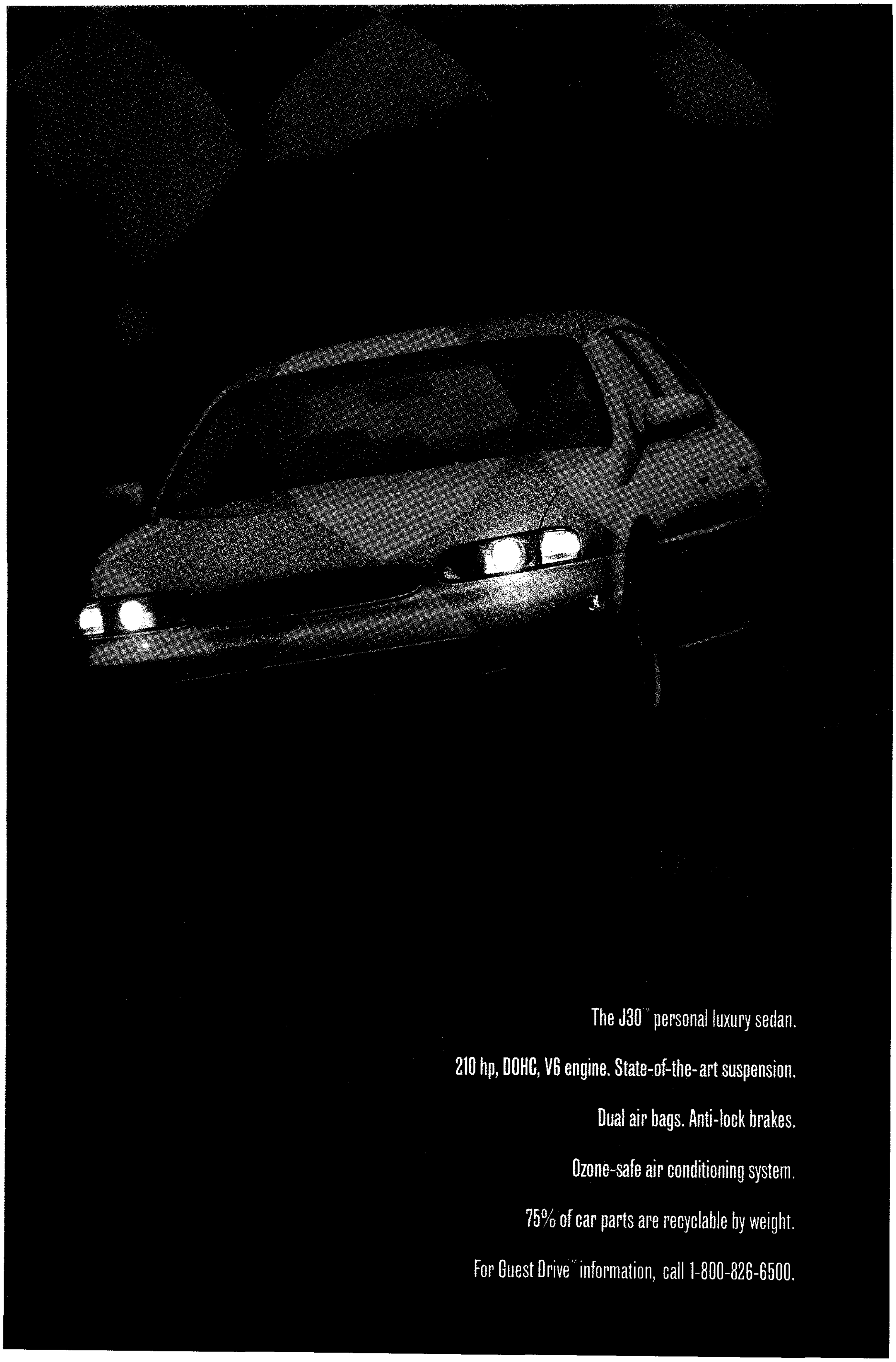

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Dec. 14 "Lucia di Lammermoor" at the Met; "Einstein on the Beach" at BAM.

DANCE

With the exception of the December 28/Jan. 4 review, which was by Arlene Croce, all the dance pieces this year were by Alastair Macaulay.

Feb. 17 Twyla Tharp.

Apr. 27 Merce Cunningham.

May 11 Mark Morris; White Oak Dance Project; Paul Taylor.

May 25 American Ballet Theatre: "Symphonic Variations" (Ashton), "Theme and Variations" (Balanchine).

June 22 New York City Ballet: Diamond Project.

July 6 Bournonville and the Royal Danish Ballet.

Aug. 24 Kirov Ballet; New York City Ballet.

Dec. 28/Jan. 4 "The Hard Nut" (Morris); "Silver Screen" (Anastos); "Jewels" (Miami City Ballet).

BOOKS

Ackroyd, Peter "English Music" (Klinkenborg), Nov. 23.

Amis, Martin "Time's Arrow" (Updike), May 25.

Ashbery, John "Flow Chart" (Vendler), Aug. 3.

Baker, Liva "The Justice from Beacon Hill" (Menand), Jan. 6.

Baker, Nicholson "Vox" (Garrison), Mar. 9.

Barker, Pat "Regeneration" (Pierpont), Aug. 10.

Beatty, Jack "The Rascal King" (Brookhiser), Nov. 9.

Brodsky, Joseph "Watermark" (Updike), July 13.

Buckley, William F., Jr. "In Search of Anti-Semitism" (Berman), Oct. 12.

Chang, Jung "Wild Swans: Three Daughters of China" (Bliven), Feb 10.

Crawford, Stanley "A Garlic Testament: Seasons on a Small New Mexico Farm" (Klinkenborg), Sept. 21.

Cummings, E. E. "Complete Poems, 1904-1962" (Leithauser), Feb. 3.

Fizdale, Robert, and Arthur Gold "The Divine Sarah" (Aloff), Mar. 23.

Gould, Glenn "Selected Letters" (Steiner), Nov. 23.

Gourse, Leslie "Unforgettable: The Life and Mystique of Nat King Cole" (Gopnik), Jan. 13.

Greene, Melissa Fay "Praying for Sheetrock" (Lardner), Apr. 13.

Greer, Germaine "The Change: Women, Aging and the Menopause" (Pollitt), Nov. 2.

Hollander, Paul "Anti-Americanism: Critiques at Home and Abroad, 1965-1990" (Bliven), June 8.

Kraft, Eric "Little Follies: The Personal History, Adventures, Experiences & Observations of Peter Leroy (so far)" (Shapiro), July 6.

Lubow, Arthur "The Reporter Who Would Be King" (Bliven), Sept. 14.

Macfarlane, David "Come from Away: Memory, War, and the Search for a Family's Past" (Klinkenborg), Feb. 17.

Macintyre, Ben "Forgotten Fatherland: The Search for Elisabeth Nietzsche" (Steiner), Oct. 19.

Manea, Norman "October, Eight O'Clock," "On Clowns: The Dictator and the Artist" (Updike), Nov. 16.

Medved, Michael "Hollywood vs. America: Popular Culture and the War on Traditional Values" (Menand), Oct. 5.

Miller, Edwin Haviland "Salem Is My Dwelling Place: A Life of Nathaniel Hawthorne" (Updike), Sept. 28.

Minot, Susan "Folly" (Garrison), Nov. 2.

Nabokov, Peter (editor) "Native American Testimony: A Chronicle of Indian-White Relations from Prophecy to the Present, 1492-1992" (Klinkenborg), June 1.

Nevin, Thomas "Simone Weil: Portrait of a Self-Exiled Jew" (Steiner), Mar. 2.

Nijinsky, Tamara "Nijinsky and Romola: Two Lives from Birth to Death Indissolubly Linked" (Acocella), May 18.

Ondaatje, Michael "The English Patient" (Balliett), Dec. 7.

Ostwald, Peter "Vaslav Nijinsky: A Leap Into Madness" (Acocella), May 18.

Paglia, Camille "Sex, Art, and American Culture" (Updike), Oct. 19.

Palgrave, Francis Turner "The Golden Treasury of the Best Songs and Lyrical Poems in the English Language" (Leithauser), June 15.

Phillips, Caryl "Cambridge" (Pierpont), Aug. 10.

Price, Richard "Clockers" (Balliett), Oct. 5.

Puig, Manuel "Tropical Night Falling" (Updike), May 25.

Rhodes James, Robert "Robert Boothby: A Portrait of Churchill's Ally" (Cannadine), June 22.

Rodgers, Marion Elizabeth (editor) "The Impossible H. L. Mencken: A Selection of His Best Newspaper Stories" (Updike), Feb. 24.

Silverman, Kenneth "Edgar A. Poe: Mournful and Never-Ending Remembrance" (Rose), Apr. 27.

Simic, Charles "Dime-Store Alchemy: The Art of Joseph Cornell" (Hirsch), Dec. 21.

Spiegelman, Art "Maus" (Mordden), Apr. 6.

Spoto, Donald "Laurence Olivier: A Biography" (Rose), June 29.

Stone, Robert "Outerbridge Reach" (Menand), May 4.

Taraborrelli, J. Randy "Michael Jackson: The Magic and the Madness" (Gopnik), Jan. 13.

Tharp, Twyla "Push Comes to Shove" (Acocella), Nov. 30.

Thomson, David "Showman: The Life of David O. Selznick" (Lardner), Dec. 7.

Vidal, Gore "Live from Golgotha," "Screening History" (Sheed), Oct. 26.

Vineberg, Steve "Method Actors: Three Generations of an American Acting Style" (Sragow), Jan. 20.

Vitoux, Frédéric "Céline: A Biography" (Steiner), Aug. 24.

Watson, Peter "From Manet to Manhattan: The Rise of the Modern Art Market" (Tomkins), Dec. 14.

Wilson, A. N. "Jesus" (Gopnik), Oct. 26.

Woodward, C. Vann "The Old World's New World" (Bliven), June 8.

Wright, Richard "Native Son" (Menand), July 20.

Yourcenar, Marguerite "That Mighty Sculptor, Time" (Updike), July 13.

SUBJECT INDEX

A complete subject index to the past year's issues—including every reference to every topic—would run several hundred pages. What follows is, of course, not that index; rather, it is an arbitrary and necessarily subjective inventory designed to help readers find pieces they may remember or have heard about. Material already cited in the Checklists of Reviews—cinema, theatre, television, music, dance, and books—is not, with the exception of some book reviews, covered in the listings that follow.

Abortion DEPT Olympic mascot (Hughes) Oct. 5; TALK Oct. 19; COM Apr. 27, July 13.

Abrams, Robert CITY (Logan) Oct. 5, Nov. 2.

Accordions TALK Sept. 21.

ACT UP TALK Nov. 9.

Adirondacks RFL Television (McKibben) Mar. 9.

Advertising RFL Television (McKibben) Mar. 9; FICT (Jones) July 13.

Africa COM Jan. 6; CRTC Schreiner (Pierpont) Jan. 27; PRS HST (Spark) Mar. 2; FICT (Hope) June 1; LTR

Sudan (Bonner) July 13; COM Sept. 28; REP Ebola virus (Preston) Oct. 26; ANL Ethiopia (Weaver) Dec. 28.

African-Americans PRF Jesse Jackson (Frady) Feb. 3, 10, 17; CITY (Logan) Mar. 2; BKS Richard Wright (Menand) July 20; In the Garden (Kincaid) Oct. 5; RFL Malcolm X (Frady) Oct. 12; In the South Bronx: Bronzes (Kramer) Dec. 21; LOC Crown Heights (Remnick) Dec. 21.

Ahearn, John In the South Bronx: Bronzes (Kramer) Dec. 21.

AIDS FICT (Carter) July 27; TALK Oct. 5; REP Ebola virus (Preston) Oct. 26; TALK Nov. 9; Between the Acts: Nureyev (Jennings) Dec. 28.

Airbrushes TALK Feb. 3.

Al-Bashir, Omar Hassam Ahmad LTR Sudan (Bonner) July 13.

Al-Khalil, Samir PRF Kanan Makiya (Weschler) Jan. 6.

Alaska TALK July 6.

Alberts, Al TALK June 29.

Allen, Henry (Red) JAZZ (Balliett) Mar. 2.

Almodóvar, Pedro TALK Oct. 5.

Alterman, Eric DEPT Punditry (Kinsley) Oct. 26.

Amazonia PRF Schultes (Kahn) June 1.

American Petroleum Institute TALK Nov. 23.

Amnesia FICT (Jones) July 13.

Anderson, Alexander LTR Berlin (Kramer) May 25.

Ann-Margret TALK Feb. 3.

Annaud, Jean-Jacques TALK Nov. 2.

Anti-Americanism BKS Hollander (Bliven) June 8.

Anti-Semitism BKS Nevin (Steiner) Mar. 2; BKS Buckley (Berman) Oct. 12.

Antidepressant treatment POEM (Rose) Feb. 17.

Antigua COM Feb. 24; In the Garden (Kincaid) Oct. 5.

Antiques COM July 6.

Antiquities ANL Antiquities trade (Hofstadter) July 13 and 20.

Archeology FICT (Klíma) Aug. 24.

Architecture PRF Makiyas (Weschler) Jan. 6; TALK Oct. 12. *Also see* Fact List/Brendan Gill.

Armani, Giorgio FASH (Brubach) Feb. 3.

Ars Femina TALK Sept. 21.

Arson FICT (Murakami) Nov. 2.

Art auctions TALK Nov. 30.

Art market BKS Watson (Tomkins) Dec. 14.

Ashbery, John BKS (Vendler) Aug. 3.

Ashrawi, Hanan REP Israel (Viorst) Sept. 7.

Asia REP Singapore (Sesser) Jan. 13; REP Mongolia (Shapiro) Jan. 20; RPT Turkestan (Wright) Apr. 6; LTR Japan (Smith) Apr. 13; RPT Cambodia (Sesser) May 18.

Astor Row, Harlem SKY (Gill) Nov. 2.

Astronomers TALK Dec. 21.

Atlanta Braves SPRT World Series (Angell) Dec. 7.

Atlanta Olympics (1996) DEPT Olympic mascot (Hughes) Oct. 5.

Atwater, Lee TALK Oct. 19.

Auden, W. H. POEM (James) PHOTO (Avedon) Nov. 2.

Audience (art) ARTW (Gopnik) Oct. 5.

Audubon Society, National SKY (Gill) Oct. 12.

Auschwitz BKS Spiegelman (Mordden) Apr. 6.

Australia FICT (Johnson) Sept. 27.

Bagneris, Vernel JAZZ (Balliett) Oct. 26.

Bainbridge, John TALK Nov. 30.

Baker, James LTR Washington (Drew) Oct. 19; DPL Baker/Bush (Newhouse) Oct. 26.

Balaguer, Joaquín RFL Columbus (Reid) Feb. 24.

Ballet RFL Kirov (Kendall) June 8; Between the Acts: Nureyev (Jennings) Dec. 28. *Also see* Checklist of Reviews/Dance.

Ballet (paintings) TALK Apr. 6.

Barcelona TALK Aug. 17; FAR Catalonia (Finnegan) Sept. 28.

Baryshnikov, Mikhail TALK Mar. 2.

Baseball TALK Jan. 27; PRS HST (Angell) Feb. 24; POEM (Kleinzahler) May 18; TALK Aug. 24; SH&M Fay Vincent (Angell) Oct. 5; ART (Merkin) Oct. 5; SPRT World Series (Angell) Dec. 7.

Baseball (minor league) SPRT (Angell) Aug. 17.

Basketball POEM (Kleinzahler) Mar. 9; TALK Nov. 23.

Basquiat, Jean-Michel ARTW (Gopnik) Nov. 9.

Bass, Mercedes and Sid TALK (Buckley) Oct. 19.

"Batman Returns" (film) CITY (Logan) July 20.

Baum, L. Frank CRTC Oz (Rushdie) May 11.

The Beatles TALK June 15.

Beckett, Samuel TALK Nov. 9.

Beckley, Naomi TALK Feb. 17.

Beer TALK Nov. 23.

Beethoven, Ludwig van POEM (Hughes) Nov. 30.

Beetles REP Insects (Ackerman) Aug. 17.

Benedetti recordings of Charlie Parker JAZZ (Balliett) Jan. 6.

Benfaremo, Peter TALK July 20.

Benson, Michael TALK Apr. 27.

Bernhardt, Sarah BKS Fizdale and Gold (Aloff) Mar. 23.

Biaggi, Mario CITY (Logan) Aug. 31, Oct. 5.

Bicycles TALK June 1.

Biegen, Arnold CITY (Logan) Mar. 2.

Biermann, Wolf LTR Berlin (Kramer) May 25.

Big Apple Circus ART (Burke) Dec. 28.

Blackburne, Laura CITY (Logan) Mar. 2.

Blacks *see* African-Americans; Race relations.

Black-Jewish relations PRF Jackson (Frady) Feb. 17. *Also see* Crown Heights.

Blacksmiths TALK May 11.

Bolivia LTR (Guillermoprieto) Mar. 16.

Bomb-disposal technology FICT (Ondaatje) Aug. 10.

Bonaparte, Marie (Princess of Greece) PRS HST (Spark) Mar. 2.

Books, coffee-table FICT (McCall) Dec. 28.

Boothby, Robert BKS Rhodes James (Cannadine) June 22.

Borrow, Sharon ANL Sleep (Alvarez) Feb. 10.

Bosnia COM June 15; DPL Yugoslavia (Newhouse) Aug. 24; ANL Sarajevo (Husarska) Oct. 5; LTR Bosnia (Rieff) Nov. 23. *Also see* Yugoslavia.

Boston BKS Beatty (Brookhiser) Nov. 9.

Botany PRF Schultes (Kahn) June 1.

Bouillabaisse POEM (Van Duyn) Dec. 21.

Boxing FICT (Jones) Oct. 12.

Brain damage FICT (Woiwode) May 11.

Brazil BKS Puig (Updike) May 25; POEM (Updike) Oct. 12.

Breast cancer COM Jan. 20.

Breeders (rock band) POP (Wurtzel) June 29.

Bridges TALK Apr. 27.

Britain POEM (Mazzocco) Apr. 27; BKS Rhodes James (Cannadine) June 22; LTR Hong Kong (Shapiro) June 29; FICT (Ondaatje) Aug. 10; DEPT Major (Mortimer) Nov. 2; SH&M Gormless (Trillin) Nov. 23; LTR Washington (Blumenthal) Dec. 7; Cultural Pursuits: Trevor (Schiff) Dec. 28. *Also see* Fact List/Julian Barnes.

British Royal Family LTR London (Barnes) July 20, Dec. 28; TALK Nov. 30, Dec. 7, Dec. 21.

Broadway, 700, New York City SKY Audubon (Gill) Oct. 12.

Brodsky, Joseph BKS (Updike) July 13.

Bronx, South Bronzes (Kramer) Dec. 21.

Brooklyn (walking) COM Mar. 23.

Brown, Jerry LTR Washington (Drew) Feb. 17, Mar. 30, Apr. 20.

Buchanan, J.R. ANL Murder (Wilkinson) June 15.

Buchanan, Patrick LTR Washington (Drew) Feb. 17, Mar. 9, Sept. 7.

Buckley, William F., Jr. TALK Nov. 16.

Buckner, Bill TALK Aug. 24.

Budapest FICT (Konrád) Mar. 9.

Bulgaria SH&M (Barnes) Oct. 26.

Bull riding REP (Sterns) Sept. 14.

Burger, Warren REP Nixon tapes (Hersh) Dec. 14.

Burns, Ric TALK Sept. 28.

Burns, Robert TALK Feb. 10.

Bush, Dorothy Walker TALK Dec. 7.

Bush, George (President) COM Mar. 2, Mar. 30, Sept. 7, Oct. 5, Nov. 2, Nov. 16,

Dec. 14; LTR Washington (Drew) Feb. 17, Mar. 9, Mar. 30, May 18, June 1, June 15, July 6, Aug. 3, Sept. 7, Sept. 28, Oct. 19, Nov. 2, Nov. 16; (Blumenthal) Dec. 7, Dec. 28; RFL “Disorders of Peace” (Barnet) Jan. 20; FICT (Geng) Feb. 17; (Liebmann-Smith) Mar. 9; LTR Panama (Guillermoprieto) Aug. 17; DPL Baker/Bush (Newhouse) Oct. 26; Couch Reporter (Brodkey) Oct. 26; ANL Iran-Contra/Iraqgate (Waas & Unger) Nov. 2; DEPT Major (Mortimer) Nov. 2; TALK Aug. 10, Oct. 5, Nov. 16, Dec. 7; SH&M Election (Buckley) Oct. 12.

Cabaret PRF Monk (Balliett) Apr. 6; PS Syms (Balliett) Oct. 19; Tables for Two: Marcovicci (Balliett) Dec. 21.

California ANL Geology (McPhee) Sept. 7, 14, 21.

California (farmers) PRF Chino family farm (Singer) Nov. 30.

California (surfing) SPRT Surfing (Finnegan) Aug. 24 and 31.

Calumet Farm TALK Apr. 13.

Cambodia RPT (Sesser) May 18.

Cambridge University FICT (Goodman) Jan. 13.

Campbell, Ben Nighthorse (Senator) TALK Nov. 23.

Canada BKS Macfarlane (Klinkenborg) Feb. 17; Neurologist’s Notebook: Tourettic surgeon(Sacks) Mar. 16; FICT (Munro) Apr. 27; POEM (Strand) May 4.

Canada (health care) COM Apr. 20.

Canal Surplus (store) TALK Aug. 17.

Cape Cod FICT (Hecht) Dec. 21.

Capital punishment COM Nov. 30.

Capitalism REP Poland (Weschler) May 11.

Capp, Al REP Nixon tapes (Hersh) Dec. 14.

Capri POEM (Milosz) Nov. 30.

Caribbean RFL Columbus (Reid) Feb. 24; In the Garden (Kincaid) Oct. 5; ONW Walcott (Anderson) Dec. 21.

Carnegie Deli TALK Dec. 14.

Carson, Johnny COM June 1.

Carville, James From the Campaign Trail (Wills) Oct. 12; TALK Nov. 16.

Casey, Robert TALK Oct. 19.

Cascade Mountains POEM (Fraser) July 6.

Casey, William ANL Iran Contra/Iraqgate (Waas & Unger) Nov. 2.

Castro, Fidel REP Cuba (Newhouse) Apr. 27.

Catalonia FAR (Finnegan) Sept. 28.

Ceauşescu, Nicolae BKS Manea (Updike) Nov. 16.

Céline, Louis-Ferdinand BKS Vitoux (Steiner) Aug. 24.

Chambers, Whittaker PRS HST Alger Hiss (T. Hiss) Nov. 16.

Chancellor of the Exchequer (Lamont) LTR London (Barnes) Dec. 28.

Charles, Prince of Wales LTR London (Barnes) July 20; TALK Dec. 21.

Chasen, Barbara TALK Jan. 27.

Chekhov, Anton FICT (Buzzi) Sept. 14.

Chen I. Chung ANL Chinese gangs (Dannen) Nov. 16.

Chernobyl RPT Ukraine (Cullen) Jan. 27.

Chess TALK Feb. 24.

Chester, Alfred RFL (Ozick) Mar. 30.

Chez Panisse (restaurant, Berkeley) PRF Chino family farm (Singer) Nov. 30.

Child abuse ANL Wild child (Rymer) Apr. 13 and 20.

Children’s books TALK Nov. 2; Christmas List (Zarin) Nov. 23.

Children’s Museum TALK Apr. 20.

Chili peppers ANL (Sterns) May 25.

China REP Mongolia (Shapiro) Jan. 20; LTR Hong Kong (Shapiro) June 29.

Chinese cresteds (dogs) TALK Mar. 2.

Chinese gangs ANL (Dannen) Nov. 16.

Chino family (vegetable farmers) PRF (Singer) Nov. 30.

Chippindale, Suzy TALK Dec. 21.

Christie, Bill TALK Jan. 13.

Christie’s TALK Mar. 23.

Christmas ART (Skalisky) Dec. 14; ART (Cline) Dec. 14; FICT (Hecht) Dec. 21; SH&M (Updike) Dec. 21; POEM (Angell) Dec. 28; COM Dec. 28.

Christmas Lists Children’s books (Zarin) Nov. 23; Gifts for men and women, children’s clothes Nov. 30; Toys (Logan) Dec. 7; Food Dec. 14; House Dec. 14.

Chudnovsky, David and Gregory PRF (Preston) Mar. 2.

Chumley’s TALK Nov. 23.

Churchill, Winston BKS Rhodes James (Cannadine) June 22.

Cinema BKS Vineberg (Sragow) Jan. 20; Medved (Menand) Oct. 5; Vidal (Sheed) Oct. 26; Thomson (Lardner) Dec. 7; Schwartz (James) Dec. 28. *Also see* Checklist of Reviews/Cinema.

Circus ART (Burke) Dec. 28; FAR Travelling circus (Owen) Apr. 20.

City College of New York (gym disaster) CITY (Logan) Jan. 27.

City Hall TALK Apr. 6.

Civil-rights movement PRF Jesse Jackson (Frady) Feb. 3, 10, 17; BKS Greene (Lardner) Apr. 13; RFL Malcolm X (Frady) Oct. 12.

Civil War (U.S.) TALK May 18; POEM (Kenyon) July 13.

Clark, Doug TALK Feb. 10.

Clementines TALK Dec. 28.

Clinton, Bill (Governor) COM Feb. 10, June 22, Nov. 9, Nov. 16, Nov. 23, Dec. 14; LTR Washington (Drew) Feb. 17, Mar. 9, Mar. 30, Apr. 20, May 18, June 1, June 15, July 6, Aug. 3, Sept. 7, Sept. 28, Oct. 19, Nov. 2, Nov. 16; (Blumenthal) Dec. 7; CITY (Logan) May 11, Aug. 31; From the Campaign Trail: Carville (Wills) Oct. 12; Couch Reporter (Brodkey) Oct. 26; TALK Aug. 24, Oct. 19, Nov. 16, Dec. 14, Dec. 28; SH&M (Buckley) Oct. 12; (Hamburger) Nov. 30.

Clinton, Bill and Hillary TALK Dec. 14.

Clinton, Roger TALK Dec. 14.

Clooney, Rosemary PRF (Balliett) Aug. 3.

Close, Chuck ARTW (Gopnik) Feb. 24.

Cocaine LTR Bolivia (Guillermoprieto) Mar. 16; ANL Chinese gangs (Dannen) Nov. 16.

Cocteau, Jean (Robert Lepage as) PHOTO (Avedon) Dec. 28.

Cohn, Roy ONW Kushner (Lubow) Nov. 30.

Cold War RFL Disorders of peace (Barnet) Jan. 20; COM Nov. 2.

Cole, Nat King BKS Gourse (Gopnik) Jan. 13.

Coleman, Tom (Congressman) TALK June 1.

Colonialism RFL Columbus (Reid) Feb. 24; In the Garden (Kincaid) Oct. 5.

Colson, Charles REP Nixon tapes (Hersh) Dec. 14.

Columbus, Christopher RFL (Reid) Feb. 24; ART (Kelley) Oct. 19.

Communism, fall of RFL “Disorders of Peace” (Barnet) Jan. 20; RPT Ukraine (Cullen) Jan. 27; LTR Moscow (Remnick) Mar. 23; REP Poland (Weschler) May 11; LTR Berlin (Kramer) May 25; REP Czechoslovakia (Weschler) Oct. 19; AMPL Czechoslovakia (Weschler) Nov. 2; RPT Moscow (Remnick) Nov. 30; ANL Ethiopia (Weaver) Dec. 28.

Computers PRF Chudnovskys (Preston) Mar. 2.

Concentration camps BKS Spiegelman (Mordden) Apr. 6; RPT Dachau (Ryback) Aug. 3.

Congressional scandals LTR Washington (Drew) July 6.

Conservative Party (Britain) LTR London (Barnes) May 4; LTR Washington (Blumenthal) Dec. 7.

Constitution (U.S.) COM Feb. 24, Aug. 17.

Cooke, Alistair TALK Oct. 12.

Cornell, Joseph BKS Simic (Hirsch) Dec. 21.

Cosmology TALK Aug. 3.

Cowboy Junkies (rock band) POP (Wurtzel) Apr. 13.

Crane, Hart POEM (Levine) Oct. 19.

Craxi, Bettino LTR Milan (Kramer) Sept. 21.

Crime ANL Murder (Wilkinson) June 8 and 15; ANL Antiquities trade (Hofstadter) July 13 and 20; LTR Milan (Kramer) Sept. 21; ANL Chinese gangs (Dannen) Nov. 16; ANL Wachtler (Franks) Dec. 21.

Croatia DPL Yugoslavia (Newhouse) Aug. 24. *Also see* Yugoslavia.

Crown Heights, Brooklyn CITY (Logan) Mar. 2; LOC Crown Heights (Remnick) Dec. 21; CITY (Logan)

Dec. 28.

"The Crying Game" (film) TALK Dec. 7.

Cuba REP (Newhouse) Apr. 27.

Cuban missile crisis (1962) REP Cuba (Newhouse) Apr. 27.

Cummings, E. E. BKS (Leithauser) Feb. 3.

Cuomo, Mario (Governor) CITY (Logan) Jan. 27. *Also see* Fact List/ Andy Logan.

Curley, James Michael BKS Beatty (Brookhiser) Nov. 9.

Customs Service, U.S. TALK Sept. 21.

Cycles, political RFL (Schlesinger) Nov. 16.

Cyprus ANL Antiquities trade (Hofstadter) July 13 and 20.

Czechoslovakia FICT (Klíma) Aug. 24; REP (Weschler) Oct. 19; AMPL (Weschler) Nov. 2; COM Dec. 7.

D'Amato, Alfonse (Senator) CITY (Logan) Nov. 2. *Also see* Elections (New York senatorial).

Dachau, Germany RPT (Ryback) Aug. 3.

Dallas, Texas LTR (Wright) Oct. 26.

Dance TALK Mar. 2. *Also see* Ballet, and Checklist of Reviews/Dance.

Daniels, Randy CITY (Logan) Nov. 2.

Dante POEM (Schnackenberg) June 15.

David, Hugh TALK Oct. 26.

David, Jacques-Louis POEM (Howard) Aug. 3.

Davis, Richard Harding BKS Lubow (Bliven) Sept. 14.

Day-Lewis, Daniel ONW (Buck) Oct. 12; SH&M (Updike) Nov. 2.

Death penalty COM Nov. 30.

Deaths (John Bainbridge) TALK Nov. 30; **(Dorothy Walker Bush)** TALK Dec. 7; **(Marlene Dietrich)** COM June 8; **(Alexander Dubcek)** COM Dec. 7; **(Paul Freund)** COM Feb. 24; **(William Shawn)** COM Dec. 21, MEM Dec. 28; **(Sylvia Syms)** PS (Balliett) Oct. 19; **(Ted Weiss)** CITY (Logan) Oct. 5.

Debates, Presidential LTR Washington (Drew) Oct. 19, Nov. 2; Couch Reporter (Brodkey) Oct. 26.

Decommunization RPT Ukraine (Cullen) Jan. 27; LTR Moscow (Remnick) Mar. 23; REP Poland (Weschler) May 11; LTR Berlin (Kramer) May 25; REP Czechoslovakia (Weschler) Oct. 19; AMPL Czechoslovakia (Weschler) Nov. 2; RPT Moscow (Remnick) Nov. 30; ANL Ethiopia (Weaver) Dec. 28.

Delson, Jamie TALK May 4.

Democratic National Convention, New York City CITY (Logan) Apr. 6, July 20; TALK July 27; COM July 27; LTR Washington (Drew) Aug. 3.

Dermatology TALK June 29.

Desegregation COM Apr. 6.

Despont, Thierry TALK Oct. 12.

Dewey, Thomas E. TALK Oct. 5.

Di Pietro, Antonio LTR Milan (Kramer) Sept. 21.

Dia Center for the Arts ARTW Marden (Gopnik) July 20.

Diamond, Neil TALK Sept. 14.

Diana, Princess of Wales LTR London (Barnes) July 20; TALK Dec. 21.

Dietrich, Marlene COM June 8.

Dinkins, David (Mayor) CITY (Logan) Jan. 27, Mar. 2, Apr. 6, May 11, June 8, July 20, Aug. 31, Oct. 5, Nov. 2, Dec. 28; TALK Dec. 21.

Dinosaurs TALK May 11.

Diplomacy RFL Disorders of peace (Barnet) Jan. 20; DPL Rio summit (Newhouse) June 1; DPL Yugoslavia (Newhouse) Aug. 24; DPL Baker/Bush (Newhouse) Oct. 26; The Diplomatic Life: Strauss (Brenner) Dec. 28.

Diseases REP Ebola virus (Preston) Oct. 26.

Dog shows TALK Mar. 2.

Dogs TALK Mar. 2, Mar. 16, June 29, Sept. 21.

Dogs (obedience school) TALK Mar. 16, June 29.

Dolls POEM (Boland) Oct. 26.

Dominican Republic RFL Columbus (Reid) Feb. 24.

"The Donner Party" (TV show) TALK Sept. 28.

Donner Pass, California ANL Geology (McPhee) Sept. 7.

Drasner, Fred TALK Oct. 5.

Dreyfus, Alfred AMPL Czechoslovakia (Weschler) Nov. 2.

Drowning FICT (O'Brien) Mar. 16.

Drug dealers REP Quayle/Kimberlin (Singer) Oct. 5; BKS Price (Balliett) Oct. 5.

Drugs, medicinal PRF Schultes (Kahn) June 1.

Drugs, illegal COM Apr. 13; FICT (Carter) July 27.

Dubcek, Alexander COM Dec. 7.

Dylan, Bob ART (Stamaty) Nov. 2.

Earth Summit (Rio) COM May 4; DPL Rio summit (Newhouse) June 1; COM June 29.

Earthquakes ANL Geology (McPhee) Sept. 21.

Eastern Europe FICT (Konrád) Mar. 9; REP Poland (Weschler) May 11; LTR Berlin (Kramer) May 25; RFL Empire (Pfaff) Aug. 10; FICT (Klíma) Aug. 24; DPL Yugoslavia (Newhouse) Aug. 24; REP Czechoslovakia (Weschler) Oct. 19; AMPL Czechoslovakia (Weschler) Nov. 2; BKS Manea, Norman (Updike) Nov. 16.

Ebola Reston Virus REP (Preston) Oct. 26.

Eclipses (lunar) TALK Dec. 21.

Economy (Poland) REP (Weschler) May 11.

Economy (U.S.) COM Feb. 3, May 11, May 18, Sept. 14, Dec. 14; FASH (Brubach) Feb. 3. *Also see* Fact List/Elizabeth Drew.

Ehrlichman, John REP Nixon tapes (Hersh) Dec. 14.

Einstein, Albert Convergences: Magritte (Weschler) Nov. 16.

Eisner, Thomas REP Insects (Ackerman) Aug. 17.

El Salvador COM Jan. 27.

Elections (British parliamentary, 1992) LTR London (Barnes) Jan. 6, May 4; DEPT Major (Mortimer) Nov. 2.

Elections (Iran, 1992) REP Iran (Wright) June 22.

Elections (New York City mayoral, 1993) CITY (Logan) Nov. 2, Dec. 28; TALK Dec. 14.

Elections (New York senatorial, 1992) CITY (Logan) Apr. 6, Oct. 5, Nov. 2.

Elections (New York State primary, 1992) CITY (Logan) Apr. 6.

Elections (U.S. Presidential primaries, 1992) LTR Washington (Drew) Feb. 17, Mar. 9, Mar. 30, Apr. 20; COM Mar. 2, Mar. 23.

Elections (U.S. Presidential, 1972) REP Nixon tapes (Hersh) Dec. 14.

Elections (U.S. Presidential, 1988) PRF Jesse Jackson (Frady) Feb. 3; REP Quayle/Kimberlin (Singer) Oct. 5.

Elections (U.S. Presidential, 1992) COM Feb. 10, Feb. 17, June 22, July 27, Sept. 7, Sept. 21, Oct. 5, Oct. 19, Oct. 26, Nov. 2, Nov. 9, Nov. 16, Dec. 14; LTR Washington (Drew) May 18, June 15, July 6, Aug. 3, Sept. 7, Sept. 28, Oct. 19, Nov. 2, Nov. 16; (Blumenthal) Dec. 7, Dec. 28; CITY (Logan) Jan. 27, Aug. 31, Oct. 5; ART (Crawford/Menand) July 6, (Chast) Oct. 26, (Feiffer) Nov. 2, (Sorel) Nov. 9; PRF Jesse Jackson (Frady) Feb. 17; From the Campaign Trail: Carville (Wills) Oct. 12; LTR Dallas (Wright) Oct. 26; Couch Reporter (Brodkey) Oct. 26; DEPT Major (Mortimer) Nov. 2; RFL Cycles (Schlesinger) Nov. 16; TALK Aug. 24, Oct. 5, Oct. 12, Oct. 19, Nov. 9, Nov. 16, Nov. 23, Nov. 30; SH&M (Buckley) Oct. 12, (Angell) Nov. 9, (Hamburger) Nov. 30.

Electromagnetic fields ANL Radiation (Brodeur) Dec. 7.

"Elizabeth R: A Year in the Life of the Queen" (documentary) TALK Nov. 30.

Elizabeth II TALK Nov. 30, Dec. 7; LTR London (Barnes) Dec. 28.

Empires RFL Empire (Pfaff) Aug. 10.

Endara, Guillermo LTR Panama (Guillermoprieto) Aug. 17.

England *see* Britain.

English language SH&M Gormless (Trillin) Nov. 23.

Environmental issues COM May 4; PRF Schultes (Kahn) June 1; DPL Rio summit (Newhouse) June 1; COM June 29; LTR Washington (Drew) July 6; TALK Aug. 10; REP Insects (Ackerman) Aug. 17; SKY Riverside South (Gill) Aug. 31; Ecologist at Large (Hiss) Oct. 26; COM Dec. 28.

Estonia TALK Aug. 3.
Ethiopia ANL (Weaver) Dec. 28.
Ethnobotany PRF Schultes (Kahn) June 1.
Europe (view of U.S.) BKS Woodward (Bliven) June 8.
European Community (E.C.) LTR London (Barnes) Jan. 6; DPL Yugoslavia (Newhouse) Aug. 24.
Exterminators TALK Sept. 28.
F.B.I. *see* Federal Bureau of Investigation.
Fabrics (synthetic) TALK June 22.
Falkenburg, Jinx COM Jan. 20.
Fallaci, Oriana TALK Dec. 28.
Famine COM Sept. 28.
Farmers (Chino family) PRF (Singer) Nov. 30.
Farming BKS Crawford (Klinkenborg) Sept. 21.
Fashion *see* Fact List/Holly Brubach.
"Feed" (documentary) TALK Oct. 12.
Federal Bureau of Investigation FICT (Geng) Aug. 10; ANL Wachtler (Franks) Dec. 21.
Feminism *see* Women's issues.
Fernández, Max LTR Bolivia (Guillermoprieto) Mar. 16.
Ferraro, Geraldine CITY (Logan) Oct. 5. *Also see* Elections (New York senatorial).
Finkel, Fyvush TALK Jan. 6.
Firemen POEM (Garrison) July 20.
Fireworks POEM (Matthews) July 6.
Fisk, Eliot PRF (Fraser) Mar. 30.
Fitzgerald, Bob ANL Antiquities trade (Hofstadter) July 13 and 20.
Flipping TALK June 1.
Flood POEM (Bierds) Dec. 7.
Florida TALK Sept. 7; LTR Hurricane (LeMoyne) Oct. 5.
Flower shows TALK Mar. 30.
Flowers POEMS (Glück) Feb. 24, Mar. 30.
Flowers, Gennifer COM Feb. 10; LTR Washington (Drew) Feb. 17.
Football SH&M (Stevenson) Dec. 14.
Foreign Policy *see* Diplomacy.
Fortune-tellers TALK Dec. 21.
Fourteenth Street ART (Gosfield/Macklin) Nov. 23.
French restaurants SH&M (Gopnik) Oct. 19.
Fresno, California ANL Radiation (Brodeur) Dec. 7.
Freund, Paul COM Feb. 24.
Fricke, John TALK Apr. 27.
Fried, Charles TALK Dec. 14.
Gabriel, Juan RPT Mexico (Guillermoprieto) Nov. 9.
Gahl, Nancy and Tom ANL Murder (Wilkinson) June 8 and 15.
Ganias, Eli TALK Jan. 27.
García Lorca, Federico POEM (Levine) Oct. 19.
Gardening In the Garden (Kincaid) Oct. 5.
Gardens, community Ecologist at Large (Hiss) Oct. 26.
Garland, Judy TALK Apr. 27; CRTC Oz (Rushdie) May 11.
Garlic BKS Crawford (Klinkenborg) Sept. 21.
Garrison, Jim PS (Epstein) Nov. 30.
Gelatt, Dorothy COM July 6.
"Genie" (California wild child) ANL (Rymer) Apr. 13 and 20.
Genocide REP Kurdistan (Bonner) Sept. 28; LTR Bosnia (Rieff) Nov. 23.
Genscher, Hans-Dietrich DPL Yugoslavia (Newhouse) Aug. 24.
Geology ANL (McPhee) Sept. 7, 14, 21.
Germany LTR Berlin (Kramer) May 25; RPT Dachau (Ryback) Aug. 3; DPL Yugoslavia (Newhouse) Aug. 24; COM Aug. 31; POST Grass (Buruma) Oct. 19; ART Rostok (Spiegelman) Dec. 7.
Gettysburg POEM (Kenyon) July 13.
Girl bands (rock music) POP (Wurtzel) June 29.
Girl Scouts TALK Aug. 10.
Giuliani, Rudolph TALK Dec. 14; CITY (Logan) Dec. 28. *Also see* Elections (New York City mayoral, 1993).
Gold mining ANL Geology (McPhee) Sept. 7.
Goldberg, Peg ANL Antiquities trade (Hofstadter) July 13 and 20.
Golf equipment TALK Mar. 9.
Gomorrah POEM (Holbo) Jan. 27.
"Gone with the Wind" (book) CRTC Mitchell (Pierpont) Aug. 31.
González, Felipe COM Nov. 9.
Goode, Richard PRF (Blum) June 29.
Goodyear (family) BKS Macfarlane (Klinkenborg) Feb. 17.
Gorbachev, Mikhail COM Jan. 13, Nov. 2; LTR Moscow (Remnick) Mar. 23; RPT Moscow (Remnick) Nov. 30.
Gore, Albert (Senator) LTR Washington (Drew) Aug. 3.
Gorey, Edward ONW (Schiff), PHOTO (Avedon) Nov. 9.
"Gormless" (definition of) SH&M (Trillin) Nov. 23.
Gotti, John CITY (Logan) Apr. 6; FICT (Geng) Aug. 10.
Gould, Glenn BKS (Steiner) Nov. 23.
Gould, Wilbur James TALK Oct. 19.
Graffiti artists ARTW Basquiat (Gopnik) Nov. 9.
Grass, Günter POST (Buruma) Oct. 19.
Great Barrier Reef FICT (Johnson) Sept. 27.
Great Britain *see* Britain.
Green Dragons (Chinese gang) ANL (Dannen) Nov. 16.
Greenville, South Carolina PRF Jesse Jackson (Frady) Feb. 10.
Guggenheim Museum SKY (Gill) July 27; ARTW Audience (Gopnik) Oct. 5.
Guitarists (classical) PRF Fisk (Fraser) Mar. 30.
Gun control COM July 20.
Guns (marksmanship) TALK Aug. 10.
Guondong, China LTR Hong Kong (Shapiro) June 29.
Gypsies ART (Spiegelman) Dec. 7.
Haggis TALK Feb. 10.
Haircuts SH&M (Updike) Nov. 2.
Haiti CITY (Logan) Mar. 2; COM Mar. 9.
Haldeman, H. R. REP Nixon tapes (Hersh) Dec. 14.
Haley, Alex TALK Oct. 26.
Hampstead (British parliamentary election, 1992) LTR London (Barnes) May 4.
Hamptons FICT (Hecht) Dec. 21.
Hamptons (transportation to) FICT (Hecht) July 20.
Handbags TALK May 25.
Hapsburg Empire RFL Empire (Pfaff) Aug. 10.
Harkin, Tom (Senator) LTR Washington (Drew) Feb. 17.
Harlem SKY Astor Row (Gill) Nov. 2.
Harper's TALK Oct. 19.
Harpsichords TALK Jan. 13.
Hawthorne, Nathaniel BKS Miller (Updike) Sept. 28.
Health-care financing (Canada) COM Apr. 20.
Health insurance FICT (Frazier) Feb. 24.
Hell Gate Bridge (New York City) TALK Apr. 27.
Hewitt, Don REP Quayle/Kimberlin (Singer) Oct. 5; TALK Dec. 28.
Hispaniola RFL Columbus (Reid) Feb. 24.
Hiss, Alger PRS HST (T. Hiss), PHOTO (Avedon) Nov. 16.
Hitler, Adolf COM Aug. 31.
Hockenberry, John TALK Nov. 23.
Hockey, ice PRF Richter (Wilkinson) Nov. 23.
Hollywood BKS Vineberg (Sragow) Jan. 2, Medved (Menand) Oct. 5, Vidal (Sheed) Oct. 26, Thomson (Lardner) Dec. 7; FICT (Amis) June 29. *Also see* Checklist of Reviews/Cinema.
Holmes, Oliver Wendell BKS Baker (Menand) Jan. 6.
Holocaust BKS Spiegelman (Mordden) Apr. 6.
Homelessness COM Feb. 3, Sept. 14.
Homesteading FICT (Munro) Apr. 27.
Homosexual issues RFL Chester (Ozick) Mar. 30; TALK Aug. 31, Nov. 9; COM Oct. 26; POST Oregon (Sullivan) Nov. 9; ONW Kushner (Lubow) Nov. 30; BKS Schwartz (James) Dec. 28.
Hong Kong LTR (Shapiro) June 29.
Hopkins, Anthony TALK Mar. 16.
Horseback riding FICT (Woiwode) May 11.
Horses TALK Apr. 13.
Houbara bustard (bird) FAR Sheikhs (Weaver) Dec. 14.
Houston, Charles Hamilton COM Apr. 6.
Hunger COM Sept. 14.
Hunting (birds) FAR Sheikhs (Weaver) Dec. 14.
Hurricane Andrew TALK Sept. 7; LTR Hurricane (LeMoyne) Oct. 5.
Hussein, Saddam PRF Makiyas (Weschler) Jan. 6; PRF Jesse Jackson

(Frady) Feb. 17; COM May 25; REP Kurdistan (Bonner) Sept. 28; ANL Iran-Contra/Iraqgate (Waas & Unger) Nov. 2.
Ice Hockey PRF Richter (Wilkinson) Nov. 23.
Ice-T (rap musician) POP (Wurtzel) Sept. 28.
Iced tea TALK June 22.
Immigration policy TALK Sept. 14.
Imus, Don TALK Dec. 21.
India CRTC Oz (Rushdie) May 11; FICT (Jones) July 13; POEM (Harrison) Aug. 31.
India/Indian FICT (Ondaatje) Aug. 10.
Indians *see* Native Americans
Insects REP Insects (Ackerman) Aug. 17.
Insects (as food) TALK June 8.
Insomnia ANL Sleep (Alvarez) Feb. 10; FICT (Murakami) Mar. 30.
Insurance FICT (Frazier) Feb. 24.
International style SKY "1932" (Gill) Apr. 27.
InterTalent Agency TALK Oct. 26.
Iran REP (Wright) June 22.
Iran-Contra scandal COM Aug. 17; ANL Iran-Contra/Iraqgate (Waas & Unger) Nov. 2.
Iraq PRF Makiyas (Weschler) Jan. 6; PRF Jesse Jackson (Frady) Feb. 17; REP Kurdistan (Bonner) Sept. 28; DPL Baker/Bush (Newhouse) Oct. 26; LTR Washington (Blumenthal) Dec. 28.
Iraqgate COM May 25; ANL Iran-Contra/Iraqgate (Waas & Unger) Nov. 2.
Ireland FICT (Trevor) Feb. 24; POEM (Heaney) Oct. 12; POEM (Boland) Oct. 26; Cultural Pursuits: Trevor (Schiff) Dec. 28.
Irons, Shirley TALK Mar. 23.
Islam PRF Makiyas (Weschler) Jan. 6; RPT Turkestan (Wright) Apr. 6; REP Iran (Wright) June 22; LTR Sudan (Bonner) July 13; RFL Malcolm X (Frady) Oct. 12.
Israel REP (Viorst) Sept. 7; DPL Baker/Bush (Newhouse) Oct. 26.
Italy PRF Strehler (Sachs) May 4; BKS Brodsky (Updike) July 13; Neurologist's Notebook: Memory artist (Sacks) July 27; POEM (Clampitt) Aug. 10; LTR Milan (Kramer) Sept. 21; BKS Schwartz (James) Dec. 28.
Ivory Dishwashing Liquid TALK Nov. 30.
"JFK" (film) TALK Jan. 27; PS Garrison (Epstein) Nov. 30.
Jackson, Glenda LTR London (Barnes) May 4.
Jackson Heights, Queens LOC Supermarket (Orlean) June 22.
Jackson, Jesse PRF (Frady) Feb. 3, 10, 17; CITY (Logan) May 11; LTR Washington (Drew) July 6.
Jackson, Michael BKS Taraborrelli, (Gopnik) Jan. 13.
Jackson, Mike Wayne ANL Murder (Wilkinson) June 8 and 15.
"Janet" TALK June 8.
Japan FICT (Trow) Jan. 27; LTR (Smith) Apr. 13; ONW Takarazuka (Sischy) Sept. 28; DPL Baker/Bush (Newhouse) Oct. 26; FICT (Murakami) Nov. 2.
Japanese-Americans (farmers) PRF Chino family (Singer) Nov. 30.
Jazz *see* Fact List/Whitney Balliett.
"Jelly's Last Jam" JAZZ (Balliett) Oct. 26.
Jesus Christ BKS Vidal (Sheed) Oct. 26; Wilson (Gopnik) Oct. 26.
Jewish-black relations PRF Jesse Jackson (Frady) Feb. 17. *Also see* Crown Heights.
Jews CITY (Logan) Mar. 2, Dec. 28; FICT (Konrád) Mar. 9; LOC Crown Heights (Remnick) Dec. 21.
Jews and Gentiles FICT (Goodman) Jan. 13.
Johnson, Philip SKY "1932" (Gill) Apr. 27.
Jordan, Neil TALK Dec. 7.
Journalists BKS Mencken (Updike) Feb. 24; LTR Moscow (Remnick) Mar. 23; BKS Lubow (Bliven) Sept. 14; ANL Sarajevo (Husarska) Oct. 5.
July POEM (Updike) July 20.
Jungles *see* Rain forests.
K.G.B. TALK Nov. 23.
Kahn, Louis I. SKY (Gill) June 15.
Kanakaria mosaics case ANL Antiquities trade (Hofstadter) July 13 and 20.
Kaplinsky, Elieser TALK May 4.
Karpinsky, Len LTR Moscow (Remnick) Mar. 23.
Kavan, Jan REP Czechoslovakia (Weschler) Oct. 19; AMPL Czechoslovakia (Weschler) Nov. 2.
Kazakhstan RPT Turkestan (Wright) Apr. 6.
Kazan, Michel TALK Aug. 31.
Kemerovo, Siberia REP Siberia (Cullen) July 27.
Kennedy, John F. TALK Jan. 27; REP Cuba (Newhouse) Apr. 27; PS Garrison (Epstein) Nov. 30.
Kentucky TALK Apr. 13.
Kerrey, Bob (Senator) LTR Washington (Drew) Feb. 17, Mar. 9, Mar. 30.
Khmer Rouge RPT Cambodia (Sesser) May 18.
Khomeini, Ayatollah Ruhollah REP Iran (Wright) June 22.
Kidnapping FICT (Shomer) Aug. 17.
Kimberlin, Brett Coleman REP Quayle/Kimberlin (Singer) Oct. 5.
King, Larry TALK Nov. 16.
King, Martin Luther, Jr. PRF Jesse Jackson (Frady) Feb. 10.
King, Rodney COM May 11, May 18, June 8, Oct. 12.
Kinnock, Neil LTR London (Barnes) May 4.
Kirov Ballet RFL (Kendall) June 8.
Klein, Calvin FASH (Brubach) Feb. 3; TALK (Orlean) Nov. 2.
Klucevsek, Guy TALK Sept. 21.
Koons, Jeff ARTW (Gopnik) May 18.
Kramer, Michael TALK Dec. 14.
Krasilovsky, Mike TALK June 22.
Kravchuk, Leonid RPT Ukraine (Cullen) Jan. 27.
Kunstler, William CITY (Logan) June 8.
Kurdistan REP Kurdistan (Bonner) Sept. 28.
Kushner, Tony ONW Kushner (Lubow) Nov. 30.
Kushnick, Helen Gorman LTR Burbank (Boyer) Nov. 9.
Kuwait PRF Jesse Jackson (Frady) Feb. 17; RPT Kuwaiti maids (Bonner) Nov. 16.
Kyrgyzstan RPT Turkestan (Wright) Apr. 6.
L7 (rock band) POP (Wurtzel) June 29.
La Cicciolina ARTW Koons (Gopnik) May 18.
Labour Party (British) LTR London (Barnes) May 4.
Labrador, Canada POEM (Strand) May 4.
Lamont, Norman LTR London (Barnes) Dec. 28.
Language ANL Wild child (Rymer) Apr. 13 and 20.
Larsen, Morten JAZZ (Balliett) Oct. 26.
Lascaux cave paintings POEM (Howard) Aug. 3.
Latin America LTR Bolivia (Guillermoprieto) Mar. 16; REP Cuba (Newhouse) Apr. 27; BKS Puig (Updike) May 25; LTR Panama (Guillermoprieto) Aug. 17; POEM (Updike) Oct. 12; BKS Macintyre (Steiner) Oct. 19; LTR Mexico (Guillermoprieto) Nov. 9.
Laughlin, James PRF (Zarin) Mar. 23.
Lee Kuan Yew REP Singapore (Sesser) Jan. 13.
Leffew, Gary REP Bull riding (Sterns) Sept. 14.
Lefortovo Prison, Moscow DEPT Modest proposal (Rubinstein) Nov. 9.
Lehner, Nikolaus RPT Dachau (Ryback) Aug. 3.
Leiber, Judith TALK May 25.
Lemon Ice King, Corona TALK July 20.
Leno, Jay LTR Burbank (Boyer) Nov. 9.
Lepage, Robert THTR (Lahr), PHOTO (Avedon) Dec. 28.
Levin, Gerald BUS Time Warner (Bruck) July 6.
Library of Congress TALK Dec. 14.
Lincoln Square (building) SKY Riverside South (Gill) Aug. 31.
Linguistics ANL Wild child (Rymer) Apr. 13 and 20.
Lish, Gordon TALK Oct. 19.
Little Rock, Arkansas TALK Nov. 16.
Loma Prieta earthquake (1989) ANL Geology (McPhee) Sept. 21.
London *see* Fact List/Julian Barnes.
London, Gene TALK Sept. 14.
Loring, John PRF (Brubach) Aug. 10.
Los Angeles (riots) COM May 11, May 18, June 8, Oct. 12; LTR Washington (Drew) June 1; CITY (Logan) June 8.
Louis XIV ART (Martel) Apr. 27.

Louisiana POEM (Smith) Mar. 23; From the Campaign Trail: Carville (Wills) Oct. 12.
"The Lover" (film) TALK Nov. 2.
Lubavitcher Hasidim LOC Crown Heights (Remnick) Dec. 21 *Also see* Crown Heights.
Lustration REP Czechoslovakia (Weschler) Oct. 19; AMPL (Weschler) Nov. 2.
Maastricht treaty LTR London (Barnes) Jan. 6.
Mabon, Lon POST Oregon (Sullivan) Nov. 9.
Machinery POEM (Fraser) Apr. 27.
Maddox, Lester (Governor) BKS Greene (Lardner) Apr. 13.
Madonna DEPT (Tomkins) Oct. 26; FASH Sex (Brubach) Nov. 23.
Mafia FICT (Geng) Aug. 10.
Mafia (Italy) LTR Milan (Kramer) Sept. 21.
Magazine collectors TALK Feb. 17, June 15.
Magellan (Venus probe) COM Mar. 16.
"The Magic Flute" (Mozart) ART (Scarfe/Gopnik) Dec. 28.
Magnani, Franco Neurologist's Notebook: Memory artist (Sacks) July 27.
Magritte, René ART (Mahood) Oct. 12; Convergences (Weschler) Nov. 16.
Maids (Kuwait) RPT Kuwait (Bonner) Nov. 16.
Major, John LTR London (Barnes) Jan. 6, May 4; DEPT Major (Mortimer) Nov. 2; LTR Washington (Blumenthal) Dec. 7.
Makiya, Kanan and Mohamed PRF (Weschler) Jan. 6.
Malcolm X RFL (Frady), PHOTO (Avedon) Oct. 12; ART (Spiegelman) Dec. 14.
"The Mambo Kings" (film) TALK Mar. 2.
Mandatory sentencing COM Apr. 13.
Mandelstam, Osip POEM (Schnackenberg) Nov. 2.
Marco Polo POEM (Clampitt) Dec. 28.
Marcovicci, Andrea Tables for Two (Balliett), PHOTO (Avedon) Dec. 21.
Marden, Brice ARTW Marden (Gopnik) July 20.
Marijuana COM June 22; REP Quayle/Kimberlin (Singer) Oct. 5.
Marky Mark TALK (Orlean) Nov. 2.
Marshall, James TALK Nov. 2.
Martin, Billy FAR Circus (Owen) Apr. 20.
Mas Canosa, Jorge REP Cuba (Newhouse) Apr. 27.
"Masterpiece Theatre" TALK Oct. 12.
Matalin, Mary From the Campaign Trail: Carville (Wills) Oct. 12.
Matchmakers TALK Jan. 27.
Mathematics PRF Chudnovskys (Preston) Mar. 2.
Matisse, Henri ARTW Matisse (Gopnik) Oct. 12; FICT (Byatt) Oct. 26.
Maxtone-Graham, John TALK Aug. 3.
Maxwell, Frederic Alan TALK Dec. 14.
Maxwell, Robert TALK Dec. 14.
McCarthyism PRS HST Alger Hiss (T. Hiss) Nov. 16.
McNamara, Robert REP Cuba (Newhouse) Apr. 27.
Melamid, Alex TALK May 25.
Memory POEM (Rose) Feb. 17.
Memory artist (Franco Magnani) Neurologist's Notebook (Sacks) July 27.
Mencken, H. L. BKS (Updike) Feb. 24.
Menopause BKS Greer (Pollitt) Nov. 2.
Merchant, Ismail TALK July 20.
Method acting BKS Vineberg (Sragow) Jan. 20.
Mexico RPT (Guillermoprieto) Nov. 9.
Meyers, Robert TALK Feb. 10.
Miami, Florida LTR Hurricane (LeMoyne) Oct. 5.
Miami *Herald* REP Cuba (Newhouse) Apr. 27.
Microfibre TALK June 22.
Middle East PRF Makiyas (Weschler) Jan. 6; REP Israel (Viorst) Sept. 7; RPT Kuwait (Bonner) Nov. 16. *Also see* Iraq.
Milan, Italy LTR Europe (Kramer) Sept. 21; FASH (Brubach) Nov. 23.
Military FICT (Jones) Oct. 12.
Military issues RFL "Disorders of Peace" (Barnet) Jan. 20; LTR Washington (Blumenthal) Dec. 28.
Miller, Max TALK Sept. 21.
Mining LTR Bolivia (Guillermoprieto) Mar. 16; REP Siberia (Cullen) July 27; ANL Geology (McPhee) Sept. 7.
Minor-league baseball SPRT Minor league (Angell) Aug. 17.
Mitchell, John REP Nixon tapes (Hersh) Dec. 14.
Mitchell, Margaret CRTC (Pierpont) Aug. 31.
Mongolia REP (Shapiro) Jan. 20.
Monk, Julius PRF (Balliett) Apr. 6.
Monkey viruses REP Ebola virus (Preston) Oct. 26.
Monroe, Marilyn TALK Sept. 14.
Mooney, Jerry J. COM Feb. 17.
Moore, Michael TALK Oct. 12.
Moores, Eldridge ANL Geology (McPhee) Sept. 7, 14, 21.
Morris, Mark TALK Dec. 28.
Morton, Jelly Roll JAZZ (Balliett) Oct. 26.
Mosaics ANL Antiquities trade (Hofstadter) July 13 and 20.
Moscow LTR (Remnick) Mar. 23; TALK Nov. 23.
Moscow *News* LTR Moscow (Remnick) Mar. 23.
Mountain passes POEM (Fraser) July 6.
Movie trailers SH&M (Wolcott) Dec. 7.
Mozart, Wolfgang Amadeus ART (Scarfe/Gopnik) Dec. 28.
Murder (Indianapolis) ANL Murder (Wilkinson) June 8 and 15.
Murdoch, Rupert TALK (Wheen) Oct. 12.
Murphy beds TALK Feb. 10.
Museum architecture SKY Guggenheim (Gill) July 27.
Museum of Modern Art SKY "1932" (Gill) Apr. 27; ARTW Matisse (Gopnik) Oct. 12.
Nader, Sam SPRT Minor league (Angell) Aug. 17.
NASA (National Aeronautics and Space Administration) COM Mar. 16.
Nation of Islam RFL Malcolm X (Frady) Oct. 12.
National Archives REP Nixon tapes (Hersh) Dec. 14.
National-security policy RFL "Disorders of Peace" (Barnet) Jan. 20.
Nationalism (Eastern Europe) RFL Empire (Pfaff) Aug. 10.
Native Americans RFL Columbus (Reid) Feb. 24; BKS Nabokov (Klinkenborg) June 1; ART (Kelley) Oct. 19; TALK Nov. 23, Dec. 7.
Nature RFL Television (McKibben) Mar. 9.
Nature documentaries TALK Nov. 9.
Naumov, Yuri TALK Feb. 17.
NBC LTR Burbank (Boyer) Nov. 9.
Neurology Neurologist's Notebook: Tourettic surgeon (Sacks) Mar. 16; Memory artist (Sacks) July 27.
New Directions PRF Laughlin (Zarin) Mar. 23.
New Hampshire primary LTR Washington (Drew) Feb. 17, Mar. 9; COM Mar. 2.
New Jersey Transit TALK Apr. 6.
New Mexico ANL Chili peppers (Sterns) May 25; BKS Crawford (Klinkenborg) Sept. 21.
New Music Seminar TALK July 6.
New York City *see* Fact list/Andy Logan.
New York *Daily News* TALK Oct. 5.
New York Knicks TALK Nov. 23.
New York *Observer* TALK Dec. 21.
New York primary LTR Washington (Drew) Apr. 20.
New York Rangers PRF Richter (Wilkinson) Nov. 23.
New York *Times* TALK Oct. 5; Oct. 26.
The New Yorker TALK Feb. 3; COM Dec. 21; MEM Shawn (Angell, Balliett, Botsford, Croce, Espen, Fraser, Frazier, Geng, Gill, Gottlieb, Hamburger, Harris, Kahn, Kierstead, Kincaid, Kramer, Logan, Lorenz, Malcolm, Maxwell, McGrath, McKibben, McPhee, Mehta, Menaker, Oliver, Ross, Schell, Shawn, Singer, Steiner, Trillin, Updike) Dec. 28.
New-York Historical Society TALK Apr. 6.
Newfoundland BKS Macfarlane (Klinkenborg) Feb. 17.
Newman, Paul POEM (Greger) Nov. 16.
Nezavisimaya Gazeta LTR Moscow (Remnick) Mar. 23.

Nicholas, Nicholas BUS Time Warner (Bruck) July 6.

Nietzsche, Elisabeth BKS Macintyre (Steiner) Oct. 19.

Night clubs PRF Monk (Balliett) Apr. 6.

Nijinsky, Vaslav BKS Ostwald, Tamara Nijinsky (Acocella) May 18.

Nippon challenge LTR Japan (Smith) Apr. 13.

Nixon, Richard PRS HST Alger Hiss (T. Hiss) Nov. 16; REP Tapes (Hersh) Dec. 14.

Nobel Prize ONW Walcott (Anderson) Dec. 21.

Noriega, Manuel Antonio LTR Panama (Guillermoprieto) Aug. 17.

Normandie (ocean liner) TALK Aug. 3.

North American Free Trade Agreement RPT Mexico (Guillermoprieto) Nov. 9.

Nudity TALK (Wolcott) Oct. 5.

Nueva Germania (Paraguay) BKS Macintyre (Steiner) Oct. 19.

Nuns, Episcopalian TALK July 13.

Nureyev, Rudolf Between the Acts: Nureyev (Jennings) Dec. 28.

Nursery-school reunion TALK July 13.

N.W.A. (rap group) POP (Wurtzel) Sept. 28.

O'Neal's Balloon (restaurant) TALK Apr. 6.

Olivier, Laurence BKS Spoto (Rose) June 29.

Olympic Games TALK Aug. 17; FAR Catalonia (Finnegan) Sept. 28; DEPT Olympic mascot (Hughes) Oct. 5.

Oneonta, N.Y.,Yankees SPRT Minor league (Angell) Aug. 17.

Ono, Yoko TALK Mar. 30.

Optometrist POEM (Willard) Sept. 7.

Oregon (homosexuals) POST Oregon (Sullivan) Nov. 9.

Osterweil, Richard TALK Nov. 9.

Ottoman Empire RFL Empire (Pfaff) Aug. 10.

P.O.W.s and M.I.A.s (Senate hearings) COM Feb. 17.

Paglia, Camille BKS (Updike) Oct. 19.

Pakistan FAR Sheikhs (Weaver) Dec. 14.

Palestinians REP Israel (Viorst) Sept. 7.

Palko, Betty TALK Dec. 21.

Panama LTR (Guillermoprieto) Aug. 17.

Paraguay (Nueva Germania) BKS Macintyre (Steiner) Oct. 19.

Paris FASH (Brubach) Feb. 24, Nov. 23.

Parker, Charlie JAZZ (Balliett) Jan. 6.

Parra, Consuelo COM Feb. 3.

Pasolini, Pier Paolo BKS Schwartz (James) Dec. 28.

Patten, Christopher LTR Hong Kong (Shapiro) June 29.

Peaches POEM (Willard) July 27.

Pearl, Mike TALK Nov. 2.

Peck, Gregory TALK Apr. 20.

Pensig, Janet TALK Sept. 7.

Perot, H. Ross COM July 6, Oct. 19, Nov. 16; LTR Washington (Drew) May 18, June 15, July 6, Aug. 3, Oct. 19, Nov. 2, Nov. 16; LTR Dallas (Wright) Oct. 26; TALK Aug. 24, Nov. 16; SH&M Perot (Arlen) Nov. 16.

Philadelphia TALK June 15.

Philippines (maids in Kuwait) RPT Kuwait (Bonner) Nov. 16.

Physics TALK Aug. 3.

Pi PRF Chudnovskys (Preston) Mar. 2.

Pianists (classical) PRF Goode (Blum) June 29; BKS Gould (Steiner) Nov. 23.

Piero della Francesca POEM (Schnackenberg) Sept. 21.

Plagiarism TALK Dec. 14.

Plants (carnivorous) TALK July 13.

Plate tectonics ANL Geology (McPhee) Sept. 14.

Plaza Hotel TALK July 20.

Plekhanov, Sergei TALK Nov. 2.

Poe, Edgar Allan BKS Silverman (Rose) Apr. 27.

Poland REP Poland (Weschler) May 11; POEM (Szymborska) Dec. 14.

Police (Los Angeles) COM May 18.

Police (New York and Los Angeles) COM Oct. 12.

Police (New York City) TALK Mar. 9, June 1; CITY (Logan) Oct. 5, Nov. 2.

Political correctness In the South Bronx: Bronzes (Kramer) Dec. 21.

Political cycles RFL (Schlesinger) Nov. 16.

Political prisoner REP Quayle/Kimberlin (Singer) Oct. 5.

Polls COM Feb. 17.

Polyester TALK June 22.

Poppell, Tom BKS Greene (Lardner) Apr. 13.

Popular culture BKS Medved (Menand) Oct. 5; BKS Paglia (Updike) Oct. 19.

"The Porcupine" (book) SH&M Bulgaria (Barnes) Oct. 26.

Pornography ARTW Koons (Gopnik) May 18; DEPT Madonna (Tomkins) Oct. 26.

Port Arthur, Texas TALK Feb. 10.

Pound, Ezra POEM (Laughlin) June 8.

Poverty (U.S.) COM May 11, May 18, Sept. 14.

Power lines ANL Radiation (Brodeur) Dec. 7.

Prayers (radio) TALK Dec. 21.

Presidential transitions COM Nov. 23.

Presidents (U.S.) ART (Monceaux/Gopnik) Oct. 19.

Presley, Elvis (imitators) TALK Mar. 16.

Prison policy COM Apr. 13; DEPT Modest proposals (Rubinstein) Nov. 9.

Psychiatric wards FICT (Jones) Oct. 12.

Psychiatry POEM (Rose) Feb. 17.

Psychoanalysis FICT (Menaker) Mar. 23.

Psycholinguistics ANL Wild child (Rymer) Apr. 13 and 20.

Public Enemy (rap group) POP (Wurtzel) Sept. 28.

Publishers PRF Laughlin (Zarin) Mar. 23.

Puck, Wolfgang PRF Chino family farm (Singer) Nov. 30.

Puig, Manuel BKS (Updike) May 25.

Punditry DEPT (Kinsley) Oct. 26.

Quayle, Dan (Vice-President) LTR Washington (Drew) Sept. 7; REP Quayle/Kimberlin (Singer) Oct. 5.

Queens ANL Chinese gangs (Dannen) Nov. 16.

Rabin, Yitzak REP Israel (Viorst) Sept. 7.

Race relations FICT (Pinckney) Jan. 20; PRF Jesse Jackson (Frady) Feb. 3, 10, and 17; CITY (Logan) Mar. 2, June 8, Dec. 28; COM Apr. 6, May 18, June 8; BKS Greene (Lardner) Apr. 13; BKS Nabokov (Klinkenborg) June 1; LTR Washington (Drew) June 1; BKS Wright (Menand) July 20; BKS Barker (Pierpont) Aug. 10; FICT (Shomer) Aug. 17; BKS Price (Balliett) Oct. 5; In the Garden (Kincaid) Oct. 5; TALK Nov. 16; In the South Bronx: Bronzes (Kramer) Dec. 21; LOC Crown Heights (Remnick) Dec. 21. *Also see* African-Americans.

Radiation ANL (Brodeur) Dec. 7.

Radio COM Mar. 30; FICT (Lombreglia) Nov. 23; TALK Dec. 21.

Radio Free Bayonne TALK May 25.

Railroads TALK Apr. 6. *Also see* Trains.

Rain forests PRF Schultes (Kahn) June 1; REP Ebola virus (Preston) Oct. 26.

Ranchera music (Mexico) RPT Mexico (Guillermoprieto) Nov. 9.

Rap music POP (Wurtzel) Sept. 28.

Rats TALK Sept. 28.

Reagan, Ronald RFL Cycles (Schlesinger) Nov. 16.

Recession FASH Dressing down (Brubach) Feb. 3. *Also see* Economy (U.S.).

Refugees TALK Sept. 14; COM Mar. 9.

Renneker, Mark (Doc) SPRT Surfing (Finnegan) Aug. 24 and 31.

Republican National Convention, Houston COM Sept. 7, Oct. 26; LTR Washington (Drew) Sept. 7.

Reston, Virginia REP Ebola virus (Preston) Oct. 26.

Rhodesia PRS HST (Spark) Mar. 2.

Richter, Mike PRF (Wilkinson) Nov. 23.

van Rijn, Michel ANL Antiquities trade (Hofstadter) July 13 and 20.

Rio de Janeiro BKS Puig (Updike) May 25; POEM (Updike) Oct. 12.

Rio de Janeiro (Earth Summit) COM May 4, June 29; DPL (Newhouse) June 1.

Riverside South SKY (Gill) Aug. 31.

Rock Music *see* Fact list/Elizabeth Wurtzel.

Rodeos REP Bull riding (Sterns) Sept. 14.

Rollins, Ed TALK Dec. 14.

Romania BKS Manea (Updike) Nov. 16; ART (Spiegelman) Dec. 7.

Romanoffs TALK Nov. 9.

Romola de Pulszky BKS Oswald, Tamara Nijinsky (Acocella) May 18.

Roosevelt, Franklin D. COM Mar. 30; FICT (Bergman) Nov. 23.

Roosevelt, Theodore BKS Baker (Menand) Jan. 6.
Roosters (pets) TALK Mar. 30.
Rosenthal, Andrew TALK Oct. 26.
Ross, Harold ART (Gosfield/Angell) Nov. 9.
Ross, Steven BUS Time Warner (Bruck) July 6.
Rostok, Germany ART (Spiegelman) Dec. 7.
Royal Family (British) *see* British Royal Family.
Rushdie, Salman REP Iran (Wright) June 22.
Russell, Bertrand SH&M Election (Angell) Nov. 9.
Russia COM Jan. 13, May 11, Nov. 2; RFL "Disorders of Peace" (Barnet) Jan. 20; REP Mongolia (Shapiro) Jan. 20; RPT Ukraine (Cullen) Jan. 27; LTR Moscow (Remnick) Mar. 23; RPT Turkestan (Wright) Apr. 6; REP Poland (Weschler) May 11; RFL Kirov (Kendall) June 8; REP Siberia (Cullen) July 27; DPL Baker/Bush (Newhouse) Oct. 26; DEPT Modest Proposals (Rubinstein) Nov. 9; RPT Moscow (Remnick) Nov. 30; The Diplomatic Life: Strauss (Brenner) Dec. 28; TALK Nov. 2, Nov. 9, Nov. 23.
Russian history FICT (Treitel) Sept. 7.
Russian literary history FICT (Buzzi) Sept. 14.
Russians (émigrés) TALK Feb. 17; PRF Chudnovskys (Preston) Mar. 2.
Sachs, Jeffrey REP Poland (Weschler) May 11.
Safes TALK June 22.
Sailing LTR Japan (Smith) Apr. 13.
Saint Laurent, Yves FASH (Brubach) Feb. 24.
St. Lucia ONW Walcott (Anderson) Dec. 21.
St. Thomas Church TALK Nov. 9.
Samaná (Dominican Republic) RFL Columbus (Reid) Feb. 24.
San Andreas Fault ANL Geology (McPhee) Sept. 7, Sept. 21.
San Francisco (surfing) SPRT (Finnegan) Aug. 24 and 31.
Santa Fe, New Mexico ANL Chili peppers (Sterns) May 25.
Santorum, Rick (Congressman) TALK Feb. 3.
Sarajevo COM June 15; ANL (Husarska) Oct. 5.
Sawyer, Diane TALK Dec. 28.
Schlesinger, Arthur M., Jr. TALK (Gill) Oct. 26.
Schmalz, Jeffrey TALK Oct. 5.
Schermerhorn Building SKY Audubon (Gill) Oct. 12.
Schneerson, Rabbi Menachem Mendel LOC Crown Heights (Remnick) Dec. 21.
School trips TALK June 15.
Schreiner, Olive CRTC (Pierpont) Jan. 27.
Schultes, Richard Evans PRF (Kahn) June 1.
Second World War *see* World War II.
Selznick, David O. BKS Thomson (Lardner) Dec. 7.
Senate PRF Simpson (Newhouse) Mar. 16.
Sewage (New York City) SKY Riverside South (Gill) Aug. 31.
Sex (insects) REP Insects (Ackerman) Aug. 17.
"Sex" (Madonna) DEPT (Tomkins) Oct. 26.
Sex scandals COM Feb. 10.
Shamir, Yitzak REP Israel (Viorst) Sept. 7.
Shark fins TALK Aug. 31.
Sharpton, the Reverend Al CITY (Logan) Apr. 6.
Shaw, Clay PS Garrison (Epstein) Nov. 30.
Shawcross, William TALK (Wheen) Oct. 12.
Shawn, William COM Dec. 21; MEM Shawn (Angell, Balliett, Botsford, Croce, Espen, Fraser, Frazier, Geng, Gill, Gottlieb, Hamburger, Harris, Kahn, Kierstead, Kincaid, Kramer, Logan, Lorenz, Malcolm, Maxwell, McGrath, McKibben, McPhee, Mehta, Menaker, Oliver, Ross, Schell, Shawn, Singer, Steiner, Trillin, Updike) Dec. 28.
Shcherbak, Yuri RPT Ukraine (Cullen) Jan. 27.
Sheikhs, Arab FAR (Weaver) Dec. 14.
Ships TALK Aug. 3.
Short, Bobby ART (Witte) Dec. 7.
Siberia REP (Cullen) July 27.
Siberian gulag DEPT Modest Proposals (Rubinstein) Nov. 9.
Sierra Nevada Mountains ANL Geology (McPhee) Sept. 7.
Silverman, Joy ANL Wachtler (Franks) Dec. 21.
Simpson, Alan (Senator) PRF (Newhouse) Mar. 16.
Singapore REP (Sesser) Jan. 13.
Slater School, California ANL Radiation (Brodeur) Dec. 7.
Sleep ANL (Alvarez) Feb. 10; TALK Apr. 6.
Smells (Shark fin) TALK Aug. 31.
Smoking TALK Jan. 6, Dec. 7.
Smoot, George TALK Aug. 3.
Snakes TALK May 18, Sept. 7.
Solarz, Stephen (Congressman) CITY (Logan) Aug. 31, Oct. 5.
Solstice, summer TALK July 6.
Somalia COM Jan. 6, Sept. 28; LTR Washington (Blumenthal) Dec. 28.
Sotheby's TALK Nov. 30.
Souljah, Sister LTR Washington (Drew) July 6.
"Sound & Fury" (Alterman) DEPT Punditry (Kinsley) Oct. 26.
South Africa CRTC Schreiner (Pierpont) Jan. 27; FICT (Hope) June 1.
South Bronx Bronzes (Kramer) Dec. 21.
Soviet Union COM Nov. 2.
Soviet Union, breakup of COM May 11.
Also see Russia, Ukraine, etc.
Spain FAR Catalonia (Finnegan) Sept. 28.
Spender, Stephen TALK Oct. 26.
Springer, Brian TALK Oct. 12.
Springsteen, Bruce POP (Wurtzel) Aug. 17.
Stahl, Lesley TALK Dec. 28.
Stalin, Josef FICT (Treitel) Sept. 7.
"Stalin" (TV show) TALK Nov. 2.
Stanislavsky, Konstantin BKS Vineberg (Sragow) Jan. 20.
Stasi LTR Berlin (Kramer) May 25.
Staten Island CITY (Logan) Aug. 31.
Stein, Andrew CITY (Logan) Jan. 27, Dec. 28.
Stephanopoulos, George TALK Nov. 30.
Stereo equipment FICT (Gopnik) Aug. 31.
Stone, Sharon FICT (Walker) Aug. 17.
Stonecutters TALK Mar. 9.
"The Story of an African Farm" (Schreiner) CRTC (Pierpont) Jan. 27.
Strasberg, Lee BKS Vineberg (Sragow) Jan. 20.
Strauss, Robert The Diplomatic Life (Brenner) Dec. 28.
Strehler, Giorgio PRF (Sachs) May 4.
Subways (poetry) TALK Dec. 28.
Sudan LTR (Bonner) July 13.
Sunshine Market, Queens LOC Supermarket (Orlean) June 22.
Super Tuesday primary LTR Washington (Drew) Mar. 30.
Supermarkets LOC (Orlean) June 22.
Supreme Court BKS Baker (Menand) Jan. 6; COM July 13; REP Nixon tapes (Hersh) Dec. 14.
Surfing SPRT (Finnegan) Aug. 24 and 31.
Surgeons (Tourettic) Neurologist's Notebook (Sacks) Mar. 16.
Suzukaze, Mayo ONW Takarazuka (Sischy) Sept. 28.
Syms, Sylvia PS (Balliett) Oct. 19.
Syria PRF Jesse Jackson (Frady) Feb. 17.
Tajikistan RPT Turkestan (Wright) Apr. 6.
Takarazuka Dance Troupe ONW (Sischy) Sept. 28.
Tax policy COM Sept. 21, Oct. 5.
Telephone services TALK Sept. 7.
Television RFL (McKibben) Mar. 9; COM Mar. 30, Aug. 10, Aug. 24, Oct. 19; FICT (Trow) June 8; DEPT Punditry (Kinsley) Oct. 26; LTR Burbank (Boyer) Nov. 9; TALK Nov. 9, Nov. 30.
Television news COM Aug. 24.
Television talk shows COM June 1, Aug. 10.
Texas LTR Dallas (Wright) Oct. 26.
Tharp, Twyla BKS (Acocella) Nov. 30.
Thatcher, Margaret LTR London (Barnes) Jan. 6.
Theatre directors PRF Strehler (Sachs) May 4.
Thomas, Clarence COM Aug. 3.
Thomason, Harry TALK Dec. 14.

Tibet TALK Feb. 10.
Tiffany & Company PRF Loring (Brubach) Aug. 10.
Time Convergences: Magritte (Weschler) Nov. 16.
Time TALK Dec. 14.
Time Warner BUS (Bruck) July 6.
Timmins, Margo POP (Wurtzel) Apr. 13.
Toilets, public TALK July 13.
"The Tonight Show" COM June 1; LTR Burbank (Boyer) Nov. 9.
Topless bars TALK July 27.
Toronto Blue Jays SPRT World Series (Angell) Dec. 7.
Tourette's syndrome Neurologist's Notebook (Sacks) Mar. 16.
Toy soldiers TALK May 4.
Traffic control TALK July 20.
Trains Convergences: Magritte (Weschler) Nov. 16.
Transportation (New York City) TALK July 20.
Travelodge (Kennedy airport) TALK Sept. 14.
Tretyakov, Vitaly LTR Moscow (Remnick) Mar. 23.
Trevor, William Cultural Pursuits (Schiff) Dec. 28.
Trixie's (restaurant, New York City) TALK Mar. 16.
Truman, Harry S COM Sept. 7.
Tsongas, Paul LTR Washington (Drew) Feb. 17, Mar. 9, Mar. 30, Apr. 20; COM Mar. 2, Mar. 23.
Tuck & Patti TALK June 22.
Turkestan RPT (Wright) Apr. 6.
Turkmenistan RPT Turkestan (Wright) Apr. 6.
Twombly, Cy POEM (Howard) Aug. 3.
Tyson, Mike CITY (Logan) Mar. 2.
Tyvek POEM (Merrill) Feb. 24.
U2 (rock band) POP (Wurtzel) Feb. 17.
Uhl, Gary TALK Mar. 23.
Ukraine RPT (Cullen) Jan. 27.
Umbria POEM (Clampitt) Aug. 10.
United Kingdom *see* Britain
United Nations DPL Baker/Bush (Newhouse) Oct. 26.
United Nations Conference on Environment and Development *See* Earth Summit (Rio).
United States (as viewed by Europe) BKS Woodward (Bliven) June 8.
"Unnamed Democrat" COM Feb. 17.
Urban issues COM May 11, June 8; LTR Washington (Drew) June 1; CITY (Logan) June 8; SKY Riverside South (Gill) Aug. 31; Ecologist at Large (Hiss) Oct. 26. *Also see* Fact list/Andy Logan.
Urinals (art) TALK Mar. 23.
Urinals (not art) TALK July 13.
USAMRIID (United States Army Medical Research Institute for Infectious Diseases) REP Ebola virus (Preston) Oct. 26.
Uzbekistan RPT Turkestan (Wright) Apr. 6.
Venice, Italy BKS Brodsky (Updike) July 13.
Venus COM Mar. 16.
Verity, Simon TALK Mar. 9.
Vermont ART (Martel) Aug. 3.
Vidal, Gore BKS (Sheed) Oct. 26.
Vidbel's Olde Tyme Circus FAR Circus (Owen) Apr. 20.
Video artists TALK Oct. 12.
Video-rental stores TALK Jan. 13.
Videotape COM Oct. 12.
Vietnam COM Feb. 17; TALK Nov. 30.
Vietnam Veterans Memorial TALK Nov. 30.
Vincent, Fay SH&M (Angell) Oct. 5.
Violinists TALK May 4.
Virtual reality FICT (Saunders) Oct. 5.
Viruses REP Ebola virus (Preston) Oct. 26.
Volkogonov, Soviet General Dmitri PRS HST Alger Hiss (T. Hiss) Nov. 16.
Wachtler, Sol ANL (Franks) Dec. 21.
Walcott, Derek ONW (Anderson) Dec. 21.
Wallace, George REP Nixon tapes (Hersh) Dec. 14.
Walsh, Lawrence COM Aug. 17.
Washington, D.C. POEM (Brodsky) May 4; COM (March) Apr. 27. *Also see* Fact list/Elizabeth Drew, Sidney Blumenthal.
Washington Heights (riots) CITY (Logan) July 20.
Watches POEM (Macklin) Mar. 16.
Watergate REP Nixon tapes (Hersh) Dec. 14.
Waters, Alice PRF Chino family farm (Singer) Nov. 30.
Weil, Simone POEM (Hirsch) Jan. 13; BKS (Steiner) Mar. 2.
Weiss, Ted (Congressman) CITY (Logan) Oct. 5.
Western Union POEM (Booth) May 4.
Whatizit (Atlanta Olympic mascot) DEPT (Hughes) Oct. 5.
Whitehead, Henry TALK Nov. 16.
Whitman, Walt TALK Apr. 13.
Whitney Museum of American Art ARTW Basquiat (Gopnik) Nov. 9.
Widowhood ANL Murder (Wilkinson) June 15.
Wigs RFL Chester (Ozick) Mar. 30; TALK May 11.
Wild child ANL (Rymer) Apr. 13 and 20.
Williams, Hank TALK Dec. 28.
Wilson Phillips (rock band) POP (Wurtzel) June 29.
Windsor Castle fire TALK Dec. 7; LTR London (Barnes) Dec. 28.
Wiseman, Frederick TALK Jan. 20.
"The Wizard of Oz" CRTC (Rushdie) May 11.
Women composers TALK Sept. 21.
Women (Middle East) RPT Kuwait (Bonner) Nov. 16.
Women's issues CRTC Schreiner (Pierpont) Jan. 27; COM Apr. 27, Aug. 3; POP (Wurtzel) June 29; FASH Feminism (Brubach) July 6; ART (Feiffer) Oct. 5; BKS Paglia (Updike) Oct. 19; Greer (Pollitt) Nov. 2.
World Series SPRT (Angell) Dec. 7.
World War II FICT (Konrád) Mar. 9; FICT (Ondaatje) Aug. 10.
Worms TALK Mar. 23.
Wright, Frank Lloyd SKY Guggenheim (Gill) July 27.
Wright, Richard BKS (Menand) July 20.
"Wuthering Heights" FICT (Frazier) May 11.
Wyoming PRF Simpson (Newhouse) Mar. 16.
Yakolev, Alexandr COM Nov. 2.
Yale University TALK Nov. 16.
Yeltsin, Boris LTR Washington (Drew) July 6; RPT Moscow (Remnick) Nov. 30.
Yiddish Theatre TALK Jan. 6.
Yourcenar, Marguerite BKS (Updike) July 13.
Yugoslavia (former) COM June 15, Aug. 31; LTR Washington (Drew) July 6; RFL Empire (Pfaff) Aug. 10; DPL (Newhouse) Aug. 24; ANL Sarajevo (Husarska) Oct. 5; LTR Bosnia (Rieff) Nov. 23.
Zhekov, Krasimir SH&M Bulgaria (Barnes) Oct. 26.
Zhivkov, Todor SH&M Bulgaria (Barnes) Oct. 26.
Zimbabwe PRS HST (Spark) Mar. 2.
Zuckerman, Mortimer B. TALK Oct. 5, Nov. 16, Dec. 14.

NOTE

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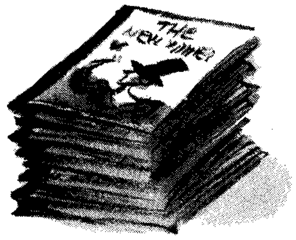

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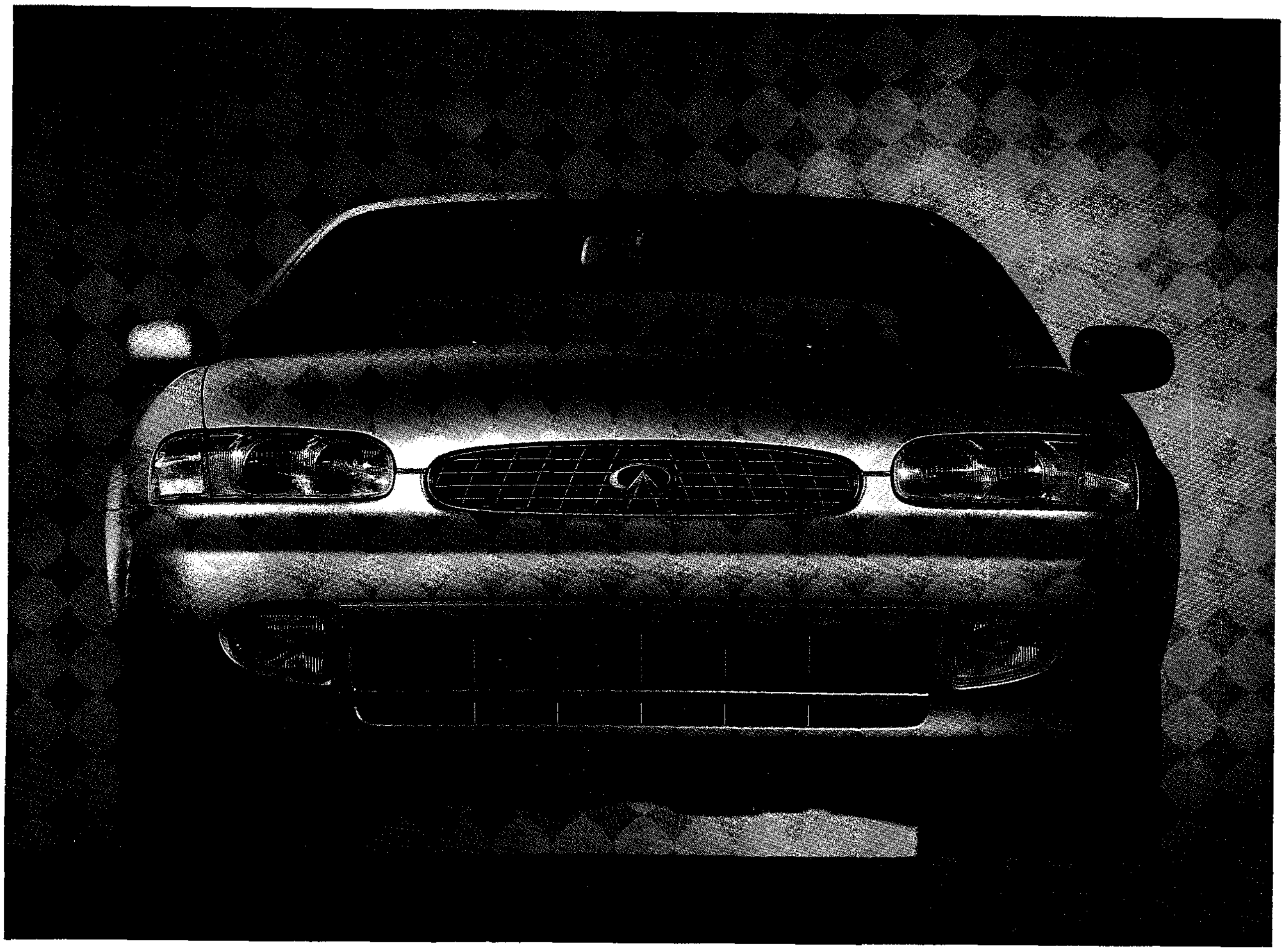

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ANNALS OF LAW AND POLITICS

DEATH IN ARKANSAS

As Arkansas's governor, Bill Clinton had to prove that he was a Democrat who could handle mainstream priorities—including the death penalty. Then, at the most vulnerable moment of his political life, he was confronted with the final appeal from Rickey Ray Rector, a convicted killer on death row whose self-inflicted wounds had left him with the erratic comprehension of a child.

BY MARSHALL FRADY

IN January of last year, just when Bill Clinton's prospering campaign in the New Hampshire Democratic primary had suddenly been staggered by the tabloid allegations about Gennifer Flowers, Clinton was also confronted with the decision on whether to allow the execution, back in Arkansas, of a forty-year-old black convict named Rickey Ray Rector, who had been condemned for the killing of a policeman more than ten years earlier. The matter of Rickey Rector could hardly have seemed a more incidental concern in the political havoc surrounding Clinton at that moment. With one poll indicating that he had toppled by twelve points, and with reporters besieging him for explanations about Flowers, the Governor held feverish motel-room sessions with aides and negotiated with networks for possible appearances that might dispel the scandal. Nevertheless, he flew back to Arkansas on a Thursday evening, to be in place to attend directly to whatever last appeals and legal considerations might develop the next day, when Rector was scheduled to die.

Rector in 1992 with John Jewell, an attorney who stayed on the case for four years. "At no point did I ever feel with Rickey it was anything like a relationship with a friend," Jewell said. "Because there wasn't anyone there to connect to."

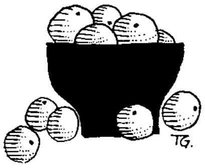
SONIA KEITH/LOG CABIN DEMOCRAT

As Clinton's plane took off, the condemned man waited in a windowless holding cell in Cummins prison, in the southeast corner of the state. Rector, a ponderous two-hundred-and-ninety-eight-pound heap—far from the lithe youth he had once been—was alternately "dancing around the cell singing & laughing" in his T-shirt, boxer shorts, and socks, according to the prison's sedulously kept death-watch log, and "howling and barking like a dog." He kept on at this, as indeed he had for most of his ten years in prison—intermittent bursts of barking, baying, then blaring laughter and little gleeful shuffles of dancing, fingers snapping—through Friday. That afternoon, after Clinton had refused all final entreaties for clemency, Rector sat with one of his attorneys, watching, on a TV outside his cell, news reports of his impending execution, two hours away, intermingled with accounts of Clinton's travail over the Flowers charges, and he abruptly announced, in a thick mumble, "I'm gonna vote for him. Gonna vote for Clinton." It had always been his habit to put aside his dessert until bedtime, and after eating his last meal, of steak and fried chicken in gravy, with cherry Kool-Aid, he carefully set aside his helping of pecan pie, to finish later. One of his attorneys had earlier stated that Rector "thinks he'll be back in his cell on Saturday morning."

Rector's case ranged beyond customary considerations of the question of capital punishment. In 1981, after killing two men, he had put a pistol to his temple and shot himself through the forehead: it had left him with what amounted, after surgery, to a frontal lobotomy and, according to subsequent testimony, with about the understanding of a young child—a dim simplicity that the surgeon who operated on him likened to that of the Jack Nicholson character after his lobotomy in "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest." At the least, it appeared incontestable that after lifting the pistol to his forehead and blasting away some three inches of the front of his brain he was not the same being who only a few moments earlier had casually murdered a policeman sitting in his mother's parlor. To proceed with his execution anyway, no matter how damaged and uncomprehending a creature he might now be, became a test in Arkansas of the lengths to which a society would pursue the old urge to expiate one killing by performing another—and a test of the state's highest temporal authority, the governor, who alone could stop it.

Clinton's decision to permit Rector's sentence to be carried out did occasion a few scattered flares of protest. But as his campaign surged on from the Flowers affair to his election in November, long forgotten was the fate of that obscure black murderer in Arkansas with whom Clinton's rise to the Presidency had, for a few hours the previous January, mortally intersected.

Last fall, just a few days before the election, I picked up from the office of one of Rector's attorneys in Little Rock a cardboard box heaped with the legal records of the long process to accomplish his execution, and drove north under an afternoon sky dull with impending rain. Motorcades could be seen zooming back and forth on the highways, signalling the sudden implosion of the outside world of power and consequence into this scantily inhabited and somewhat scruffy back-yard state that was about to produce a President. After thirty minutes or so, I reached the town of Conway, where Rector's meagre, troubled life had finally culminated in a kind of folk parable of blind violence and innocent suffering and unanswerable grief, and the brutal clumsiness of an essential decency obsessed with larger purposes, all combining into a tragic complexity ultimately beyond the constricted measures and rites of law—and all played out in, as it happened, a county named Faulkner.



CONWAY grew up beside a railroad track in the years following the Civil War, and by 1980 it had become a sedate community of some twenty-three thousand souls, about ten per cent of them black. The railroad tracks still divide the town. On one side stretches a genteel expanse of neighborhoods of ample wooded yards and commodious homes. It was on the other side, among the bleaker streets of the black quarter, that Rickey Ray Rector was born—the sixth of seven children in the spare but rigorously proper household of George Rector, a cook in a fabled Conway steakhouse of the time (and, briefly, for a future governor, Winthrop Rockefeller), and Clyde Lee Rector, a soulfully religious woman who worked as a maid at a local college. Unlike Bill Clinton, born six years earlier in an even smaller hamlet a hundred miles to the south, who was described by a local matron as "one of the brightest little boys that ever lived in Hope," Rickey Rector seemed from his earliest years a curiously lost and clouded spirit. "Rickey was just different from the rest of us children," his sister Stella Morris recalls. "He would always play by himself. The rest of us would be busy with toys and games and things like that, but Rickey, he'd always sit off by himself under a chinaberry tree, just playing with sticks." It was as if he were locked into some private daze of withdrawal. When directly addressed, he would often only gaze back with a dreaming secret smile. "I know now it was probably what's called a learning disability," Stella says. As a small boy, he accompanied the rest of the family to services every Sunday at St. James C.M.E. Church, but "he really wasn't connecting with any of it," according to Stella. "He was having a hard life even then, and we just didn't know what it was, that he needed special attention. But he always had trouble because of it." Another of his sisters recalls, "He didn't have no buddy. He didn't bond with anybody. He had only one friend, actually, and that was Mr. Bland—an old, *old* man, who had, like, a little farm. Rickey *loved* Mr. Bland, loved those animals at Mr. Bland's. He'd just lie there for hours in Mr. Bland's wagon. Rickey really was just a baby, even when he grew big—loved old people and children and animals. He had this special, this strange sort of *sweetness* about him, you know?"

Their mother, Stella says, "knew that Rickey was different, but she wouldn't acknowledge it"—though she did once concede that he had always been "an odd child," so solitary that he would never even venture in from the yard to ask for something to drink or to snack on. But she seemed to cherish him—already unreachably distant and lost to her—more protectively than her other children. His father, however, taking the boy's slowness for simple contrariness, was unremittingly harsh to him, administering repeated strappings—as a result of which, it was later conjectured, Rickey acquired a permanent, submerged rancor against all male assertions of authority. Nevertheless, Stella maintains, "Rickey never would bother anybody, just tried to keep to himself." But she adds, "Unless they were bothering him. And then he'd react." Once, when a brother kept taunting him, Rickey finally snatched up a pair of scissors and stabbed him in the foot.

By the time he reached junior high school, where he floundered ever more hopelessly in his classwork, still able only to print in the laboring hand of a third grader, Rickey had begun to live in a constant suspicion that contempt and hostility were everywhere focussed on him. His sense of embattled displacement deepened during the first year of integration in Conway's middle school. Stella remembers that Rickey, finding himself suddenly among a "new set" of white students, felt that "all these people didn't want him to be there"—an impression that was not altogether imaginary. On returning home, she says, he would frequently be fuming that "he had been called 'nigger' " and, because of his evident mental vagueness, "called other things, just as hurtful." He began regularly getting into fistfights at school. He was now a tall, gangling youth, with a certain languid, smoky handsomeness, partly offset by a stare that, according to white townsmen who knew him, hinted of some faint menace. One Conway man who was in school with him recalls, "Wasn't nobody at ease with him. You'd see him walking down the hall with that sleepy-eyed look he had, all by himself with nobody around him, and there was this feeling that he was trouble. I mean, he was the sort of guy, if he came into the bathroom while you were alone in there, you'd just pinch it off real fast and get on out."

He never made it through the tenth grade—he was expelled for his repeated fracases. When his parents made a despairing, faltering attempt to talk to him about it, he exploded at them, too, lunging about the house and shrieking at them to leave him alone. He began vanishing from home for days at a time, wandering to unknown destinations. Thus he completed his drift into a lasting exile from the everyday world around him at the age of sixteen. At that same age, as it happened, Bill Clinton had journeyed with a Boys' Nation delegation to Washington and, in a reception

"Mr. Simpson, a doctor type will see you now."

• •

on the White House lawn, briefly clasped the hand of President John F. Kennedy.

Rickey Rector, as he grew older, took to stalking through the nighttime streets of Conway until two or three in the morning, loping along in solitude under the street lights. For a while, he worked sporadically at an assortment of jobs as a hand laborer—a roofer, a housepainter's assistant, an asphalt layer. At some point, apparently in the same desultory fashion, he got married, and he seems to have fathered an indeterminate number of children by other women. And throughout this time, beginning at seventeen, he was jailed by the Conway police at regular intervals on a motley succession of charges—disorderly conduct, assault and battery, forgery, grand larceny, assault with intent to kill. The charges all ended in dismissals, sometimes with prejudice, or fines. Often when he found himself in such moments of trouble, Rickey would flee for a while to Detroit, where two of his sisters were living, and he was arrested there at least once, for selling marijuana. As the picture forms in retrospect, he had entered a kind of slowly accelerating berserkness, which took him steadily toward the farthest outskirts of society.

While Rector was lurching through those years, Bill Clinton was pursuing his own large hopes as a student at Georgetown, then Oxford, then Yale, and finally circling back to his home state to begin constructing his future. In 1978, after teaching at the University of Arkansas, in Fayetteville, Clinton, still only thirty-two, managed to get elected governor, becoming the youngest governor in the country. His first term was filled with reformist exuberance as he sallied forth to regulate the state's utility companies, the timber industry, the trucking industry. But to many of the state's political regulars, as one legislator was still grumping years later to the *Arkansas Democrat Gazette*, "he was a punk kid with long hair, he had all those longhaired people working for him, and he was a liberal." When he buoyantly ran for a second term, in 1980, the state's power complex shifted its support to the Republican candidate, and Clinton was defeated.

The astonishment of that repudiation was a trauma that, by all accounts, hugely sobered and altered Clinton. "I didn't like it," Clinton himself conceded afterward, "but I learned a lot from it." One almost metaphysical lesson it provided him was never to range, whatever his own impulses, too far beyond the standing disposition of the general populace. He prepared now for another, redemptive campaign to recover his lost office as a more muted creature, with public professions of contrition for the liberal enthusiasms of his first term. A special vow was to rectify an impression that his Republican adversary had seized upon in the 1980 race—that he might have been overly considerate of criminals. He asked to be forgiven for having commuted some seventy sentences in his first term, including the life sentences of thirty-eight first-degree murderers. An instance that gave him particular discomfort was his commutation, in 1979, of the life sentence of a seventy-three-year-old convicted murderer, who had been described to him by doctors as mortally ill and posing a possible two-hundred-thousand-dollar medical bill to the state, whereas release would make him eligible for Medicare—and who, within a year of being freed, shot to death a sixty-one-year-old man in a robbery attempt. Clinton afterward complained, "That old man was not as sick as people thought he was," and he assured everyone, as he offered himself for governor once more, that he would never risk letting anything like that happen again.

After winning a second chance in 1982, Clinton parcelled out only seven more commutations throughout his ten years as governor, and none were for death sentences. Indeed, upon his reëlection he began setting a profusion of execution dates. "The defining event in Bill Clinton's life was that defeat in 1980," says Jeff Rosenzweig, who became one of Rector's attorneys in the last weeks of the prisoner's life. "Clinton set his first execution just before he left office, so he could say later he had, but it was entirely premature and was immediately stayed. Then when he came back in, he would set new execution dates at just about every stage, every tick in the

"Phone-sex on Line Four, Mr. Davis."

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process of a case, though the parties were nowhere near exhausting their remedies, and the execution dates were almost always stayed. But it enabled Clinton to say, 'Look, see how many executions I've ordered.' " By 1992, Clinton had managed to accumulate around seventy execution dates, for some twenty-six subjects on death row—four, ultimately, for Rector alone. In a visit to a high-school class in Little Rock in 1988, he declared, even after acknowledging that there was really no conclusive evidence that executions acted as deterrents to other killings, that under certain limited circumstances "the death penalty is appropriate." He went on to say, "I don't believe it's the wrong thing to do," and reaffirmed that he would continue to enforce capital punishment in Arkansas.

One of Rector's earlier attorneys reflected recently, "Poor ole Rickey Rector's timing just happened to be real bad."

SOME five months after Clinton's 1980 defeat, Rector, on a balmy early-spring Saturday evening in Conway, rode with two friends—at twenty-nine, he had still not learned to drive—to a dance, attended by about two hundred guests from the area's black community, in a rented back hall of Tommy's Old-Fashioned Home-Style Restaurant, a family eating place on the edge of town. There Rector, attired in a black leather coat and a leather cap, with a full goatee, fell into a dispute at the door over the three-dollar admission charge, demanding that one of his friends, who had only a dollar, be admitted anyway. It ended with Rector snatching a .38 pistol from the waist of his slacks and firing away, wounding two men. A third man, Arthur Criswell, thirty-three, was hit in the forehead and throat, and died almost immediately. Rector then strode out to his friend and told him to drive him back to his house.

There, with his wife watching, he paced and stomped from room to room, pausing repeatedly to glance out a window. He retreated into the bedroom, suddenly smacked his fist on the bed, and cried out "*Damn!*" He told his wife that he was taking off, and rushed out of the house.

He began running. The rest of that night, and on through the next two days and nights, he plunged about the back ways of Conway in a kind of aimless, circular fleeing—on foot, slipping into a few friends' houses, ranging then out into the countryside, trampling through tangled woods along the edges of farmland and fishponds, huddling in ditches and the weeds below overpasses. From somewhere he phoned one of his sisters in Detroit, telling her, as she recalls his words, "I'm in trouble. I got to come and see you. I love you. I'm in real trouble. I didn't mean to do it, but they just pushed me, you know? I didn't know what I was doin'." He told her that some of his acquaintances had assured him, "They gonna kill you, man. They gonna shoot you down like a dog." He spoke to her, she remembers, like one already doomed: "They got a cake baked for me. And I'm gonna have to eat it."

On the third night of his roamings, he made his way through several miles of hilly woods and brush and gullies to his sister Stella's house, outside Conway, rapping on the door at about four in the morning. She implored him, in low frantic whispers, so her husband might get back to sleep, to give himself up—he looming before her, amid the room's Early American furniture, bedraggled and unshaven, his eyes glaring. He had neither eaten nor slept for the past three nights, he told her, but when she offered to cook him some eggs and pancakes he said, "No, don't fix me nothin', I don't want to eat." Instead, he went into one of her bedrooms, and sat on the edge of the bed, mute, staring out the window into the night. When dawn came, he got to his feet and left.

TUESDAY, March 24, 1981, was a cool, sunny day in Conway. Around noon, Stella was visiting her mother in town, in the same house where Rickey had been raised. (George Rector had died in 1978.) As Stella was comforting her mother, the phone rang, and Stella answered it. It was Rickey. "He said he wanted to give himself up, because he knew Mama was worried and it was the right thing to do," Stella relates. "But he was still so scared." And she remembers that "the very last intelligent thing Rickey ever said to me was 'You don't know what they do to you when they get you in that jail. Just don't *know* what they *do* to you. And they *really* want me this time.' "

Around two-forty that afternoon, a call came into Conway's police headquarters—from one of Rickey's sisters, it later developed—asking specifically that Patrolman Robert W. Martin be sent to the address of Rickey's mother. As later testimony disclosed, Rickey had finally consented to his family's pleas that he give himself up, but with the understanding that Martin, who had known the Rector family since Rickey was a child, would be the one who came for him.

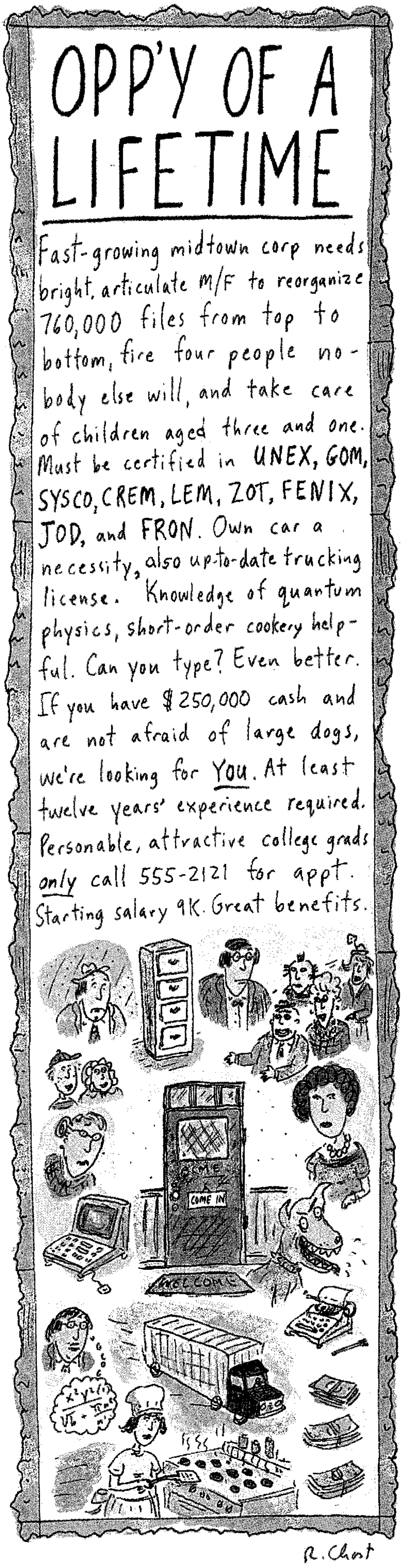
Bob Martin, a seasoned regular with the Conway police, was a quiet and deliberate man of unimposing, slightly slack build, with, at thirty-eight, a sheaf of gray hair over a plain face that wore an almost unvariable bland and unassertive expression—a surpassingly mild and amiable soul, in all. He lived, with his wife and three children, in a country community outside Conway, named Wooster, where he absorbed himself in his single noticeable enthusiasm, ranching—working cattle and trading in horses. According to old acquaintances, what he'd really wanted to be was a cowboy. He was a "gentle father," one of his daughters recalled years later, "always easy with us." Her most cherished memory of him is of the two of them riding horses together over the fields around Wooster. Whenever he was off duty, he was always found wearing a cowboy hat.

It was in something of a free and leisurely cowboy manner, actually, that he operated as a policeman—in a "one-on-one, lone-wolf style," according to Lieutenant Rodney Pearson, one of the few current members of the Conway police force who worked with Martin. He patrolled the town as what was called a rover, in "an old-style approach now being rediscovered—community policing," Pearson says. "He would make it a point to stop and talk, to connect personally, to the whole community." As a result, "he took great pride in the fact he could accomplish in hours what would take detectives weeks." Martin attended with a particularly patient diligence to his complex of personal contacts within Conway's black neighborhoods, and consequently had penetrated what Pearson calls "that cloak of anonymity in the black community." His easy and familiar amicability with the Rector household had not been disturbed by the circumstance of his having arrested Rickey at least once before, and he had already assured Mrs. Rector, she later reported, that "he wasn't going to try to force Rickey to come in." Even after what happened that afternoon, Rickey's mother declared that Martin "was the only one on the force he would trust," and she added, "I really did like Mr. Martin. He was the nicest one on the force." Earlier that Tuesday afternoon, Pearson recalls, he had asked Martin while the two of them were sitting in the squad room, "What should I do if I see Rector?" and Martin told him, "You don't do nothing. You call me. Because he'll kill you. But he won't kill me."

Shortly before three o'clock, after the call from Rector's sister was relayed by the department to Martin, in his patrol car, he pulled up in front of Mrs. Rector's house—a small, tidy bungalow with white metal awnings and pale-avocado-green aluminum siding, its half porch covered with Astro-Turf and nestled in tall, thick shrubbery just a few feet back from the street. Eleven years later, Pearson—a lean, sturdy man with a mustache, brush-cut hair, and a measured and narrow-eyed soberness—drove me out to the house, and we walked for a while around its grounds. Set in a quiet scatter of similarly simple dwellings in the black section of Conway, called Old Town, the house was now vacant and had gone a bit shabby over the years: there was a broken window behind a tattered screen, and an old white stove had been deposited under a slumping carport. In the back, an aluminum-frame door was sagging—the door through which Rector had entered and, a few moments later, left the house that afternoon.

When Martin got out of his patrol car, wearing the Conway police uniform of nickel-gray shirt with navy trousers, his patrolman's cap on his head, he was

"And Mort Zuckerman will be dropping by after lunch. Just kidding."


OPP'Y OF A LIFETIME
Fast-growing midtown corp needs bright, articulate M/F to reorganize 760,000 files from top to bottom, fire four people nobody else will, and take care of children aged three and one. Must be certified in UNEX, GOM, SYSCO, CREM, LEM, ZOT, FENIX, JOD, and FRON. Own car a necessity, also up-to-date trucking license. Knowledge of quantum physics, short-order cookery helpful. Can you type? Even better. If you have $250,000 cash and are not afraid of large dogs, we're looking for YOU. At least twelve years' experience required. Personable, attractive college grads only call 555-2121 for appt. Starting salary 9K. Great benefits.
ACME
COME IN
WELCOME
R. Chast

met outside the house by the sister of Rector's who had called him, Josie Gilkey, and was informed that Rickey was at his place, only a short stroll across the back yard from his mother's house, but would be coming over at any moment. Martin was admitted into Mrs. Rector's tiny parlor, a room meticulously decorated with tasselled lampshades and candles in curlicued fixtures, with a small crystal chandelier and gold shag carpeting. Martin settled himself in a Queen Anne chair and began, in his genial and unhurried way, to chat with Mrs. Rector, a solidly heavy woman, and with Rickey's sister Josie and her son, Michael, who lived, with his wife, in a trailer in the back yard.

Suddenly, almost noiselessly, Rickey materialized from the rear of the house. Wearing only a half-sleeve baseball shirt hanging loose over cotton work pants, he leaned casually against the side of the wide door to the bedroom behind the parlor. He was right beside Martin's chair, and Martin, glancing up at him, said, "Hi, Rickey, how you doin'?" Rector replied, "Hi, Mr. Bob." Pearson now says that he is certain that "if Rickey had told him, 'No, I'm not going with you, come back in an hour,' Bob Martin would have just got up and left." But then, as Martin turned back to continue talking with Mrs. Rector, Rickey withdrew from the small of his back under his baseball shirt the .38 pistol—"The biggest surprise Bob ever got in his life was when Rickey pulled out that pistol," Pearson says—and he fired two shots, hitting Martin in the jaw and neck. Rickey's mother and sister screamed, and floundered to get out of the room, as Martin, blood running down his body, slowly slumped from the chair onto the floor, where, though his carotid artery and neck vertebrae were shattered, he seemed to make a last, vague effort to utter something.

Rector then turned, saying nothing, and walked slowly out of the house into the back yard, under the sheltering expanse of a silver maple tree, where Michael Gilkey's wife, rushing out of the house trailer there, saw him pass with an odd, drowsy shuffle. "He didn't appear to recognize me, because he just looked at me," she said later. "He just looked over at me and said, 'I just shot that damn cop,' and walked on away. . . . I've never seen that look on him before." He proceeded across the yard—passing under the chinaberry tree where, as a boy, he had played alone with sticks—and wandered on past a flimsy little wire fence and a neighbor's small vegetable garden, past a mound of yard trash, his shoes scuffing through drifts of leaves lying over the grass. In those few moments, his sister Stella now surmises, "I think he realized what he had done, and he'd done it *in front of our mother*." One of his attorneys eventually speculated, "If he was going to try to get away, I don't think he would have gone into the house in the first place," and his mother could only suggest afterward, "Something must have just snapped inside him." No one can ever really know, because Rector halted beside a berry bush near a pecan tree, lifted the pistol to his left temple, and pulled the trigger.

Barely a moment later, police cars, responding to a call from Michael Gilkey, came sweeping in from all over town, and then from the county, slewing to a stop around the house and soon filling the length of the street. Pearson, one of the first to arrive, saw a small group of neighbors in the yard standing around Rector's body. He was stretched out full length on his back, his thinly tapered arms lying straight along his sides, and Pearson says that after he glanced at the wound to his forehead "my opinion was, this man was dead." Someone then yelled, "The house!" and Pearson, with another officer, went in through the back door. "The house was completely still," Pearson recalls, "but, right away, we saw Bob." Back then, Pearson was not quite twenty-four and had been on the force only about two years. "You think you're almost invincible," he recalls. "But when you see a fellow-officer you've had coffee with in the squad room only an hour or so before, in a pool of blood dying, it dispels a lot of illusions. He was lying on his back with his head toward us, one leg with a bent knee. He looked to have been shot at close range with a shotgun." Lying near him on the gold shag rug was his police hat.

Martin was the first Conway policeman ever shot, much less killed, in the line of duty. Other officers piled into the house; one of them quickly came back out, sobbing, reeled over to the cluster of people around Rector's body, and began to bellow at them. "I remember that policeman that wanted to shoot Rickey when he was lying down on the ground," Rector's sister Josie later testified. "He was a big guy. . . . That guy said, 'Let the dirty son of a bitch die!' " Another policeman then "ran and grabbed him," she said, "to make him keep his gun in his holster," and led him, still weeping, away from her brother.

Martin and Rector were taken, in separate ambulances, to Conway's hospital. In the emergency room there, Pearson encountered Faulkner County's prosecutor, William C. Brazil, who confirmed that Martin was dead. But, Brazil told Pearson, Rector was still alive and was to be taken to a Little Rock medical center for brain surgery. Brazil then clutched Pearson's arm and demanded, "You go with him in that ambulance and stay with him until relieved."

Pearson followed Rector, in fact, all the way into the operating room at Little Rock's University Hospital, donning a gown and perching himself on a stool immediately behind the surgeon, right above Rector's head. As Pearson watched, the surgeon sliced and peeled back skin from Rector's forehead, sawed through bone ("It dispelled a lot of ideas I had about the delicacy of brain surgery," Pearson says. "Rather coarse, actually"), and finally lifted away membrane to expose Rector's brain. Pearson, peering now into Rector's open skull, recognized that "the injury was severe"; he could see, in the mangled brain tissue, sears of gunpowder burns, and "tiny arteries just shooting blood," which the surgeon cauterized with quick singes, amid wisps of smoke. The bullet itself, having passed completely through the front of Rector's skull, had lodged under the skin above the right ear, and when the surgeon extracted it he held it up in a pair of tweezers and daintily let it drop into a small cup, which was handed to Pearson. At one point, according to the surgeon's report, "soft necrotic [dead] brain in the right and left frontal lobes was removed using suction" and "frontal lobe tissue was removed approximately back to the sphenoid ridges bilaterally before normal viable brain was identified"; that is, about three inches of frontal brain tissue was taken from Rector's head, back to a diagonal line from his left temple to his right ear, before the wound was closed.

The damage, though, extended even beyond that. A clinical neuropsychologist at the hospital later testified that "fragments of bullet and bone have been noted in the right temporal lobe portion of the brain, which means that it was more than just frontal lobe damage." Moreover, he pointed out, damage to the frontal lobe itself disrupts the complex of fibrous connections embracing the rest of the brain, with an effect something like shorting out parts of an electrical circuit. A psychologist at a federal medical center for prisoners in Missouri, who evaluated Rector's condition some time later, attested, "His brain impairment is not precisely localized to just one aspect of the brain. I think there's diffuse impairment involving both hemispheres."

The clinical effect of such a substantial destruction of frontal brain tissue is that Rector, as it was presented in testimony over ensuing months, would suffer from "gross memory loss," and particularly that when dealing with "content and meaning" he was "severely impaired," and would have a near-total inability to conceptualize beyond a response to immediate sensations or provocations; in fact, he "seemed unable to grasp either the concept of past or future." A state psychologist also noted that he had "difficulty maintaining concentration and attention to a task." In addition, although Rector did "demonstrate . . . some abilities to handle his day-to-day life in terms of actions which are repetitive," he also demonstrated what is known as a flat affect, meaning that "when it comes down to the issues of emotion . . . Rickey has absolutely no involvement in any of the dire circumstances of his life." In fact, the Little Rock clinical neuropsychologist found him to be "lacking a will or an understanding of a way to fight his present dilemma." Someone who had suffered the sort of brain damage sustained by Rector could still present, at first encounter, an appearance of normality, but within that appearance of "a mature adult," as one study of frontal-lobotomy patients was quoted in later hearings, there still exists "a very young child." Indeed, what would prove treacherous in later attempts to appraise Rector's state was that he could seem to pass in and out of a certain minimal awareness, coming briefly into a vague focus on the life around him but then shortly receding into the shadowy void he mostly inhabited.

The day after Rector's surgery, the doctor who had performed the operation informed Stella and an attorney that it had been "a classic prefrontal lobotomy" and had left Rector "totally incompetent" to assist any attorney who took his case. "I just immediately assumed that he would be placed in an institution, and that would be that," Stella says.

Nevertheless, after observing the operation on Rector, Pearson returned to Conway with assurances to his fellow-officers and to local officials that Bob Martin's slayer had survived surgery, and should recover suitably enough.

IN the first weeks after the operation, Rector declared to a number of people that he had been hospitalized for a wound in his leg. One of his attorneys later testified, "When I asked Rickey directly about the surgery or anything about the scar, he will flatly deny that he had surgery on his head at all, and will instead state that he went to the hospital so that his leg could be operated on." Even after "people have confronted him with the fact that 'you do have a scar on your head,' " the attorney said, "he can't seem to explain or even acknowledge that occurred." Eventually, he came to believe intermittently that he himself had been the victim of the violence that afternoon, informing psychological examiners and his own attorneys that, as one reported, "the police had killed the policeman and then shot him in the head." At other times, he declared that "a scuffle ensued at which point Mr. Rector struck the police officer," one medical evaluator said. "The patient indicated 'I knocked him out.' Mr. Rector said he then ran from the house and came upon another police officer who wished to arrest him, but, because he was concerned about being beaten in the local jail facility," he then did, as everyone had been saying, shoot himself in the head.

His sisters, in their visits, now found that he had "slurred speech," Stella later reported. "He fumbles, he has trouble picking up coins." While once almost fanatically fastidious about what he ate, she said, "now he just shovels his food in, whatever is presented to him. He never asks about anyone or anything in the past. He seems content to just sit and stare. Nothing seems to bother him."

THE popular and legal disposition toward Rector after the killing of Bob Martin was, one of Rector's early attorneys says, "They'd take his body if they couldn't have his mind." So formidable was the sentiment in the community about what had happened to Martin that the chore of defending Rector in court was a role that "absolutely none of the attorneys in Conway wanted," according to one lawyer finally appointed to his case. Also because of this popular mood, it became almost obligatory for both the prosecutor and the judge—their offices elective, at that initial level of the justice system where Rector's fate would first be decided—to see that he was pursued to the law's last possible measure of punishment. The prosecutor, Brazil, later explained to the Conway *Log Cabin Democrat* that he had refused all offers of a plea bargain for a life sentence without possibility of parole, because he was urged by the community, including Martin's family, to settle for nothing less than Rector's death.

Since it was never disputed that Rector had committed both the Criswell and the Martin murders, the progression of his case over the next ten years—through a protracted cycle of lawyers, most appointed by the court—depended on two intermingling principles of fundamental law about the competency of an accused to stand trial and, ultimately, to be executed. One principle, contained in the Sixth Amendment, was that the accused, to be tried at all, must at least be capable of meaningfully assisting his counsel in his defense—a requirement that had special import, the defense maintained, when the accused faced execution. The other measure of competency, a less stringent federal standard that came into play only in 1986, with the Supreme Court's decision in Ford v. Wainwright, stipulated that the accused, to be subject to execution, must first comprehend that he has been sentenced to death and, second, comprehend why. Essential in that measure of competency, one of Rector's attorneys argued, is "more than just being able to say, 'Yes, I know I am going to be executed'; it in-

MARCH 7TH

In the bakeshop, at one of the tables,
there is a man about to eat his morning slice,
who sits, hands folded, eyes closed,
above the loaf still entire, and speaks inwardly
huge strange thoughts of thanks.
The knife, a felled birch left overnight
for tomorrow's work, on which the moonlight,
in the eyes of no one, plays, gleaming, the knife
sits awaiting the emptiness it will make appear
where all along there had been emptiness
implied. Round him the room hums
slightly. No. Round him
infinite spaces gnaw at his face.
His hands are thick from work. The small hairs
glow, the fresh-washed skin, freckled a bit
with age, ripples where his fingers
lace. His weight is on his elbows, and carries through
onto the imitation-woodgrain tabletop.
Nothing distracts. The loaf is a crucial landmark
in the small landscape which is his place—
a way to find the road back to the felled
tree, even in moonlight, even if strong rains intervene
and no moon or sunshine can get through. For days
he hunted for the tree. Found it. Now
mist makes the most familiar turns implausible,
and notches in skyline, timberline—friends,
guides—suddenly silt in. Silence of a place
known forever then not known at all—never at all.
Habit gone, yesterday and yesterday and yesterday . . .
Beauty
is the notch restored,
the clump of evergreens—beneath it—recognized!—
three bluebirds in them and then two now, up and out, chasing the
third,
bursting the air all round like water when the monster's
surfacing. All this is true. All this is huge and empty
spaces, tapping his lids, his hands,
legend, small whirling motes
or sparks or seed, in the hollows—ears, palms—inside the skull,
hands to his lips so briefly as he finishes—a kiss.
Oh glance, now that the eyes that own you open again,
hand, moving out to lift the knife—what
are you doing? Corridor, stairway, front door—

—JORIE GRAHAM

cludes a genuine appreciation of those consequences."

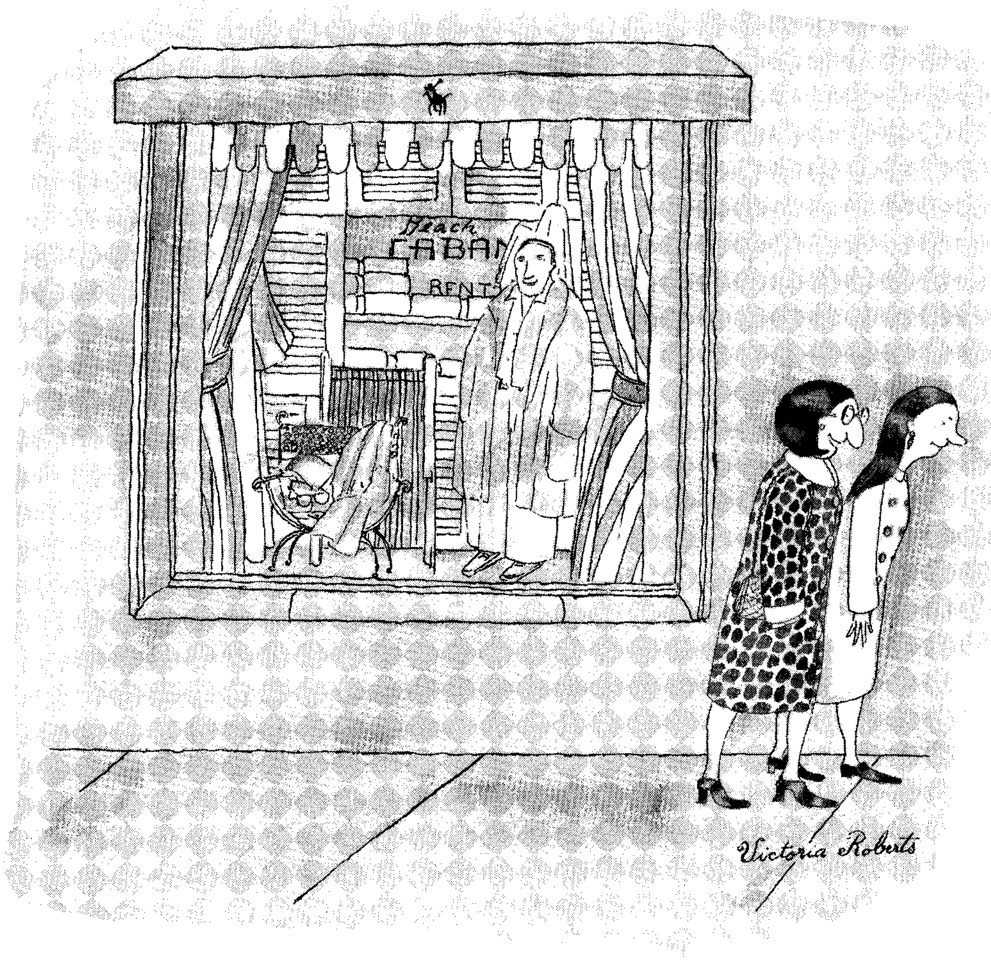
One of Rector's early attorneys would testify, "My first impression of Mr. Rector, frankly, was that he was better off than the reports that I had would indicate. I talked to him a good while. He wanted to coöperate with me. He answered my questions directly." The attorney went on to say, "After the second and third interview, I came to conclude that we had the same conversation over and over. . . . He would make every effort, I thought, to say what he thought I wanted him to say. He would always come back to the same points." Partly for that reason, his attorneys began to sense, in their discussions of that March afternoon, that Rector was, as one said, "giving me information that someone else had given him."

One psychologist who examined him testified for the defense, "Most of what Rickey told me . . . appeared to have been based on hearsay, what others have told him about what happened." Further, the psychologist said that while Rector apparently "understood what murder was," it seemed the recognition "a child might give . . . maybe a nine- or ten-year-old." Although he seemed to have "a very low basic level" of understanding of what might happen to him, he had "marked deficits in his ability to think abstractly, to go beyond the very concrete right here and now," and had an I.Q. of sixty-three. If Rector was asked what should be done about someone who had killed someone else, the psychologist said, "Very passively, very blandly, and very quietly, he stated, 'I guess they ought to send me to the chair if I did it, but I don't remember doing it.' " A year later, Rector told the same examiner that "if they're going to do it, there ain't nothin' I can do about it except get dressed and go on down and sit in the chair and they'll barbecue me"—this uttered, the examiner said, with "absolutely no emotion." He remarked, "It's almost as if you are speaking with a person talking about someone else's life . . . the life of another person that he's outside looking at."

In frustration, one of his early attorneys testified, he finally tried to jolt some feeling out of Rector by describing to him how, when someone is being electrocuted, "sometimes the blood boils, there's all kinds of very gruesome things that happen to a body." But, the attorney said, "he was totally oblivious to it . . . that this could relate to him." Another attorney testified, "I went in one time just determined to get some emotion out of him, good, bad, or indifferent." He was about to kick him on the shin, "just to see if he would do something, and then I decided that might be inappropriate."

One attorney, assigned to Rector's case in 1988, did persevere all the way to the end. He was John Jewell, the scion of a relatively patrician family in Little Rock, whose father was a venerable Arkansas attorney. A meticulously serious young man, stocky and pale, with thin dark hair and gold wire-rimmed spectacles, Jewell has a quiet and almost primly correct demeanor, and there is a vaguely seminarial air about him. He testified that, in his first sessions with Rector, "after maybe four or five minutes, all communication that I was trying to direct broke down, and it became merely a series of questions. . . . 'What would you do if somebody spit in your face? What would you do if Tommy Robinson jumped you? . . . Is Little Rock bad?'—just a repetition of that type of question, and you couldn't focus him again."

One death-row inmate later likened the working of Rector's consciousness to that of a needle on a warped record, bumping and skimming randomly from one momentary refrain to another, completely separate and dissonant, and then at some point staying hung on the endless revolving of another stray passage. Once, while he was in prison, Stella brought him word that one of his brothers had died. "He asked only a few questions," she says, "and then all of a sudden, 'You see all that monkey smoke in here?' And began to pace like a wild



"I dreamed that Ralph Lauren put more stuff in his windows."

"And whose little marriage are we?"

• •

animal. 'See all that monkey smoke?' I said, 'Are you getting in trouble?'—because he knew when he was about to float away again and would make up things to cover it up when it began. 'Are you losing it?' I said, and he said 'Yeah.' "

At first, Jewell says, "he wouldn't know who I was when I'd come back to see him," but eventually, whenever he saw Jewell again, he yelped, "There's my man!" And before long Jewell came to feel a profound and abiding pity and sorrow for him. "It was just that he, you know, couldn't do anything whatsoever for himself, to help himself," he says. Even after leaving his law firm for a position as a corporate attorney in Little Rock, Jewell continued to labor on Rector's case. "But at no point did I ever feel with Rickey it was anything like a relationship with a friend," he says. "Because there wasn't anyone there to connect to." Another of Rector's attorneys later lamented, "We didn't have a client to defend. Rickey was a nonexistent part of the trial."

The question ultimately became, then, as one psychologist put it, "if Rickey is truly the same man he was before he shot himself, or do we now have a different individual?" Rector's sister Stella testified, "The person you see here and the person that I see, it looks like Rickey. He talks like Rickey, he has some characteristics of Rickey. But the real Rickey Ray Rector was destroyed when he shot himself with the gun. This person is just an appearance. It is not my brother." During one of his trials, his attorney finally posed the issue as: "The person who shot Officer Martin cannot be executed. He no longer lives. If we cannot execute that person, must we, nevertheless, execute his body?"

As the case unfolded, of course, that was more or less the determination of the officials of justice for Faulkner County and the State of Arkansas. Even so, there was first the obligation of satisfying the law's technical punctilio by undertaking to demonstrate that there was at least a sufficient semblance of a mind in Rector to qualify him as "competent" for trial and punishment. To begin with, both the prosecution and the defense had put him through a series of psychological and neurological examinations to clinically evaluate his fitness to be legally tried and put to death. There followed two competency hearings, preliminary to his trial for first-degree murder in Arthur Criswell's death, which was not necessarily a capital matter, and his trial in Martin's death, which inescapably was. With Rector's commission of the murders unquestioned by the defense, both hearings really amounted to the definitive determinations of what would become of him, and were conducted for the deliberation of the local judge, George F. Hartje, alone, without a jury, in the Faulkner County Courthouse.

The medical specialists for the defense testified to Rector's psychic destitution, declaring that he was manifestly incapable of assisting his attorneys in any real way. A neuropsychologist insisted that there was no possibility that Rector was shamming his pitiable performances in their examinations; one of the state's specialists agreed, and even made the peculiarly poignant concession that Rector was "trying to do the best he could on those tests."

Brazil, the prosecutor, also produced his own succession of specialists assigned to examine Rector—some of whom, it turned out, had never read the surgeon's report on Rector's operation or had read it only that morning. (One of them had no idea how much brain tissue was removed, had only briefly examined Rector's medical charts, and passed only some twenty minutes interviewing him.) Nevertheless, the specialists variously explained Rector's condition by reporting that he was "attempting to fake psychopathology," that he offered irrelevant answers "primarily to avoid focussing the discussion on the issues related to the charges," that he was "generally hostile, irritable, and suspicious," and merely affecting a "cool daddy" pose. One psychologist discounted the ruin of Rector's mind reported by defense experts by asserting, "He gave a performance," and cited, as a reason for his conclusion that

Rector was fully capable of assisting his attorney, "He was coöperative with my exam" and "always seemed to appreciate my questions and didn't seem to be holding back with me." Another cited as evidence for the same conclusion the fact that Rector was able "to express himself quite openly" in saying that "he does not remember anything. He was able to express that quite clearly."

A psychiatrist who testified for the prosecution told the court, regarding Rector's apparent emptiness of emotion and his serene and vacant muzziness interspersed with a frenetic childlike scatter of attentions—his condition since his surgery—that "those are his life choices," his "personality adaptation in life." Rector could still "respond in an emotional way if he chooses," and so "could choose to coöperate more" with his defense. "I believe he's faking on some aspects of this," the psychiatrist said, adding that Rector had "attempted to make himself look sick." Rector's ploy, he explained, was "intentionally dawdling before answering." (One of this doctor's colleagues had testified that he found Rector to be "pretty prompt.")

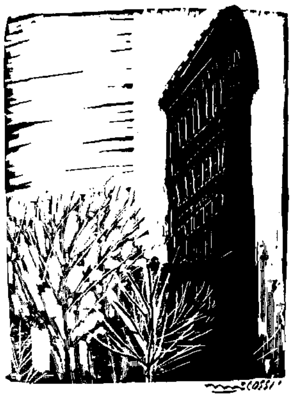
All this produced what a higher court would later characterize as testimony "hopelessly in conflict," which left Judge Hartje free to decide either way. In this instance, the benefit of the doubt did not go to the defendant. In both competency hearings Hartje decreed that Rector was competent to be tried and so, ultimately, executed.

Shortly after Hartje's first ruling—about seven months after Rector shot himself—Rector's mother died. "She had vowed that she would never testify against Rickey," Stella says. "About two days before she went, she called me in and said—they were her last words to me—'Stella, I want you to promise me to take care of Rickey.' And I looked into her eyes and promised her, 'Mama, I don't know if anybody can really help Rickey now—but I'll do what I can.' " Even though Stella says that "Rickey and my mother had always had this sort of special bond between them," one of his attorneys recalls that when Rector was told, in prison, that she was dead "there was absolutely no reaction," adding, "Only said, 'She is?' And then, 'When's dinner?' " Stella was permitted to take him to the funeral home to view her body, "and he started laughing when he saw her," Stella says. "Said, 'Yeah, that's her all right, she's dead.' "

Rector's two trials were about a year apart. In the first, for the killing of Arthur Criswell, he was sentenced to life without parole. That alone would have served, of course, to remove him from any further possible distress to Arkansas society. In the Martin trial, it took an all-white jury only fifteen minutes to find him guilty of capital murder, and the jury then moved on to decide his sentence. Rector's attorney at the time, Dan Stripling, recalls, "You know you're in bad trouble when the retired Methodist minister on the jury grabs for that death form to sign."

After Rector heard his sentence sounded—death by electrocution—he stood for a few moments as spectators began leaving the courtroom and the judge and jury also departed, and then turned to Stripling and muttered, "Does this mean I'll get a television in my cell now?"

RECTOR was sent to death row, which at the time was at Cummins prison, a former cotton plantation that is now a gigantic penal farming complex in Arkansas's delta bottomlands. At Cummins, Stella, keeping her promise to her mother, visited Rickey at least once every two months, sometimes with one or more of her sisters. "We never abandoned Rickey for what he did," she says. A mother of two (her husband is a quality-control inspector at a Conway plant), Stella Morris is a tall, trim woman; her hair has a light-maple hue, and she has an eager, richly hoarse voice. She has worked for more than twenty years in a state facility in Conway for the care of the mentally retarded. "Not because of Rickey," she says, "but it sure helped me over the years to understand Rickey." On her visits to Cummins, she would give him pre-addressed and stamped envelopes, along with sheets of notepaper decorated in a lower corner with a picture of Kermit the Frog talking on a telephone, in the hope that it might induce him to write letters to her, and he would occasionally do so, in cramped, childlike, punctuationless printing:



> Dear Sister How is everythang going I am doing Fine I have been doing Fine. . . . it is a lots of punks and thugs down there. . . . I am trying to stay out of trouble the best I can. . . . I read in the paper where my lawyer is droping my case So see if you can Find another on For me right way. . . . if I kill some Body I don't no nothing about it I thank I am getting Frame by somebody.

Stella says of her visits to him, "His cell was just filthy. He didn't know how to clean it. And *he* was filthy—*nasty*—his shirt all crumpled and dirty, the color of that dirt out there in that yard." He still consumed whatever food appeared before him, with an almost unnoticing, headlong voracity. "He doesn't seem to know when to stop eating," Stella would testify. "On my bimonthly visits, we buy him anywhere from five to ten dollars in junk food, and he eats all of it and he eats it very fast and he eats it very uncivilized. He thrusts it in his mouth, I mean, continuously."

A prison chaplain named Dennis Pigman, an Assembly of God minister originally from Minnesota, recalls the first time he visited Rector. "I thought the guy was completely crazy. He was standing at the bars, hollering, dancing. He would jump up and down like some ape. Playing cowboys and Indians in his cell all by himself, dancing around and then jumping over and shooting at where he had been dancing. It was obvious he had the mentality of about a six- or seven-year-old." Eventually, at some point, Rector began to howl, day and night, in his cell. "The more he sensed himself threatened, the more he became like a scared child," Stella says. He became convinced that prison guards were setting loose chickens and alligators in his cell. Stella remembers, "He was afraid of everything that moved. He was afraid to go outside in the yard, because he thought somebody would hurt him, do something to him." And for one stretch of three weeks, day after day, he just cowered in a corner of his cell, "like a child cringing in his bunk," Chaplain Pigman says. Pigman finally arranged for him to come to chapel alone, he told me, "because he was afraid somebody would kill him": the chaplain would conduct his service with Rector hulking there by himself, in a small concrete-block room.

Rector exasperated the other death-row inmates. During the day, one said, "no one can pass his cell without answering a long repertoire of questions that he has about dogs. . . . In the middle of the night, his light goes out, he'll start screaming. He's afraid of the dark. And everybody is up because Rector has woke everybody up."

Inmates began supplying him with their own medications in the hopes of calming him at least at night. But in time the condemned men around him began to feel a peculiar care and solicitude for him. William Frank Parker, a white death-row inmate, was among several witnesses who testified for Rector at some of his last hearings. Parker assured the court that ordinarily he would feel little moved to make appeals for anyone else on death row, but he went on to say, "I seen you attacking a retarded child, I'm going to get in it. Rector is not normal." Parker added, "He has no foothold on reality. He doesn't know what's going on most of the time. . . . I don't care what all these psychiatrists and psychologists say . . . it doesn't take a licensed— A garbage-truck guy, or anybody, could tell you that Rector is not normal." At a clemency hearing, Parker even admitted that at one point, out of a simple rage of pity for him, "I tried to get him to commit suicide," but "he wouldn't do it."

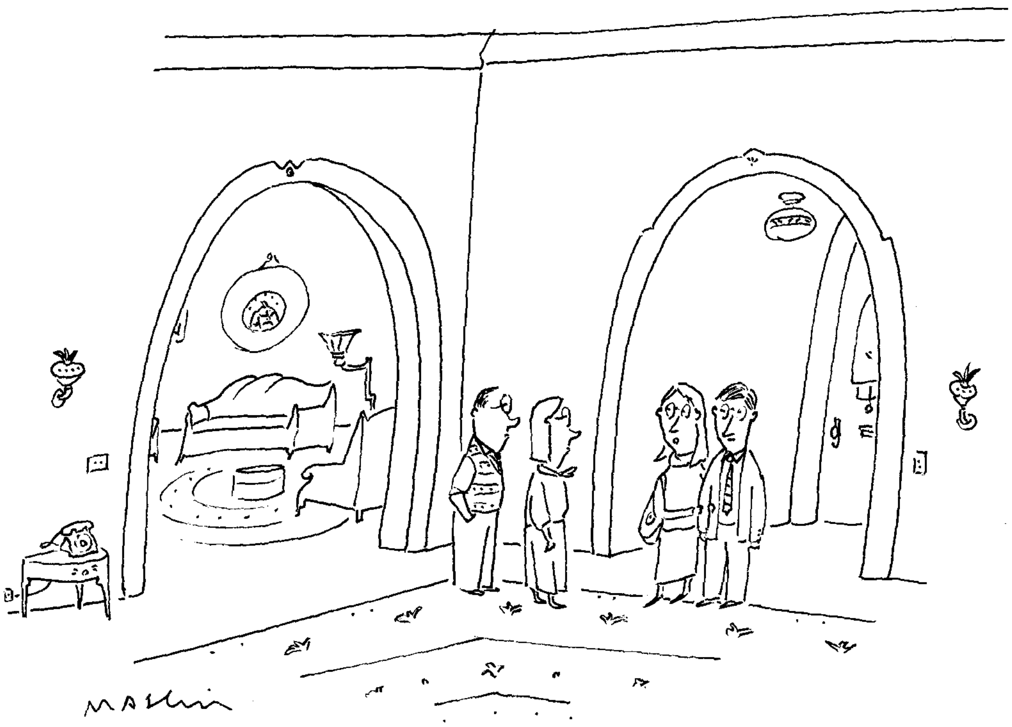
At times, Stella says, "until the day he died," he believed those he was told he had killed "were still walking around somewhere alive." At other times, he continued to propose, John Jewell says, "that the police had killed the policeman and then shot him in the head." Rector announced to those presiding at one clemency hearing that his first victim was in fact still living in some little town near Conway. One of Rector's attorneys testified that he "continually told me that the gentleman he was supposed to have killed was driving around the jail in a big white car, a Cadillac or something, and he had seen this guy and he knew he wasn't dead." That was also his notion about the brother of his who had died while he was in prison—"Rickey kept asking me how he was doing," Stella says—and about his mother. "He told me that he saw Mother, she came to visit him at night," Stella recalls. In 1989, during a two-month stay at the federal medical center for prisoners in Missouri, he consistently referred to his mother, in examinations, in the present tense, informing staffers that "she has a bad heart" but never once mentioning that she had died. It was noted that he said "at times he heard the voice of his mother talking to him," and also that of his dead brother. And another of Rector's sisters, Celestine, recalls that, though their father had died some three years before the shootings, on several of her visits to him "he would ask me again, 'Why Daddy won't come to see me?' and I'd tell him, 'Rickey, like I told you before, he is dead.' And he'd go over and sit on his bunk and drop his head."

Celestine says that he continued to suppose that her children were the same age they had been that Tuesday in March of 1981—"like time had just stopped still forever for him that afternoon." He never again, Stella declares, "consistently knew what time, what day, what month, what year it actually was." When he returned to Arkansas's death row after his two months at the federal center in Missouri, Stella asked him how long he'd been there, "and he told me he had been there two years."

Rector had been transported to the Missouri facility at the direction of a federal district judge in Arkansas, for further examination prior to an appeal hearing on his sentence. This time, his I.Q. was measured at seventy, but he performed as abjectly on the other tests as he had previously. The staff psychologist who evaluated him, Dr. David Reuterfors, later described his linguistic functioning as "at a very low level . . . a very, very primitive type of level." Rector had told staff personnel that assorted people were peering in his window at night and that once the guard tower turned its lights on them and shots sent them

"Don't trample on a young girl's hopes and dreams, Roy."

fleeing. The staff's notes read, "Smiles continuously. . . . Occasionally noted to scream and yell without apparent reason. . . . Laughing without apparent reason." The federal center reported to the judge that, while in at least the minimal, technical sense Rector could be considered to satisfy the Ford v. Wainwright requirement of knowing about his death sentence and the reason for it, he "would have considerable difficulty due to his organic deficits in being able to work in a collaborative, coöperative effort with an attorney" and "he would not be able to recognize or understand facts which might be related to his case which might make his punishment unjust or unlawful"—a direct contradiction of Judge Hartje's ruling seven years earlier.



"Mom, Dad, this is Barry—the man I've come to grips with."

DESPITE that report, the hearing became yet another appeal denied. By now, in fact, the hearings on Rector's death sentence, though they had progressively moved up to a judicial altitude beyond those popular considerations which prevailed at the local, elective level where his competency was originally decided, had become largely a question not of the substance of Rector's case but of the legal correctness of the earlier proceedings. In denying an appeal in federal district court, a judge concurred with an Arkansas supreme-court ruling that since "the expert proof is in sharp conflict," Hartje's ruling, by the protocols of legal procedure, could not be held "clearly erroneous," and therefore his decision that Rector was competent to be tried and executed was "entitled to a presumption of correctness," in accordance with a Supreme Court instruction in 1981 that factual determinations by lower courts are due a "high measure of deference." Thus the matter of Rector's actual competence for execution was progressively abstracted into merely a paper matter of the competence of the process and of which standards should be applied to his case.

In 1983, however, one judge of the state supreme court did put forward the proposition that circumstances "arising after the crime," such as Rector's mental condition, did "affect the matter of clemency and should properly be addressed to the Governor, who has the facilities for investigating all the facts." That mention, one of Rector's attorneys now believes, constituted an implicit appeal to Clinton from the members of the judiciary; inescapably embarrassed and uncomfortable, for all their legal formulations, about their position, given Rector's pathetic state, he avers, "it was as if they were begging the Governor to step in at that point."

THROUGH those years, as Rector's death-sentence appeals filtered on through the courts, Clinton was reëlected governor a total of three times, and compiled a respectably diligent record of sensibly proportioned reform, especially in education.

In 1984, I happened to interview him on his education initiatives in Arkansas for a television documentary—the two of us sitting through a long, warm spring afternoon, in shirtsleeves, under a tree on the back lawn of the Governor's Mansion. It clearly seemed then that a renaissance of Arkansas's schools was an authentic passion with him, but within his eager earnestness one also sensed an instinct for close pragmatic computations, and a ferocious ambition already larger than his native state could contain. But he was instantly, expansively likable—engaging, a sort of Twain character (Tom, not Huck) grown into a conscientious young political prince of the South, with unexpected cosmopolitan flair. Bobbing his head urgently, he spoke with an open, affable sincerity that still hinted of the small-town youth.

According to press accounts, Clinton, even before announcing in 1991 his entry into the Presidential competition, had already determined that the modification of his liberal enthusiasms which had regained him the governorship in 1982 was also what was essential for any Democratic Presidential candidate. Having scrupulously studied the course of every Democratic Presidential candidacy since Woodrow Wilson's, he seems to have divined in the candidacies that had miscarried, like Adlai Stevenson's and George McGovern's and, most recently, Michael Dukakis's, the same miscalculation that brought about his 1980 defeat—that of ranging too far beyond the apparent popular mentality. And it cannot have escaped his attention as he prepared for his campaign that polls were showing a nearly eighty-per-cent popular approval of capital punishment; it had "become a virtually one-sided issue" with the public, the Democratic pollster Geoffrey Garin declared. It was "real clear," the leader of one anti-execution coalition pointed out, that "the Willie Horton incident gave Republicans and Democrats an example of the ultimate political manipulation of the crime issue." And one commentator declared flatly, "There is no way the Democrats can nominate somebody against the death penalty and . . . be viable."

Early in 1992, two of the four other Democratic candidates, Paul Tsongas and Senator Bob Kerrey, had also avowed support for the death penalty, but only Clinton was in a position to demonstrate his support by actually applying the penalty. In 1990, he had presided over his first two executions, both of white prisoners—Gene Simmons, by lethal injection, for the murder of fourteen family members one Christmas, and John Swindler, by electrocution, for the killing of a policeman. (The state had begun sentencing condemned prisoners to lethal injection; those sentenced earlier, like Rector, were given a choice.) And by the time Clinton had begun putting his campaign together to surge into New Hampshire, a decision on Rickey Ray Rector was drawing closer.

In June of 1991, Rector's situation had made its way, for the second time, to the Supreme Court. In its first presentation there, in 1984, the Court had refused to review his conviction and death sentence in the lower courts, and it now refused again. There was, however, a dissent from Justice Thurgood Marshall:

> In *Ford* v. *Wainwright* . . . this Court recognized that "the Eighth Amendment prohibits a State from carrying out a sentence of death upon a prisoner who is insane." . . . This petition presents the question whether a prisoner whose mental capacity renders him unable to recognize or communicate facts that would make his sentence unlawful or unjust is nonetheless competent to be executed. . . . The lower courts clearly erred in viewing *Ford* as settling the issue whether a prisoner can be deemed competent to be executed notwithstanding his inability to recognize or communicate facts showing his sentence to be unlawful or unjust.

Marshall referred to the Court's own citation, in its Ford decision, of a pas-

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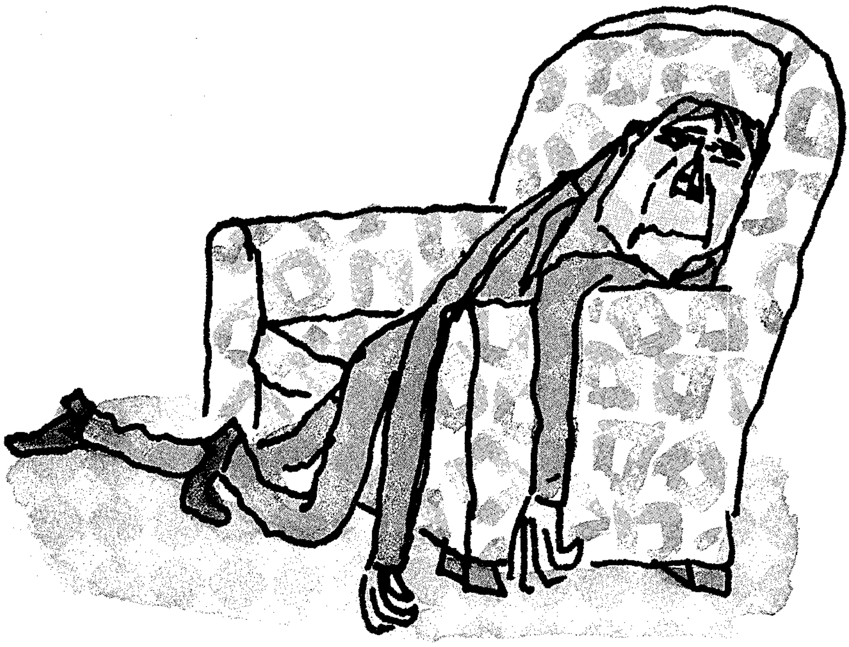
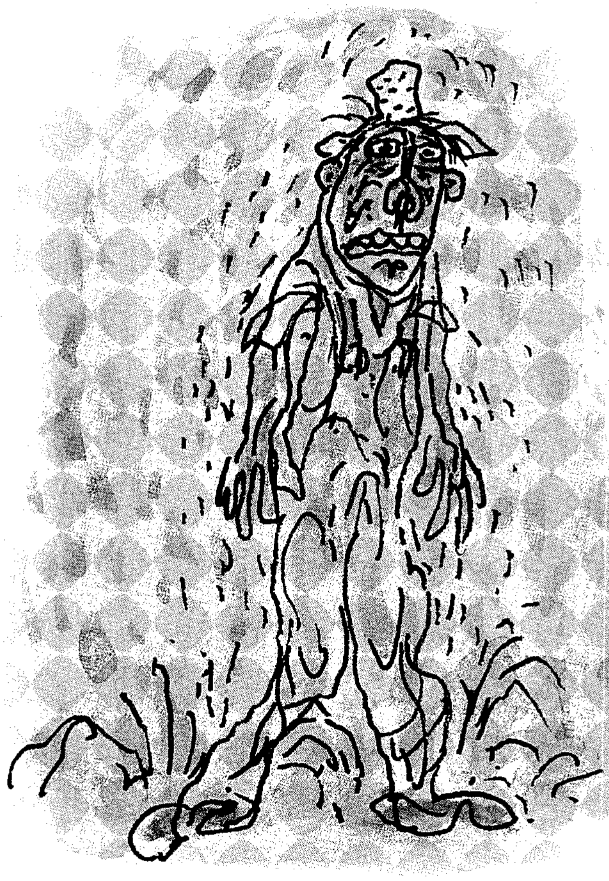
AFFLICTIONS

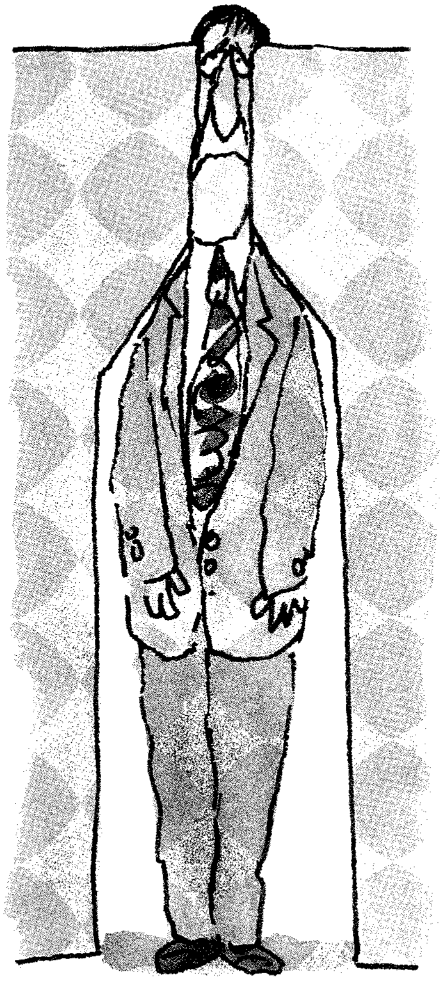
BY WILLIAM STEIG



Exhaustion



Fever



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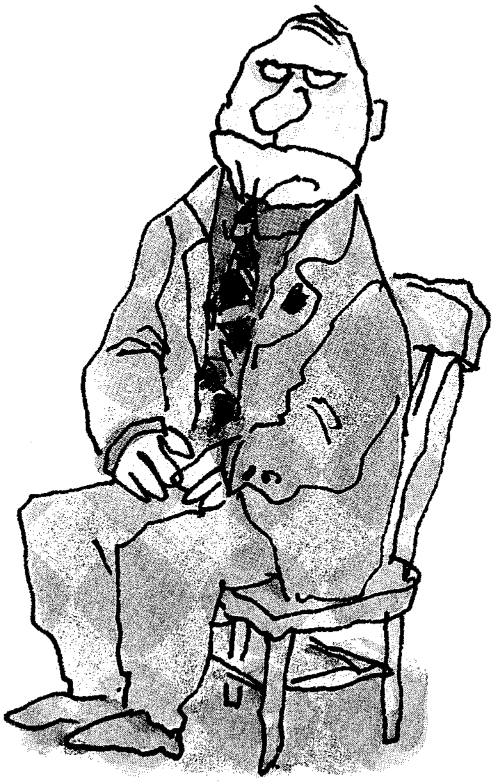

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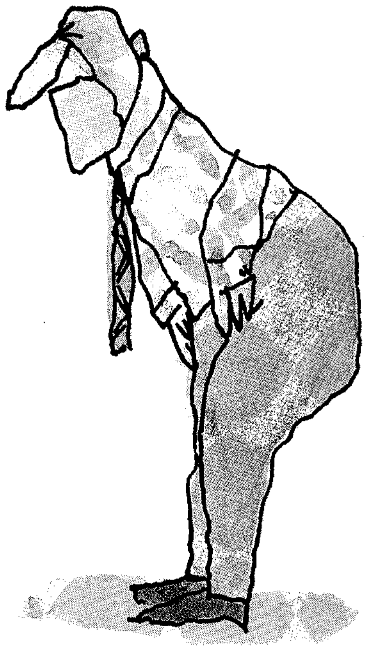

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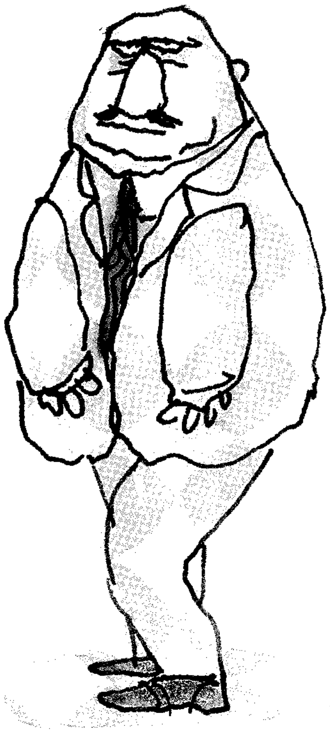
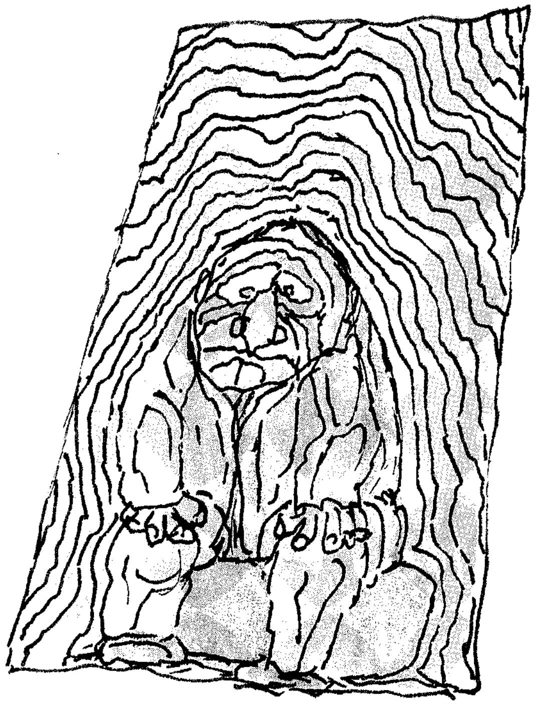
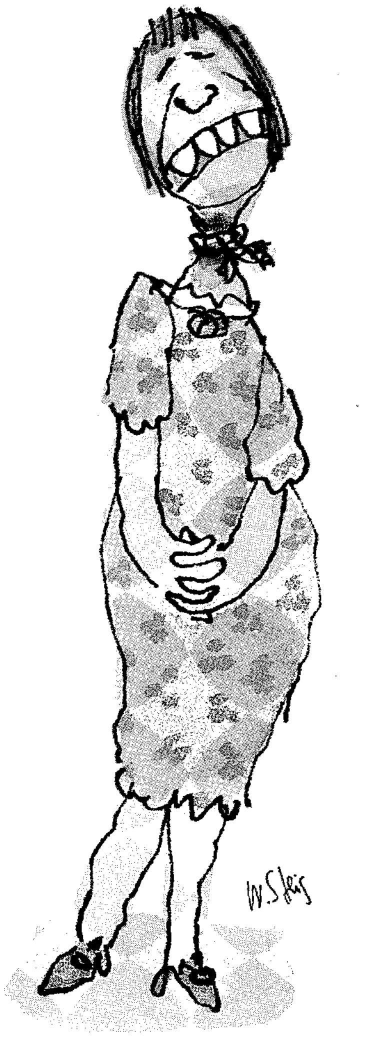


Flatulence



Anxiety



Sore Throat

sage from Blackstone's "Commentaries," which stated that if the condemned "after judgment becomes of nonsane memory, execution shall be stayed: for peradventure, says the humanity of the English law, had the prisoner been of sound memory, he might have alleged something in stay of judgment or execution." Marshall went on:

> The Eighth Amendment prohibits any punishment considered cruel and unusual at common law as well as any punishment contrary to "the 'evolving standards of decency that mark the progress of a maturing society.' ". . . Unavoidably, then, the question whether such persons can be put to death once the deterioration of their faculties has rendered them unable even to appeal to the law or the compassion of the society that has condemned them is central to the administration of the death penalty in this Nation.

Rector was now in the Maximum Security Unit at Tucker prison, some thirty miles north of Cummins, to which he had been transferred in 1986, when the Arkansas death row was relocated there. At Tucker, he continued to talk in the present tense of his two former fellow-inmates Swindler and Simmons, who had been executed. His attorney Jeff Rosenzweig recalls, "It would be 'Simmons doesn't like this or that,' 'Swindler is gonna do this or that.' They were still quite alive to him. He just couldn't finally make the connection. For Rickey, 'I'm going to die' was something a little frightening he was going to have to go through, but it had about the same meaning for him as 'I'm going to the dentist.' " Frank Parker, the death-row prisoner who testified for Rector in some of his last hearings, declared, "He thinks that they don't really execute you, they just make everybody think you're executed. He thinks Swindler is somewhere picking cotton. . . . Somewhere in his twisted mind, he thinks the state tricked everybody, that these people weren't executed, and they were off somewhere working. . . . I don't know, he just has no concept of death. He thinks when he dies, he's coming back."

THE HOUSE ON THE BORDERLAND

You couldn't have foreseen
how people in a story, quietly
talking among themselves
about their lives, or the weather,
might float away from their concerns
into yours. There they are
on the grounds of a vast estate
at the edge of some northern sea.
Lavish celebration: the great house
burning with lights, the guests
gathered on the lawn, indifferent
to the cold, the dew
which is so heavy it stains
the hems of the women's dresses,
weighs them down. How late
can it be? The yellow lanterns
begin to flicker. A man arrives
with a message, and soon
everyone is following him
along the narrow untended paths
which at any moment threaten
to close entirely,
down to the rocky beach
where something's been discovered,
something all of them must see.
So many have assembled, speaking
softly, or in another language,
while men in long coats
dripping with saltwater
pull at the corners
of a tarpaulin, dragging
it over what's lying there,
swept in, cast up,
and you can tell how difficult
this is, how intent they are
to complete their work.
Sweat runs down their foreheads.
Several fall from exhaustion.
More ropes are handed over, lashed
in place. But you find yourself
farther away, and unwilling
to press forward, uncertain you want
to see what the others see.
You think you've understood
the tone of their sentences—disbelief
or wonder, then resignation,
as if all of this had been predicted
or some day would be.

—Lawrence Raab

ON December 15, 1991, Clinton won the Florida straw poll, and he soon headed for New Hampshire, a famously conservative state, to begin mounting his campaign in earnest for the primary there. Just over a week later, two days before Christmas, Rector was handed a letter from Clinton's office in Little Rock apprising him that he was scheduled for execution on January 24th.

There followed two clemency hearings before a panel of the state's Parole and Community Rehabilitation Board—all of whose members had been appointed by Clinton—to decide whether to recommend to Clinton that Rector be imprisoned for life without possibility of parole or dispatched on to the death chamber. The first of these sessions, to hear from Rector himself and others arguing for clemency, was convened in the Maximum Security Unit. Rector, his by now mammoth bulk shackled in wrist cuffs and in chains wrapped around his back, was slumped in a metal folding chair at a table beside Jewell. He told the board, "I don't want to die. I'll take life without if I can get it"—a statement that Jewell had labored for two days to draw out from him. Otherwise, he evinced hardly more interest in the proceedings than to "play like a little kid with the guards, joking and making cracks," Stella relates. Aside from asking Jewell twice if he could smoke, he merely stared flatly straight ahead during the discussion around him of his mental capacity. The second session was held the next day in Little Rock, for those opposed to diminution of his sentence to anything less than death. The turnout was so large—it included the families of both of Rector's victims, Lieutenant Rodney Pearson, and three other Conway police officers—that the meeting had to be moved to bigger quarters. One of Martin's daughters told the board, with tears in her eyes, "People claim he's not the same person. But at that time"—when he killed her father—"he was the same person and knew exactly what he was doing." It took the board thirty-five minutes to receive such observations and then to vote, unanimously, against recommending that Clinton choose anything less than Rector's death.

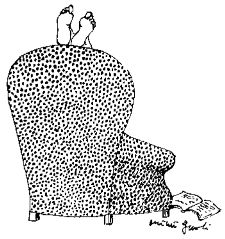
"I was sad because I had no on-board fax until I saw a man who had no mobile phone."

• •

SOME seven years after Rector was sentenced to die for killing Martin, Dr. Reuterfors, the staff psychologist who had examined him at the federal medical center in Missouri, was asked by John Jewell, in a deposition, whether Rector might be able to understand "the Christian concept of forgiveness," and Reuterfors responded, "He probably would be. That's not really a particularly high concept. Little children, four, five, six years of age, are able to understand the notion of seeking forgiveness and gaining forgiveness from parents for wrongs and so forth, so in many respects that's analogous to Mr. Rector's situation." Not quite a month before he was scheduled to be put to death, Chaplain Pigman was conducting for Rector one of the solitary devotional services in the prison's small chapel. "When we finished praying, he wanted to start talking about Swindler again," Pigman says. Rector seemed especially curious about him now. "At first, it was the usual 'Chaplain, who's John gonna kill next?' and 'John gonna kill me, Chaplain?' " but then, in one of his odd little momentary shuttlings into a dimly sensed reality conveyed to him by others, he began asking Pigman, "Did John cry when he died? Was John ever sorry for the people he killed? Did God forgive John?" Suddenly, he said, "Chaplain, I'm really sorry I shot that man they say I shot. Do you think God will forgive me, too?" Pigman proceeded to tell him the story of the two condemned criminals crucified with Jesus, one taunting him but the other, after rebuking the first, imploring him, "Lord, remember me when you come into your kingdom," and Jesus assuring him from the Cross, "This day shall you be with me in paradise." Pigman then told Rector that the same could apply to him "if he would give his life and heart to Jesus," he recounts. "And I'm happy to say he did." Pigman took Rector's huge, clumsy hands, and after another prayer—the two of them sitting alone in the glum little chapel room—they sang together "Amazing Grace," Pigman says, "and then Rickey's favorite of all, 'Jesus Loves the Little Children.' " A couple of weeks later, on Stella's last visit, Rector jubilantly informed her that he had "got saved" after Pigman told him that what Jesus had promised the criminal on the cross would happen with him, too. He then asked her, "You think that's true, Stella? Would Jesus do that? Is Jesus really gonna take me with him into paradise?"

Pigman had arranged a baptismal service for Rector, whose only misgiving, once he'd been reassured that there would be only one or two other chaplains there, was "How long you gonna hold me under, Chaplain?" A portable baptistry—a large fibreglass tub set in a pine-plank frame—was brought into the prison's chapel and filled with water from a hose. In a Polaroid snapshot taken of the service, Rector sits humped slightly forward, with water up to his bare midriff, like a kind of enormous, bearded Buddha, looking a little dazed and uncertain but grinning proudly straight into the camera.

ON the final Sunday of Rector's life, Clinton, in a debate with his four Democratic competitors in New Hampshire, resonantly defended his commitment to the death penalty by declaring that Democrats "should no longer feel guilty about protecting the innocent." Back in Conway, Lieutenant Pearson, for his part, told the *Log Cabin Democrat* that he was confident that Clinton "will allow the execution because there is a pro-tough attitude against crime in this nation," and "he needs to project that image." Throughout the community, in fact, anticipation was quickening. One policeman told the *Log Cabin Democrat*, "I think he deserves to die and it's time. I think it'll be the conclusion of something that started back in 1981." Martin's daughter said that Rector's execution would release "a lot of relief," and that "I feel like Daddy will finally be put to rest." Her mother professed, "I'm not vengeful, but I feel it's scriptural."



ON January 21st, around six in the morning, Rector was transported through the winter darkness from Tucker prison back to Cummins, where the death chamber itself was still situated, and installed in a holding cell, just around a corner from the room where he was to be executed, by lethal injection. He would pass his last four days in a windowless concrete cubicle seven and a half feet square, painted a dull cream, dingily lit, like a perpetual late dusk, and containing, behind its barricades of bars and heavy metal mesh, only a steel commode and sink and a concrete platform with a mattress on it, where Rector sometimes used his rolled-up pants for a pillow. Pencilled on the cell's otherwise blank walls were a few whimsies from prior brief tenants: "Death Lives" and "Helter-Skelter" and a drawing of a devil's head.

From the moment of Rector's arrival, a prison guard, sitting outside Rector's cell at a tiny table just beyond a television set mounted on a shelf, began keeping what the prison termed a "death watch log," assiduously transcribing, on the ruled legal-size pages of a ledger, a record of virtually every movement and utterance of Rector's through the last days of his life. The first day began "6:40 AM—Inmate Rector received Breakfast . . . Pancakes, toast, Hot dogs, syrup, butter, and 1 cup of coffee and 1 cup of orange juice. . . . 6:46 AM—Inmate Rector . . . began howling. . . . 6:59 AM—Inmate Rector began dancing in his cell," and again, eight minutes later, "Inmate Rector began Howling and dancing in his cell." Such entries recur throughout the day: "Howling and barking while sitting on his bunk . . . walking back and forth in the Quiet Cell snapping his fingers on his right hand and began noice's with his voice like a dog." At one point during the first morning, Rector notified the guard, "I'm going to lay down now," and did so, drawing a blanket over him, and beginning to snore. This nap was interrupted when a prison official arrived and, the log notes, "checked both arms of the inmate." Shortly thereafter, "Inmate Rector layed down on his bunk and started howling."

At 1:56 P.M., the warden, Willis Sargent, appeared, "to get Inmate Rector to sign a Form saying that he want to die by legal injection." Rector had earlier announced to the guard, "I'm going to let them do it Friday because I don't want to be shot," and over the next three days there are other such entries as "Inmate Rector stated that he was going to let them do it Friday before they hurt him." Just seven hours before his execution, the log has him declaring, "I don't want to die, but I'm going to go on and take it because I don't want to get gased and shocked," as if, somehow, a canny choice of lethal injection to avoid other violences threatening him were all that his situation amounted to—a choice especially crafty because, he once assured the guard outside his cell, "if you eat grass lethal injection won't kill you."

At 2:53 P.M. on that first day, Rector received what was recorded in the log as "his evening meal"—turnips, brown beans, and chicken noodle soup, with two small cartons of milk and four slices of bread. When he finished it, he pronounced, "That was a good meal." A little later, the log reads "inmate Rector asked for a cigarette and a light, while barking." After a while, when he was brought a helping of black-walnut ice cream, "he said they is my good ice cream," the log records, and notes that he sat on his bunk smacking it down with lavish appreciation, "saying how cold that Ice Cream fell going down." At five, he was "standing beside his bunk watching Channel 4 News about himself," and a few minutes later he was pacing about "in his underwear, shirt, and socks, dancing," then "sitting on his bunk making holling noise." He ended his day by watching the movie "Born on the Fourth of July" and "walking around cell barking, laughing, and howling." By ten, he had asked his guard if he knew what they would be bringing him for breakfast, and he had lain down on his concrete bunk and "grabbed his blanket and covered himself."

ONCE during the four days, while John Jewell was trying to explain to him the legal recourses still being pursued on his behalf, Rector abruptly brought up the Gennifer Flowers allegations, and said to Jewell, "S'pose that's true, about him and all them women? Don't matter to me, though, I'm for him anyway."

Just a day after the publication of a poll that showed Clinton leading all his Democratic rivals in New Hampshire, he found himself—through that week, as Rector's last court appeals were being denied one after another—in an uproar that could end his campaign, with an ever-expanding melee of reporters tumbling after him in a storm of shouted questions. He was "fighting for his political life," the *Wall Street Journal* said.

Meanwhile, in Cummins, Rector was awakened at 2:40 A.M. on Wednesday to receive a breakfast of eggs and biscuits and hot dogs, grits with gravy, and two cups of orange juice and two of coffee. About four that morning, standing at the bars of his cell, he began bellowing "Cold Duck! Cold Duck!"—the nickname, apparently, of some old acquaintance long lost in the wilds of his past. Rector later claimed to his guards that Cold Duck had been a "hit man," twelve times in prison, and "that he used to run with him on the streets and that he sure would like to see him again." Throughout his last three remaining days, he kept bellowing "Cold Duck! Cold Duck!"

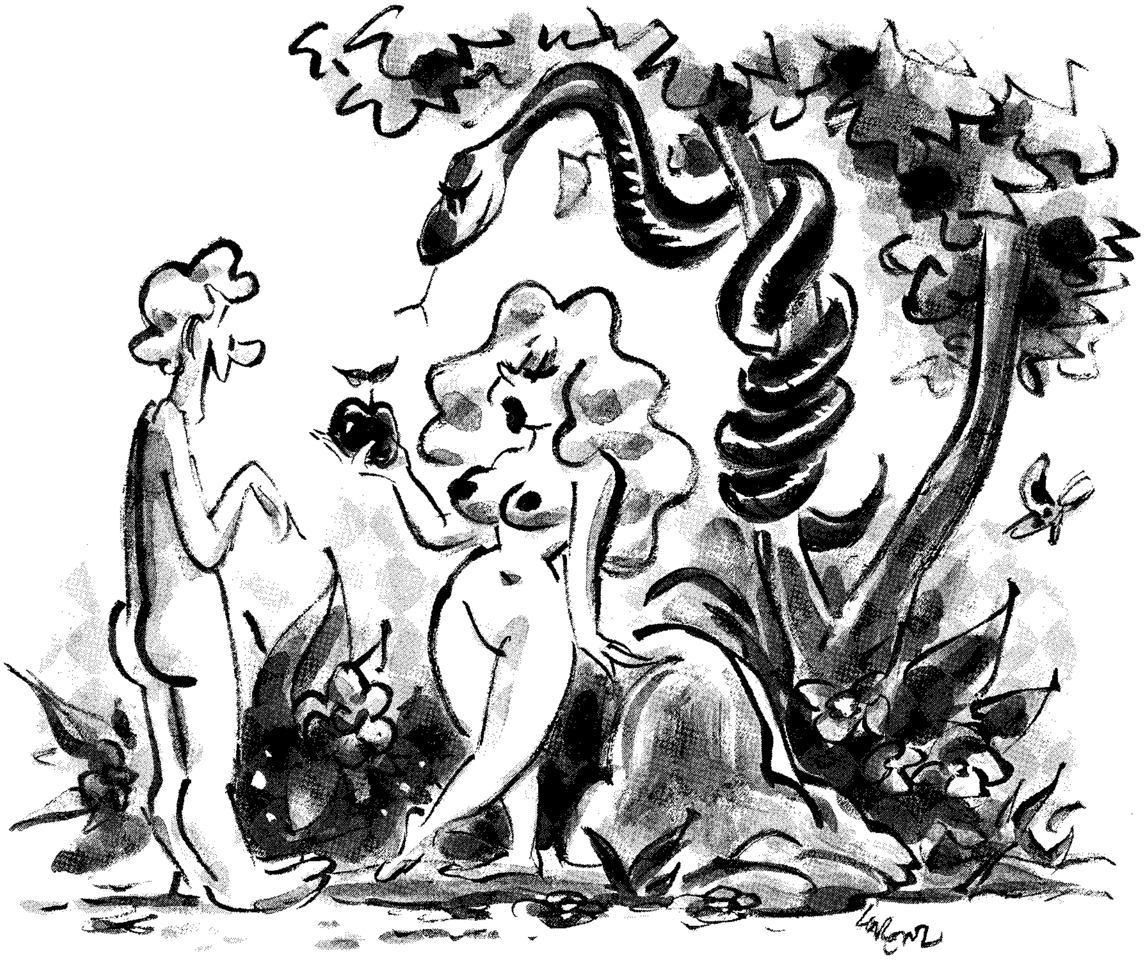
A little after seven that morning, the log notes, "Inmate Rector watched a Ch. 7 news report concerning himself and started laughing and dancing in his cell." Shortly before one that afternoon, "he stated, their going to kill me Friday," but then, only five minutes later, "Inmate Rector getting excited talking about another," meaning Cold Duck. "He is stomping his feet and barking." After a while, he told the guard, as the guard noted it, "I'm gone to Lay down so I can watch my show 'Santa Barbara.'" At 2:53 P.M., the log records, "Chow Time for Inmate Rector he had 2 cup milk 4, slick Bread, sour kurpt, and Brown bean." After the meal, he "asked for a cigarette and light" and "laid back down on his bunk and continued to smoke his cigarette and watched 'People's Court.'" Five minutes later, he was "making barking and howling noises." On the six-o'clock local-news telecast, the log continues, "Inmate Rector saw the news story about himself and when it was over, he stated to me, 'They are going to get me Friday at 9:00 oclock,' and then started clapping his hands together and laughing about it."

But at seven that evening there is the entry "Inmate Rector laid down on his bunk on his back and started making what sounded like crying."

LATE Thursday afternoon, Clinton left New Hampshire for Arkansas, to be on hand to respond immediately to final appeals and arguments on Friday. Before leaving, though, he took time to profess that one ambition of his candidacy had always been to inspire children and others trapped in grimly troubled circumstances, as he, the stepson of a violent alcoholic father, once was, to make the most of their lives anyway, as he had managed to do. "I know some of the most difficult struggles in life are those that are closest to you," he said to a group of schoolchildren.

As a matter of fact, Clinton had never been insensitive to the human cost of his decisions in capital cases. Little Rock's city attorney, Tom Carpenter, who has been a friend of Clinton's since the early seventies, remembers that before Clinton's first two executions, in 1990, he had called the Governor to explain his own reservations about one of them: "I told him, 'You know that I'm opposed to the death penalty. But the question is whether *you* feel it's the right thing in this particular case.' He let me know that he'd already heard some of the things I was telling him, that it would be very difficult. I told him, 'This one's just not right.' When he tried to reply, his voice broke. It was very difficult for him to finish the conversation. Later on, he thanked me for the call, and his voice broke again." Indeed, during his New Hampshire campaign he evidenced uncounterfeited moments of feeling. At a senior-citizens' center, a woman told him, weeping, that she and her husband "don't have enough for drugs *and* food," and Clinton, leaning down, enfolded her for a long while in his arms, murmuring, "I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry," and tears welled in his eyes.

One of Arkansas's most distinguished writers, who has known Clinton for some years, said, "Bill Clinton doesn't have a monstrous streak in him—but he does have other kinds of streaks." Jeff Rosenzweig says, "One thing that's not been generally recognized about Clinton is the extent to which he came into the thrall of William Fulbright," in whose Senate office Clinton had served as an interne while he was a student at Georgetown. The Arkansas senator was a consummately civilized man, yet, for all his liberal apostleship over the years—most memorably concerning the nation's "arrogance of power" in the Cold War, and its Vietnam exploit in



"An apple! You must have read my mind!"

Dressing for Success
1558–1603

particular—he remained, through the great moral campaigns of the civil-rights movement in the fifties and sixties, an implacable segregationist. To a number of his dismayed admirers it seemed a kind of ghastly tax of expediency on his honor, which he had deemed unavoidable for any senator from Arkansas at that time if he was to continue his larger work of conscience in the Senate; Rosenzweig suggests that this sort of moral computation was not lost on his acolyte Clinton. "I think in his heart of hearts Clinton would not have wanted to go through with Rickey's execution," he says, but, to protect his larger Presidential mission, "he figured he had to, applying the Fulbright rationale."

During the week of the Gennifer Flowers furor, one of the questions being heard about Clinton's political validity was, as *Time* posed it, "Suppose Clinton does sew up the nomination by mid-March and the Republicans discover a Willie Horton . . . in his background?" And the director of the University of Arkansas's governmental-studies institute commented to the New York *Times*, "The death penalty is about as good a way to get Willie-Hortoned as there is." Rosenzweig asserts, "Clinton was then coming very much from the right, if you remember that time, and no way—*no way*—was he going to hand them an issue that might be used against him." Stella's pastor, the Reverend Kelan Motton, recalls, "Almost up to the very end, in back of everybody's mind was, They really won't do it—given Rickey's condition, *surely* they aren't *finally* going to do this. But, because it was an election year, what we forgot was that he *would* go ahead and do it to prove a point, saying, 'We fight crime.' " In fact, Clinton's two previous executions were both held in an election year.

Clinton was not statutorily obliged to be in the state at all on the day of an execution; when an Arkansas governor is absent from the state, his authority, including that for commutation or approval of an execution, devolves upon the lieutenant governor, and in this case Lieutenant Governor Jim Guy Tucker had announced that he would not intervene in Rector's execution. For that matter, a spokesman in Little Rock for both Clinton and Tucker had already indicated that Rector would not be granted a commutation. Obviously, then, the execution would have taken place even if Clinton had remained in New Hampshire, but, according to Rosenzweig, who had now joined Jewell in pressing Rector's last appeals, Clinton returned anyway, because "he wanted to make the point that *he* did it." The Houston *Chronicle* later remarked, "Never—or at least not in the recent history of presidential campaigns—has a contender for the nation's highest elective office stepped off the campaign trail to ensure the killing of a prisoner."

Soon after Clinton arrived in Little Rock, he received a call from Jesse Jackson, who urged him—saying, "Now, Bill, just on a moral, humanitarian basis"—to stay Rector's execution. Clinton's response, Jackson relates, was that "he'd been researching various ways to get around it, but it just couldn't be done, there were doctors who'd said he was competent. Said he'd be praying about it, though."

At three in the morning on the Thursday that Clinton was to return to Arkansas—the last full day of Rickey Ray Rector's life—the prisoner was awakened and given a breakfast of pancakes with syrup and butter, hot dogs, and oatmeal with coffee and juice, and soon thereafter he was "walking around in his cell howling." A while later, he requested, as he had once on Tuesday, that a phone call be placed, collect, to some long-ago consort of his, telling the guard, "I want her to have a baby," but, as before, word was brought to him that she "would not except a collect call from the inmate." Soon after that, Rector was brought a strawberry soda and a package of coconut cookies, and then he was visited by the warden and the prison medical supervisor, who, the log records, "told the inmate how the lethal injection procedure would be done." The log continues that the medical supervisor "told the inmate how he would go to sleep with little pain as possible," and he, too, "checked the inmate's arms." Shortly after their departure, Rector was once more standing in his cell "yelling 'Cold Duck.' "

Early that afternoon, he was taken out of his cell and led, shuffling in leg irons, with his wrists cuffed to a chain around his waist, to the visitation center, a spacious tin shed resembling a quonset hut, for a last meeting with Stella and two of his other sisters. "Every time he wanted a puff of his cigarette, I had to hold it up to his lips," Stella says. "Had to lift his Dr Pepper up to his lips every time he wanted a swallow. It was the first time we could really touch him after about seven or eight years of only being able to touch him through glass." He told her, under the momentary impression that it was the electric chair he was headed for, "I know they gonna fry me." She said to him then, "But, Rickey, when you close your eyes, you're gonna be with people who *care* about you. And this is not the last time you'll see us, you know. After tomorrow night, you *will* see us again, too, in Heaven."

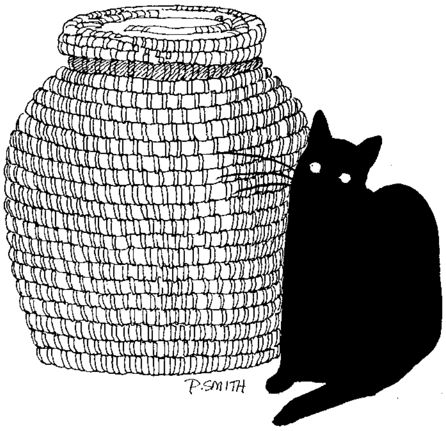
When he returned to his cell, a little after four, he was given his "evening meal," the death-watch log notes, "consisting of one pork patty, turnups, cabbage, four slices of bread and milk." The local evening news came on at five, and when it mentioned his scheduled execution the next day Rector—though he had reacted the day before to a news telecast describing him as a "cop-killer" by complaining that "he didn't kill a cop but he wished he did"—morosely grumbled, according to the log, "I did kill those two people and I would do it again if anybody trying to take anything from me." Apparently, he was muddling the event for which he was to be executed with what he had been claiming throughout his imprisonment, with much agitation, were persistent thefts of his belongings.

He passed the rest of his last evening watching, in T-shirt and boxer shorts and socks, "Top Cops," then "Street Stories," and then "Knots Landing," while, the log observes, variously "howling and barking . . . singing & laughing." He paused once to ask, about his last meal, "when will he get his dinner tomorrow," the log says. "I told him around 3:00 pm." Finally, after watching "Cheers," he announced to the guard, "I'm going to sleep now and get ready for tomorrow," and, lying down on his right side, facing away from the guard's scrutiny, he immediately fell asleep.

By then, Clinton had settled into the Governor's Mansion in Little Rock for the next day's business.

THE January 24th issue of the Conway *Log Cabin Democrat* informed the community—under the banner headline "CLOCK TICKING ON RECTOR'S EXECUTION"—that at three-thirty that afternoon a local radio station would begin carrying hourly reports on Rector's progress toward the death chamber, ending with a live broadcast from the prison when the execution was scheduled to take place, at nine o'clock.

Down at Cummins, Rector had been awakened at three that morning with the delivery of a tray holding his last breakfast—eggs, a hot dog, biscuits and gravy. He ate only the hot dog, and went back to sleep, waking up shortly before dawn. He then watched a local telecast about his imminent death and "stated that they were going to get him today," the log says. "Inmate Rector then started dancing and clapping his hands," and, a moment later, "hollering Cold Duck." But then he told the guard "that he probably would not see me anymore after I went home," the log noted. "He then stated 'that it was good meeting you.' " With that, he lay back down on his bunk and napped, was awakened again and asked if he wanted anything, and replied that he'd like a shower. Conducted from his cell in handcuffs, he was allowed to take one, then returned to his cell and, having been supplied with fresh underwear and bed linen, quickly subsided into a deep sleep, snoring. But he awoke after only a few minutes, to notify his guard, "They are going to get me, I'm going to die tonight but I'll be asleep when I die." A little later, again he asked the guard about the last meal he had selected: "What time will get that steak & chicken, around 3:00 o'clock." At 10:44 A.M., he was brought his next-to-last meal—two pork chops with sweet potatoes and greens, two cups of jello, and milk. At 11:26 A.M., the log records, "he said I'm going to take a knapp," but only some eight minutes later, "Inmate got up off his bunk and stretched and said to me 'I will get that steak and chicken about 3 pm o'clock, I can't wait. I love that steak and chicken.' " A few minutes after that, he was pacing about his cell, "snipping his fingers on both hands, stomping his feet howling, and barking like a dog," and then, still swinging and dodging about his cell, he began to wail out, according to the log, "No mom. No Mom."



IN Little Rock, both Jewell and Rosenzweig had now begun trying to reach Clinton by phone. "After all," Rosenzweig says, "he'd said he was coming back only for this case." Jewell, meeting only with politely firm deflections from members of the Governor's staff, began "calling people I knew who might know how to get through to him," in a last, desperate effort to simply have it conveyed to Clinton somehow that "Rector was a totally different person" from the one who had shot Martin, that the case would "be easy enough to distinguish from other capital cases," and that "if ever there was a valid cause for clemency and the opportunity to demonstrate that he could show mercy, this was it." But finally, in a conference call, Clinton's counsel and his acting chief of staff collectively informed Jewell that, he says, "the Governor wasn't available to me, but they would pass my message on." He remarks, "It was pretty clear that was as far as I was getting."

Rosenzweig himself had begun at eight that morning to place a call every half hour, struggling to get through to Clinton, beseeching his secretary and chief counsel, "Look, the Governor *has* said he was coming back to deal with the execution issue with Rector. I mean, who's he gonna *talk* to, if not the defense attorneys?" But, he relates, "I was told again and again, 'We've given him your message.' " Nonetheless, Rosenzweig pleaded throughout the morning to anyone he could get on the line, "Please, please have him call me. Because there're some things he needs to know."

Rosenzweig, as it happened, had grown up with Clinton, in Hot Springs, and his father had been Clinton's pediatrician. After graduating from Princeton and studying law at Southern Methodist University, in Dallas, Rosenzweig had returned to Arkansas to develop his practice. A pale, somewhat rumpled man, with a beard prematurely frosted after only forty years of age, Rosenzweig now operates at a constant pitch of urgency from a Little Rock office crammed with computer equipment, books, cartons, and papers. Here, he continued trying to reach Clinton by phone, his final, thin hope being that in considering Rector's situation Clinton "had been dealing totally off paper, just the legal record of it." He explains, "I doubted deeply if he had actually talked with anyone who really *knew* Rector and the actual condition he was in. He needed to hear an affirmation from somebody who actually knew Rector and whom he knew, hear it himself ear to ear, plainly, that this guy was indeed truly zombied out, seriously, *seriously* mentally deficient, just no doubt about it." Also, Rosenzweig says, he calculated that "the politics of it he should be aware of as well—that Rector had been convicted by an all-white jury, and this was something that just might come to waylay him down the road."

But Clinton had now withdrawn into a resolute seclusion in the Governor's Mansion. What principally occupied him through that last day of Rector's life were continuing emergency sessions with aides and supporters about the Flowers crisis. He finally decided on an appearance with Mrs. Clinton on "60 Minutes," in a special broadcast that Sunday after the Super Bowl, which held the promise of an audience of twenty-four million households. "This weekend is a critical time for him," one adviser told the Boston *Globe*, and Clinton's campaign manager, David Wilhelm, explored with reporters in Little Rock throughout the day the various hazards posed by the issue. James Carville, the campaign strategist, later reflected, "I think everybody understood . . . it was high noon."

In the meantime, in Cummins, Chaplain Pigman paid his last call on Rector, in the prison's visitation center. As the two sat at a small round table there, Rector in leg irons and manacles and chains, "I had church with him again," Pigman says. When Pigman was stirring to leave, Rickey said, "Aren't we gonna sing, Chaplain?" Recalling this ten months later, Pigman—a small, crisply neat, graying man in glasses—suddenly flushes, and his eyes blur with tears. "And we sang together for the last time 'Amazing Grace,' " he says, and then the little Sunday-school tune that was Rickey's favorite, their voices echoing over the tin shed: "Jesus loves the little children, all the children of the world. Red and yellow, black and white, they are precious in his sight. Jesus loves the little children of the world."

As the day wore on into the afternoon, even the warden at Cummins, Willis Sargent, who was a burly former Army noncommissioned officer, "seemed coming apart the closer it got," according to Stella's pastor, the Reverend Kelan Motton. Sargent confided to Motton, "Rickey's a harmless guy. This is not something I want to do." Ten months later, Sargent remarked, shifting uneasily behind his desk, that most of the public "just doesn't know how sensitive we are," and he went on to explain, "I dread to see these days approach. It's a hard business. You have to work hard to prepare yourself." He conceded that "executions are a part of the job that I accepted" but said, "I have mixed emotions." His voice sank to a murmur as he went on, "Legally, it's correct, but morally—morally—I don't know."

Around four that afternoon, Rosenzweig, in a frenzy of frustration over his failure to break through to Clinton, finally complained about his isolation to a local television reporter who had come by to interview him about the execution. Shortly thereafter, he left for Cummins, driving south out of Little Rock through darkening forestland, in about half an hour entering the northern outskirts of Pine Bluff on the Martha Mitchell Highway, passing through a shabby fringe of weedy auto scrapyards and high-tension power lines. Then, at one large intersection, he pulled into a Road Runner filling station, across from a Burger King and a Western Sizzlin' Steakhouse, and, from an outside pay phone, called his office. He was told that shortly after the local newscast aired his protests about Clinton's unreachability Clinton's office had called with a request that Rosenzweig phone Clinton at the Governor's Mansion.

For a stretch of minutes then, Rosenzweig tried to get through to the mansion from the pay phone outside the Road Runner station, as traffic whisked past him on the highway—the warm January afternoon had now begun to dim and cool—but he kept getting a busy signal. Finally, he began frantically trying to call from both pay phones on the wall of the station, in rapid alternation, but he met with only recurrent beeps on both. He plunged back in his car and drove on through Pine Bluff as far as an E-Z Mart beside a Conoco gas station. From a pay phone at one end of the store's brick front, he at last managed to get through to the Governor's Mansion by first calling his office, telling his staff there to put him through, and, when someone at the mansion informed him that Clinton was in a meeting, insisting that Clinton at least be told he was returning his call. And after a few moments Clinton's voice came on the line: "Jeff, how are you?"

"Not real good," Rosenzweig remembers saying. "How're you?"

With just the smallest hang of a pause, Clinton said, "All right," with a sigh—his voice "real glum," Rosenzweig recalls.

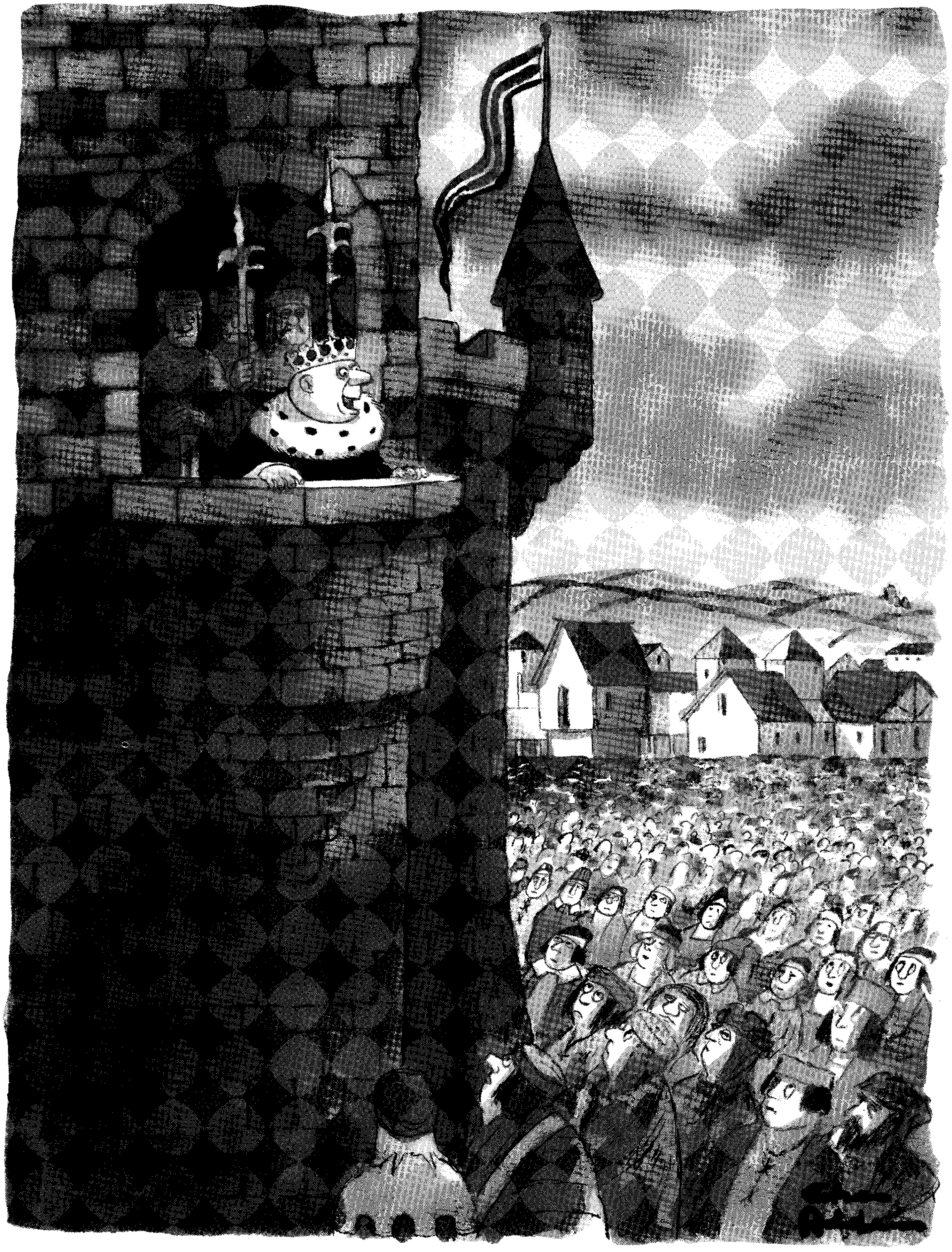
Rosenzweig quickly undertook to describe Rector's condition. "The thing you got to bear in mind is, he really is greatly mentally defective. He's a zombie, he doesn't understand death is permanent, he's a *child*. If you're gonna execute people, this is just not the appropriate one."

"Well, why did Henry approve of it if it's as bad as you say it is?" Clinton asked, referring to Henry Woods, the federal district court judge in Arkansas who had denied Rector's appeals.

"His hands were tied because of the way the case was presented to him," Rosenzweig declared, and then posed to Clinton what in fact amounted to a fundamental issue about the whole system of law itself—that considerations of substance about Rector's true situation had

UNSEEN ADDAMS

THE LAST CARTOON



"And now, as an experiment in democracy, I'm decreeing free elections to choose the national bird."

sifted out of the process by the time it reached the higher courts, so that the judges had been obliged to defer to Hartje's local ruling of competency. Rosenzweig then pleaded, with trucks booming by on the highway beside him, "The guy is truly, truly a human blank, just pathetic. If there's anything you can do, *please* do it—"

"Where are you?" Clinton suddenly asked.

"Where am I? I'm at a pay phone at a convenience store in Pine Bluff—I'm headed on down to the prison."

But Clinton ended their exchange with only a noncommittal geniality.

Rosenzweig now admits that he had made the effort to reach him with only minimal expectations, in view of the formidable political barometrics surrounding Clinton then. "But I thought he just might not want to be seen as merciless. And that we might be able to get a reprieve that could shift it into, you know, a less political time."

He drove on out of Pine Bluff. It was dark by the time he reached Cummins, and a hard cold had come into the January night.

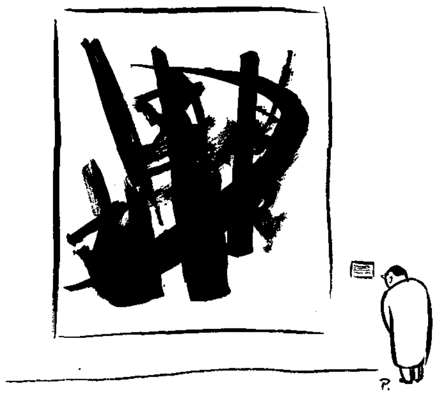
Earlier that afternoon, at Cummins, Rector had asked the guard "what time the tie down team would come to get him," the log says, and shortly afterward fell asleep, snoring. Around one o'clock, a party of three men arrived, including an inmate, to prepare for Rector's short passage that night to the death chamber. The log records, "All locks were lubricated and visually examined. Inmate Rector layed down on the bunk quietly and didn't say anything." As soon as this operation was finished and the men left, though, "Rector walked to the center of the cell and began dancing and howling." Presently, a pint of black-walnut ice cream was brought to him, and he spooned it down while sitting on the edge of his bunk in his shirt, shorts, and socks. But upon finishing it he began bawling out, "Cold Duck! Cold Duck!" At 2:52 P.M., he was lying on his right side, his back to the guard, with his legs stretched out straight and stiff, his feet clamped together, and he was howling.

At 2:57 P.M., his final meal arrived, with Rector watching its approach and snapping his fingers in impatient glee: one steak, well done, fried chicken in heavy gravy, and brown beans, with three rolls, cherry Kool-Aid, and a plump helping of pecan pie. He set to it, sitting on his bunk and facing, as he raptly chewed, a blank wall. He got up once to proclaim, "Chicken is good." When he had finished, he wiped his hands on a towel and ambled about a bit with his paper cup of Kool-Aid. The death-watch log notes that at this point, after his tray was taken away, "Kept the pecan pie."

Motton, Stella's pastor, now reflects, "The way Rickey would always eat, he would always save part of his dessert to eat just before he went to sleep," and Pigman says, "He was clearly planning to come back when the whole thing was over with. Rickey otherwise would have never left anything like a slice of pecan pie uneaten, *never*." Jewell had earlier declared, during one plea for a stay of execution in Little Rock circuit court, "When you sit down and, face to face, explain to somebody that they're going to die, and then the next thing they say is 'Man, when I get out on the street,' or, you know, 'Well, what's going to happen next?' . . . it leads me to the conclusion . . . that he doesn't grasp that he's going to die."

Motton remembers that when he visited Rector about thirty minutes after his last meal "he started asking me again about some friends from his childhood, twenty years ago, some of whom had died, even though I'd told him over and over they were dead. Even some of the people he said he wanted to be pallbearers at his funeral, when I asked him about that, they were already dead, though I'd told him about that, too." After praying with him, Motton left, and Rector lay back on his bunk and watched "Geraldo."

Soon, though, he began repeatedly rubbing his forehead, under the half-moon scar, first with his left hand, then with both hands, then with his right. A little after six o'clock, after asking the guard exactly what time he was supposed to go to the death chamber, he watched a news story about his execution, now only a few hours away, which reported that all petitions for a stay and commutation had been denied, and he began mumbling, "I'm in trouble. I'm in trouble."



Rosenzweig arrived at Cummins around six o'clock and was taken in a prison car to the building—it was vanilla white—that housed the death chamber and the holding cell containing Rector. He found that Rector's beard had been shaved off, leaving his massive round face now slickly bare—"He did it because he knew I didn't like it," Stella says of the beard—and Rector told Rosenzweig, "Yeah, I wanna look good." While they were talking, a newscast appeared on the television set above them about Clinton's continuing political woes over the Gennifer Flowers affair, and it was then that Rector said with a grunt to Rosenzweig, "Don't none of that matter, I'm gonna vote for him for President."

Left alone again for a while, Rector lay back on his bunk, his hand lying across his forehead, his legs drawn up, and presently he inquired of the guard, though he was to be cremated, whether the guard had any idea when he was to be embalmed. Four minutes later, he was standing at the bars of his cell, chatting with the guard, according to the log, "about opposim and racoons and their teeth." Later, Rector spoke to Rosenzweig and Jewell about how he would be strapped down when the hour came, but then he began chatting to them about picking pecans.

At eight minutes after eight that evening, Rector was given a short-sleeved white shirt, white pants, and calf-length white athletic socks to change into. The last death-watch log entries report, "8:21 PM Inmate Rector apears to be nervous, pacing and asking questions . . . continues to pace in cell and is asking questions about dieing. . . . 8:27 PM Tie-down team in death chamber lobby." At 8:36 P.M., Rector was taken out of the cell and led, surrounded by seven large prison guards in black helmets and carrying riot shields, to a tan metal door bearing the sign "Exit": it opened onto a turn into a short corridor that led into the execution chamber itself.

"I can tell—you like my being a little out of control!"

• •

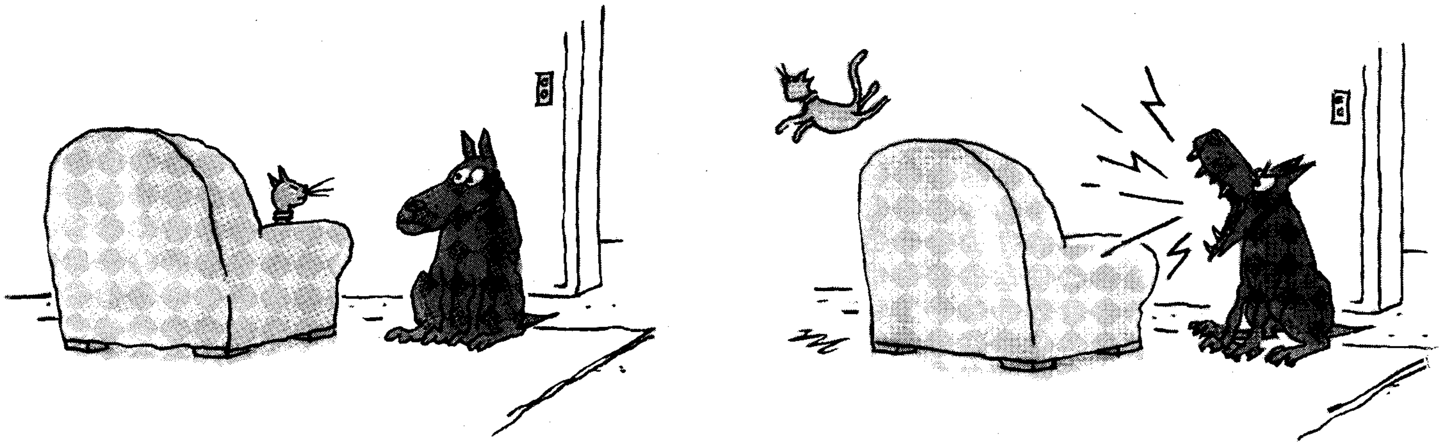
AROUND nine o'clock, a somewhat disparate delegation of thirteen witnesses was assembled by prison officials to watch the execution from what the prison called, with a certain mortuarial delicacy, "the viewing room." They included Motton, Jewell, and Rosenzweig, and also four Faulkner County law officers, among them Lieutenant Rodney Pearson. One of the officers explained his presence there this way: "I wanted to see justice served. You don't get that many chances." Pearson now says, "I was the only one left in the department who was originally associated with the case, and I went as a private citizen on behalf of those others. I wanted to close the books on it."

When Pearson arrived at Cummins, with others driven there in a van from Pine Bluff, and they all got out into the cold darkness of its hushed grounds, he noticed "about a hundred yards away from the death house, parked back in shadows with its parking lights on, this very large black stretch hearse, like a bird of prey." He said later, "It was an ominous feeling to see that hearse standing by to pick up the body of a human being that was still alive at that moment." The group was conducted into the viewing room—a concrete-block chamber painted cream, under low white ceiling tiles and with a streaky tan vinyl linoleum floor. Orange plastic chairs were ranged in three precise rows before a wall of four large glass panes, like department-store windows, across which a black velveteen curtain had been drawn from the other side. Affixed to opposite walls near the ceiling were two little boxes—one an automatic air-freshener and the other an insecticide spray mechanism. "Mosquitoes really get in here in the summer," a prison guard politely explained when I visited the facility about ten months later. Also on the chairs that night were air-sickness bags, and a nurse was standing by to attend to anyone who might fall ill from what the group had gathered to observe.

Pearson and two other Conway policemen took seats in the front row, beside the Reverend Mr. Motton, who had brought along a small Bible. The lighting in the room was discreetly dim, but along the top of the black curtains was a streak of light from the room beyond. Pearson now admits that "although I volunteered, I wondered if this was a good idea, when you're sitting there in a darkened room, and you know you are about to witness the death of a human being, a planned execution."

As the minutes passed, with a subdued rustle of voices, and an occasional stirring of the curtain from the passing brush of someone behind it, the group began to sense that something was amiss. Eventually, the director of the Department of Corrections, Art Lockhart, opened the door from the hall to tell the assembled spectators that medical technicians were having some difficulty locating a serviceable vein in one of Rector's arms. With that, he stepped back, and the door was locked after him.

As it turned out, the witnesses had to sit waiting for a full hour, hearing from behind the curtain periodic hand slaps on skin and sudden great grunting groans ("That's him," Rosenzweig said once, from his seat in the last row) as the medical technicians made yet another stab at a vein. One witness, a sheriff from a neighboring county, observed to everyone after another groan from behind the curtain, "Sounds like they're really having trouble." In fact, the medical crew was soon increased from two to five in an urgent scrimmage—if the execution didn't take place before midnight, it would have to be postponed until another date decreed by Clinton—to find a vein that would not wilt at the needle's insertion, a difficulty later attributed to Rector's bulk and his regular dosages of the antipsychotic drug Mellaril. Rector himself, it is reported, once obligingly tried to help



them find a suitable vein. At one point, after applying a local anesthetic, the medical crew employed a scalpel to slash into the crook of his arm, in what the attending supervisor, John Byus, a former military medic, afterward described as a "cut down" method of finding a usable vein. "He gave us quite a go," Byus admitted to the *Log Cabin Democrat*, remarking that he himself was not "a great advocate of injection," and preferred the old sure simplicity of electrocution. During that hour, eight outcries from Rector were heard. In the stillness in between, the automatic air-freshener on the wall would occasionally discharge, startling the people in the chairs below.

All this time, back in Conway, Stella, two of her sisters, and their families were collected in her small den watching television for further reports from Cummins. "We were all sitting holding hands," Stella recalls. "Just us, now, all alone." And, with the periodic announcements of the continuing delay, one of the sisters finally cried, "Lord, please lead him on! *Lead him on!*"

Shortly after nine o'clock in Little Rock, Carolyn Y. Staley, the director of the Governor's Commission on Adult Literacy and a particularly close friend of Clinton's—the daughter of a Hot Springs preacher, she grew up next door to him—left Temple B'nai Israel, where, although she is a Baptist, she sings every Friday, and heard on the car radio that Rector's execution was stalled. Staley, who is deeply opposed to the death penalty, remembers thinking, Oh, my God, *he's not dead yet*, and when she got home the thought came to her: Well, maybe he still doesn't have to die. She phoned Clinton at the Governor's Mansion, prompted by concern over his gruelling week. It was then around nine-thirty.

Staley has always refrained from any strenuous discussions with Clinton about the death penalty, because, she says, "I know that Bill comes from some other place on this that I don't understand. He very much believes in life. I really believe he doesn't like capital punishment. But the people of the state he governs feel very strongly about crime and very strongly about the death penalty, and he has come to his own religious-slash-political terms with it. I don't believe he has any guilt about those things—executions—because he feels it's something he just has to do." Nevertheless, she says, that accommodation has not been without its own personal toll on him. One night after an earlier execution, Staley says, Clinton telephoned her and said, "I wish I'd known you were home all this time. I've been here all alone." He explained that because he had to remain bunkered in the mansion on the night of an execution, in order to be immediately reachable, he had "no distraction" from dwelling on what was keeping him confined there.

When Staley telephoned the mansion on the night of Rector's execution, a guard answered, and she said, "Is Bill in?" The guard, she relates, told her, "He's in conference now. He's surrounded by people." Staley said, "Would you just tell him that Carolyn called and I'm praying for him?"

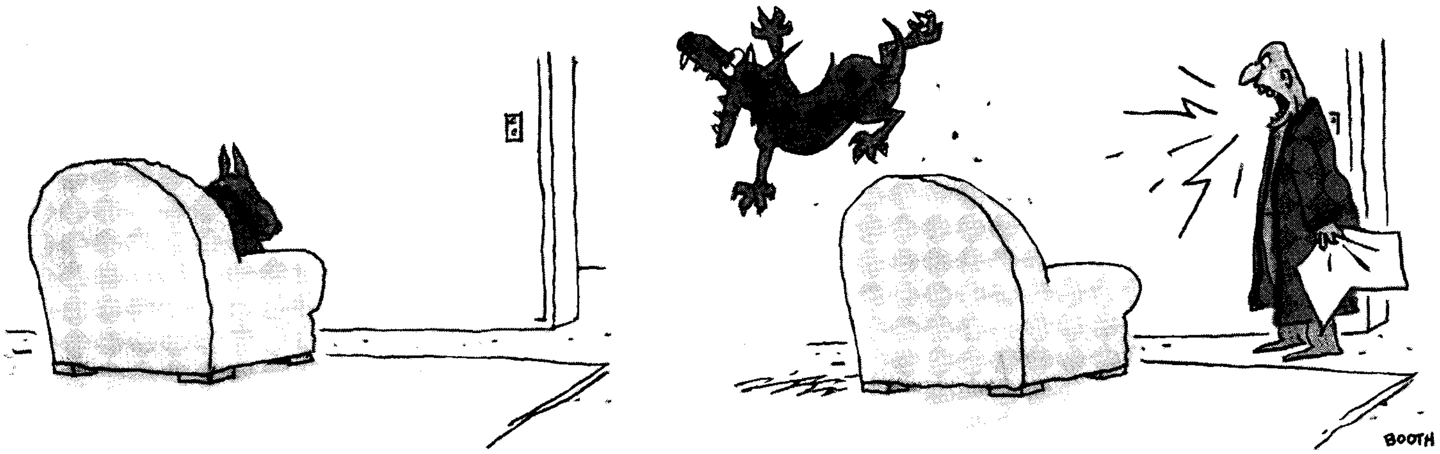
Just moments later, she says, the phone rang. "And it was Bill." Clinton began the conversation, she recounts, "speaking in a whisper, these low, low whispers, kind of like, 'I'm not able to *breathe*, I'm destroyed.' " She told him, "I just wanted you to know that I'm praying for you about the execution tonight," and he replied, in a groan, "It's just awful. Just terrible, terrible." As she recalls it now, "I heard in his voice a self—a depth of anguish—I'd never, *never* heard in him before." Usually, she says, when Clinton was showing grief "he still had a very composed and statesmanlike demeanor."

She then told him, "You know, he's not even dead yet."

"*What?*" she remembers him exclaiming. "*What?*" From his startlement, it was obvious to her that the conference in which he had been absorbed had not exactly been a "blow by blow" account of Rector's fate. He then said, "I can't talk long, because Hillary just got home and we need to talk."

Staley told him, "Bill, I'm so sorry. We've had two executions this week, haven't we?" She meant the Flowers allegations. "He just groaned," she remembers, and they moved on into discussing that topic. Ultimately, she says, the conversation wound up "much more about the Gennifer Flowers matter" than about what was happening to Rector at that moment down at Cummins.

At last, the black curtains over the windows of the viewing room were pulled back, to reveal an antiseptically stark room, where fluorescent lights cast a shadowless glare on white-painted concrete-block walls. And on a hospital gurney that was bolted fast on its trolley wheels to the vinyl-tile floor, over the metal-plate fixtures for the electric chair, lay the vast bulk of Rickey Rector, bound with blue and



orange straps, and draped in a sheet up to his chin, his head held fast by a tan leather strap to a kind of V-shaped clamp of boards. His right arm was strapped to a narrow tray extending from the gurney's side. Blood was spattered on the sheet from the futile attempt with the scalpel, but now a catheter and a tube were at last in place, taped to the top of his right hand. His thick fingers were curled around a lump of gauze.

The tubing ran under the sheet covering Rector and then up to two bottles suspended above his head. They held some fluids that, when used in combination, are known as the Texas Mix: sodium pentothal, which slackens the muscles and depresses the central nervous system while beginning to induce unconsciousness; Pavulon, which blocks the exchanges between nerves and muscles, suppressing the respiratory system and beginning to arrest the heart; and potassium chloride, which stuns the heart to a stop altogether with an electrolyte imbalance—each one of these chemicals in a dosage heavy enough to be fatal in itself. This load of fluids was attached then to other connections that disappeared into a tiny, completely enclosed compartment just behind Rector's immobilized head, a cubicle three feet wide and five long, where two executioners were stationed, unseen, unknown.

On the wall above Rector were a circular, metal-rimmed Seth Thomas clock and a beige wall phone, and near the foot of the gurney was a wooden lectern, where the prison's last few bookkeeping notations on the prisoner were entered onto a standard form. Standing by the lectern were Lockhart, holding a clipboard from which he was to read out to Rector the formal proclamation of his sentence just before its enactment, and Willis Sargent, the warden. Byus was still fretfully checking the whole setup, himself rigged with a headset to communicate with the executioners, in their little walled-off room. A heart-monitoring machine stood on the floor just below Rector; it faced outward, toward the viewing room, so that Rector couldn't see it. The windows separating the witnesses from this brightly lit tableau were one-way, and, from within the execution room itself, merely mirrored back its own confines.

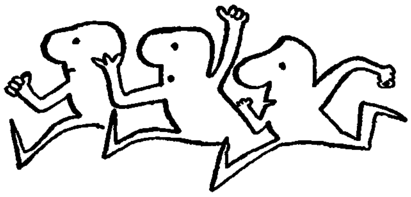
Rector was breathing, the sheet rising and falling on his chest, and he was gazing dully into the middle of the room but glancing now and then toward Lockhart and Sargent. Then his mouth moved, in response to a query from Lockhart, and he delivered his last words (he had been rather strenuously coached over the last day or so by his attorneys and Motton, so he would not blurt out something unseemly). What he said was "Yeh, I got baptized and saved," but from the shadowy room on the other side of the glass, Rosenzweig recalls, "it was like sitting there watching a silent play." Then someone noticed that fluid had begun to drip from one of the bottles into the tubing. "It was so strange," Jewell says. "All so clinical-looking that automatically you feel that this is a hospital setting and somebody is being helped. But they are killing him." There was another unheard remark from Rector on the other side of the glass: "I'm gettin' dizzy." Pearson will now allow himself to observe, of the moments when the fatal chemicals were being transmitted to Rector, "I could almost say he was very dignified at that part. I'll have to give him credit for that. Didn't blink, didn't flinch." Jewell says, "It just seemed unreal. Unreal. You're sitting there watching somebody like they're just falling asleep." After a few moments, Rector's eyes slowly closed—his last glimpse of life the flat glow of two fluorescent panels in the ceiling above him.

Some of the viewers now leaned forward, and others rose from their chairs and moved to the window for a closer look. Everyone was watching a luminous green dot still leaping on the heart-monitor screen. Then Rector's mouth sagged open. "You could see he was gasping for air," Motton says. Rosenzweig says, "There was this sort of small shiver that ran along his body," which Motton describes as something like "a slow shrug." Someone said, "It looks like it's flat-lining." Then "Oh, there was a jump. There's another flutter." But after that last lurch the green dot began tracing a steady, level line. At 10:09 P.M., nineteen minutes after the fluids had begun dropping into the tube, Rickey Ray Rector died.

LIEUTENANT PEARSON drove back to Conway that night with two of his fellow-officers, and reached the Conway Police Department around midnight. There, to two officers who had been at the house of Rector's mother that March afternoon almost eleven years before, Pearson described the execution of Bob Martin's slayer. One of the officers, as he listened, began to weep.

Stella says of the night after her brother's execution, "I slept well for the very first time in years. It was over. It was lifted. I could rest."

Some eleven years, then, after Bob Martin was buried near his country place at Wooster, the body of his killer was brought back to Conway and, having been cremated, also buried in Faulkner County earth, under an oak tree, on a warm and overcast January afternoon. During the brief graveside service, Stella noticed a stranger standing nearby, a white man in a tan raincoat, who was weeping. He was "sobbing so hard," Motton, who also noticed him, recalls, that when, after the service, he walked over to the man, "it took me a hard time to get him composed to tell us what was wrong." It turned out that he was the son of one of the jurors at Rector's trial, who voted to condemn him to death. Before his own death, a few years later, the juror had passed on to his son his remorse and guilt over that judgment.



Chaplain Dennis Pigman was also at the burial service, and he saw another stranger, standing off apart from the family—"this young black girl, about eighteen or nineteen," he says. "She was all by herself, but she had this oddly familiar look to me. I went over and asked her who she was. She said, 'I'm his daughter,' and she began crying."

Shortly after Rector's execution, Pigman left the Arkansas prison system, and he has since undergone periodic sessions of psychotherapy. "I hate murder," he says today. "I hate murderers. But to execute children? What was done to Rickey Ray Rector was in itself, absolutely, a crime. A horrible crime. We're not supposed to *execute children*."

THE day after Rector's death, Clinton flew out of Little Rock for campaign appearances in Washington and Boston, and a rally that had been scheduled for that evening in Manchester, New Hampshire. In Washington, he presented himself in a candidates' forum before a convocation of Jesse Jackson's National Rainbow Coalition. "I know most of you in this room do not support the death penalty and disagree with the decision I made yesterday," he said. But, he went on, in all three of his executions now, he had "prayed in private, not in public, for the souls of the condemned as well as those they killed," and, he said, "last night I thought of Mr. Rector" but "also of Robert Martin, the police officer who was killed in cold blood . . . and I prayed that I had not made the wrong decision." Mostly, though, he had to answer questions about Gennifer Flowers. On the Sunday after Rector's execution, he and his wife taped the "60 Minutes" interview about the Flowers matter, in Boston, and then flew back to Little Rock to watch the program in the Governor's Mansion.

Over the following months, there were only occasional comments on Clinton's decision to permit Rector's execution, and they mostly came down to what the black political analyst Eddie Williams said at a press conference in October for his Joint Center for Political and Economic Studies: Clinton had "looked like he was strong on crime, since the American public seems to equate capital punishment with a position on crime," and he had "persuasively to the Reagan Democrats indicated he was a different sort of Democrat." Others observed that the Rector execution had at least served as a conclusive preëmptive strike against any possible assaults, like those about his attitude toward law and order which had beset him in 1980. Indeed, once Clinton's campaign against Bush began, it came to be generally appreciated that his decision on Rector, as a California Democratic activist told the Houston *Chronicle*, "completely undermines" the Bush campaign strategists' "attempt to define Bill Clinton and Al Gore as out of touch with mainstream public and even mainstream Democrats." New York's seasoned political impresario David Garth put it more simply: "He had someone put to death who had only part of a brain. You can't find them any tougher than that."

In May, Clinton again interrupted his campaign to fly back to Little Rock, this time to sanction his fourth execution—of a white man convicted of murdering a state police investigator. In October, the day after a campaign spot began advertising his sternness about crime and his endorsement of the death penalty, he set the date for still another execution.

ON Election Night in Little Rock, a wet and gusty evening, the downtown streets turned into something like state-fair midways: they were filled with the continuous roar of an enormous throng that seethed along sidewalk stands peddling nachos and hot dogs and funnel cakes. Massed around them were titanic satellite relay dishes, while generators were humming everywhere, cables were looped over the pavement, and smoke from barbecue stoves blew up through the white flare of klieg lights. A mammoth video screen on a flatbed trailer broadcast the progress of the national vote. Rumors of celebrity sightings ran through the crowd: Nicholson, Streisand, Madonna.

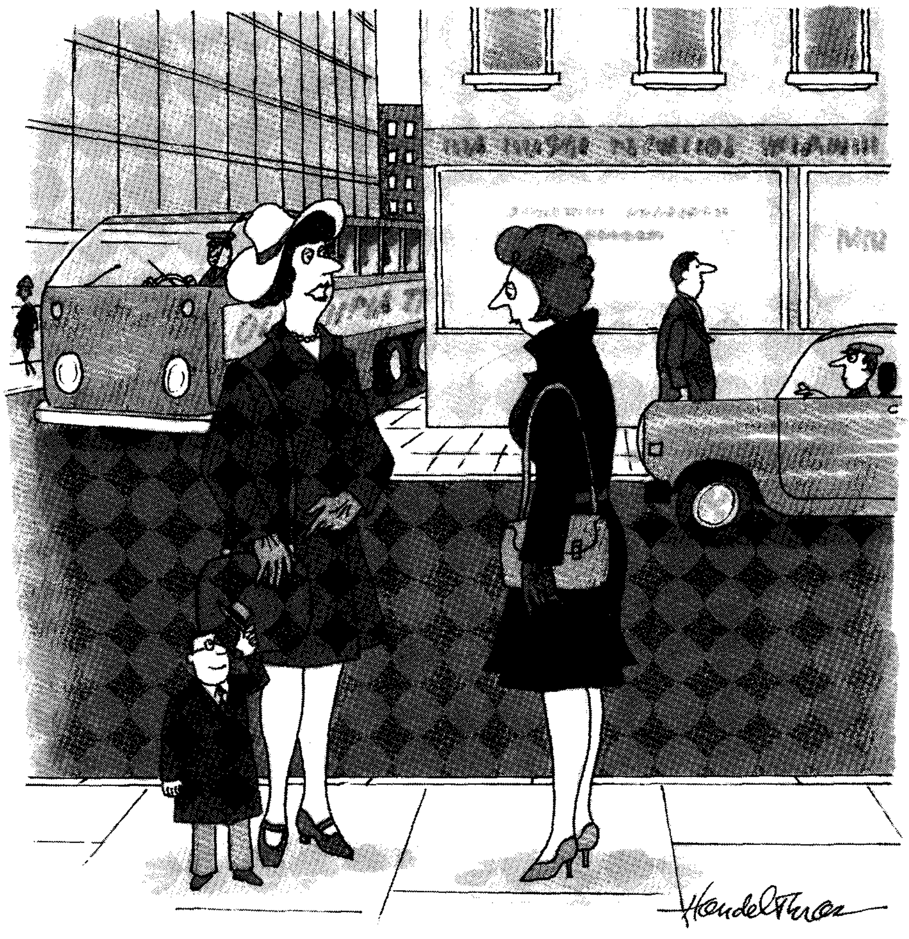
The next morning, in my motel room in Conway, I opened a plastic trash bag containing Rector's last belongings, which had been sent to Stella from Cummins. "This is his legacy," she had said in giving it to me. "This is all that's left of Rickey Ray Rector." Now I began taking out of the bag the final debris of his life. A number of little religious pamphlets and Rector's "Certificate of Baptism," on imitation parchment. An unused tube of toothpaste. Glasses in brown plastic frames of a clumsy bulkiness. A commissary request form, laboringly printed out by Rector, listing his "present account balance" as

97
cent
6 Dollar

and requesting "3 Salem Cigarettes 1 Hot Chocolate 1 Speed Stick," which came to seven dollars and thirty-one cents—thirty-four cents more than he had in the world at that point. And a letter to "Dear Mr. Rector" that read, "After a careful review of the information provided, your request for executive clemency has been denied. Sincerely, Bill Clinton."

THE following Sunday morning, in downtown Little Rock, I attended the eleven-o'clock worship service at Clinton's church, Immanuel Baptist, which is a citadel-like edifice of yellow-ochre brick with faintly Alhambran nuances. As the organist and the choir began booming over the sanctuary's grand expanses the anthem "In the Name of Jesus," Clinton came striding down the aisle, a Bible in his hand, and joined other worshippers in a pew at the front. Eventually, Dr. Rex Horne, an immaculately groomed man with a collegiate freshness about him, took the pulpit. His sermon that morning happened to be about God's commandment to Abraham to sacrifice Isaac. In Abraham, Horne said, God recognized "that there is a person to be tested," as he tests all believers on whether they will "do the right, noble thing, even if it's painful."

After the service, Clinton lingered to shake hands with well-wishers in front, below the pulpit. I wandered over to offer my congratulations. He still had that boyish earnestness I remembered from our meeting years before. His instant and somewhat startling affability, in fact—"What are *you* doing here? Where you staying? How long you gonna be here?"—prompted me, a day or so later, to call his office in Little Rock. Several friends of his had indicated that he just might feel moved to discuss the Rector case with me. In the event, however, a press aide said, "As you may know, the Governor has a policy of never commenting after executions," and another asked, "Could you send us a fax on that?" I did so, and got no response.



"This is my husband, Leonard, at approximately one-third actual size."

• •

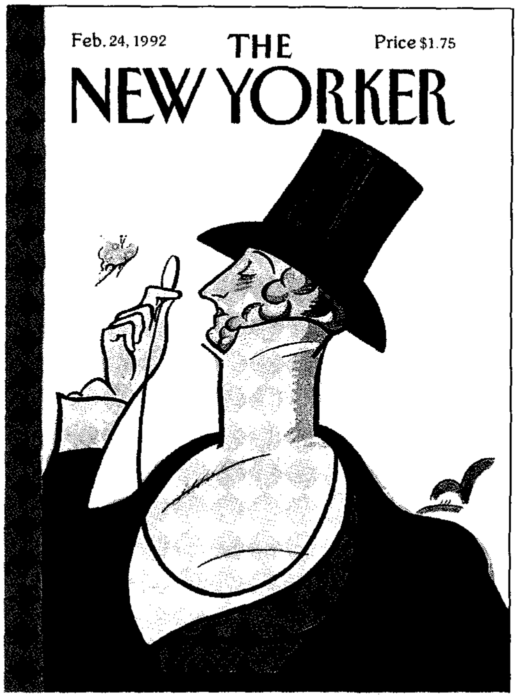
ON my last morning in Conway, with icy winds blowing under a brilliant-blue sky, I called on Stella, at the care center for the mentally retarded where she has been working for so long. She led me down a walkway between terraced lawn plots to the building where her patients—or "clients," as the center calls them—are quartered. "She's the bravest person with the greatest capacity for love of anyone I've ever met," one of her fellow-attendants volunteered to me. In a large, wide-windowed dayroom, about half a dozen of their charges were ranged in a semicircle of tall chairs—fastened into them, for all of them were in fact retarded to such an extent that working with them seemed a matter not so much of rehabilitation as of simple tending. Here, through the years of Rickey's imprisonment, Stella would sometimes wander over to a window in the middle of the day and, with the room around her filled, as always, with the moans and gurglings and yowls of these even more profoundly marred human beings in her care, she would gaze out over the grounds while saying a silent prayer for her brother. Or she would retreat for a few minutes to her desk in the room, set off behind partitions to form a small enclosure of semi-privacy, for a brief solitary devotional.

A few days earlier, when she gave me the plastic bag containing her brother's possessions, she had said, "I'm voting for Clinton, yes. I don't have any bitterness. I've had to work at it, I admit. But the mercy Rickey wasn't able to get in this world has been granted him in the other, and I'm going to see him again one of these days, in Heaven. He paid his dues in this life. Did he ever. Probably nobody can ever know what he had to go through all his life, from its very beginning. Like my mother would say, 'A lot sees—but only a few knows.' I would only hope Bill Clinton never has to go through what my family—and the Martin family, too, yes—have gone through. But if anything ever happened to him that I could help him with, I would help him. I would. Because I know that if I had any malice in my heart toward Bill Clinton it would separate me from Rickey—because it would separate me from God."

On Stella's desk was a large calendar pad with Bible verses written by her into the square spaces of its days ("Though you have made me see troubles, many and bitter, you will restore my life again; from the depths of the earth you will again bring me up"), and other verses, written on leaves from a small yellow notepad, were stuck up on the partitions around her. "These were all that kept me going," she said. Before I left her, she peeled one of them off and gave it to me. I did not finally read it until I was on the flight out of Arkansas. It was I Corinthians 4:5. "Therefore judge nothing before its time; wait till the Lord comes. He will bring to light what is hidden in darkness and expose the motives in men's hearts." ♦

HEY, EU!

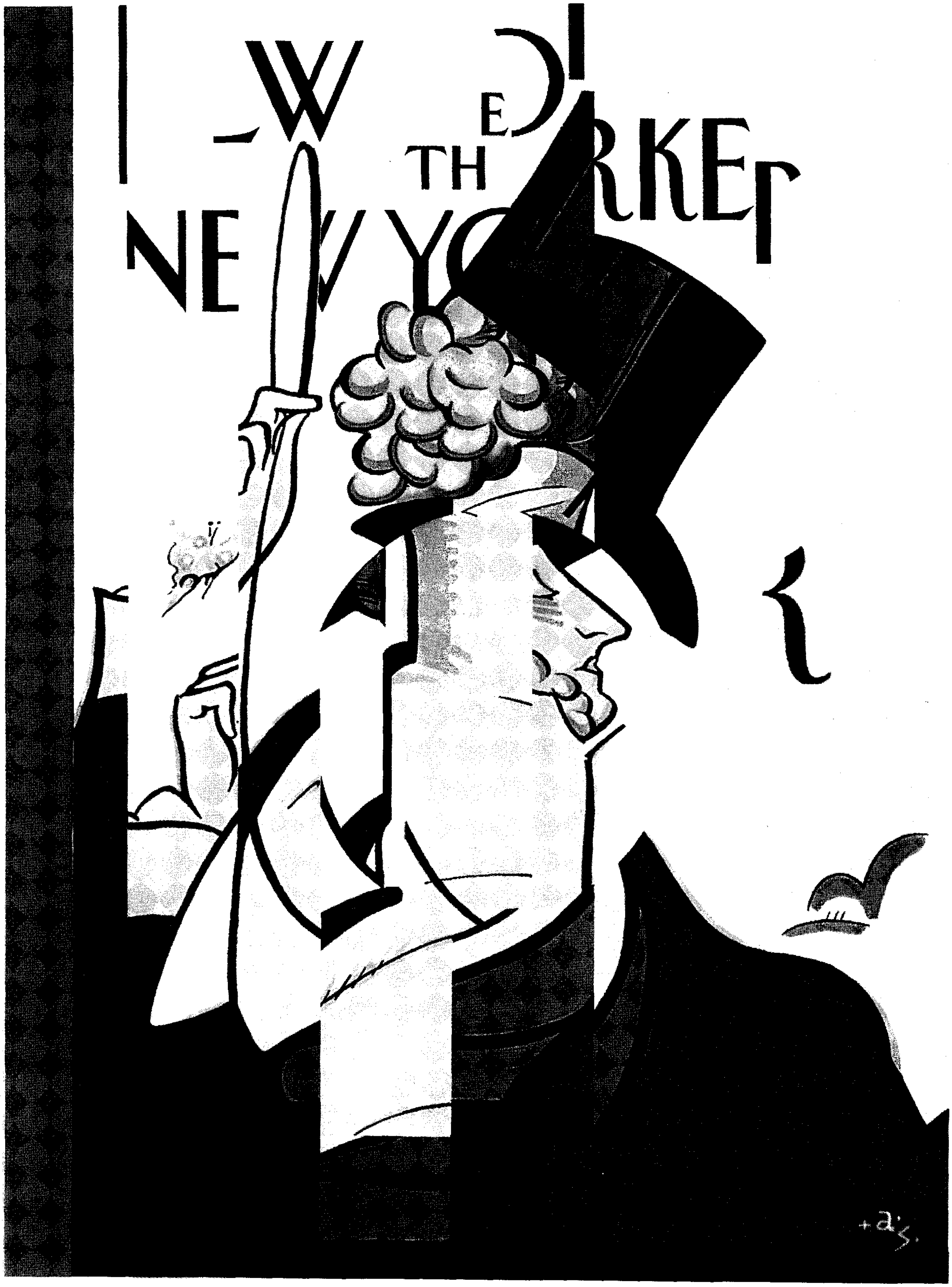
BY CHARLES McGRATH



ONE of the mysteries surrounding the early days of *The New Yorker* is why a fledgling Jazz Age weekly selected a hyperopic Regency lepidopterist as its figurehead. Eustace Tilley, as that starchy-looking gent with the beaver hat and the monocle came to be known, was created by Rea Irvin, *The New Yorker's* original art editor, and appeared on the cover of the magazine's first issue, on February 21, 1925, and also, in a slightly different pose, in the drawing above the first Talk of the Town department. He has presided over Talk every week since, and has reappeared once a year on our anniversary cover, giving rise to some iconographic speculation. Why does the cover Tilley look leftward—in the classic style of Piero's "Duke of Urbino"—while the Talk Tilley gazes off to the right? Why has the butterfly been replaced by an owl? What was Irvin trying to say here? Probably not much. The design looked pretty good—it still does—and they had to put *something* in that first issue.

The name was coined by Corey Ford, an adman who was a friend of Harold Ross's—Tilley after Ford's aunt, and Eustace just because it sounded right—and this mythic character figured in some of *The New Yorker's* early promotional material. (He was one of the magazine's "special superintendents of forestry," among other things.) Eventually, Tilley acquired a literary identity, too. He had his own byline for a while, on a series of comic pieces actually written by Ford, and he turned up periodically in Comment pieces written by E. B. White and others. Tilley, those interested could learn, was invariably well dressed (his threads included a pair of dogskin gloves and a suit of pigeon-gray hopsacking), he kept mourning doves, he dined and danced (and once made out with one of our subscribers in someone's kitchen), he went to openings and P.R. events, and he delivered himself of opinions on everything from taxation to the New Math. Tilley had become something of a pain in the neck, to tell the truth—a combination of Oscar Wilde and Bertie Wooster—but he embodied two of the early *New Yorker's* most characteristic and contradictory editorial traits: sophistication and an air of bemused detachment.

In recent years, a cameo of Tilley has ornamented our Table of Contents page, and observant readers may have glimpsed him, in Michael Witte's drawings, traipsing through our Goings On About Town section: Tilley at the theatre, Tilley watching the Mets, Tilley directing a movie, Tilley watching the tube, and so forth. He has persisted so long, as both icon and mystery, that this year, in honor of his sixty-eighth birthday, it seemed time to treat the old guy to a face-lift—a morph job. We invited a number of artists to reimagine Eustace Tilley however they wished, and the results are on the following pages: Tilley canned, Fauved, Cubed, flayed, bloated, steamrolled, and so on. But, remarkably, not aged, or not very much. He remains odd and elongated, inquisitive, and not quite of this world—our own E.T. ♦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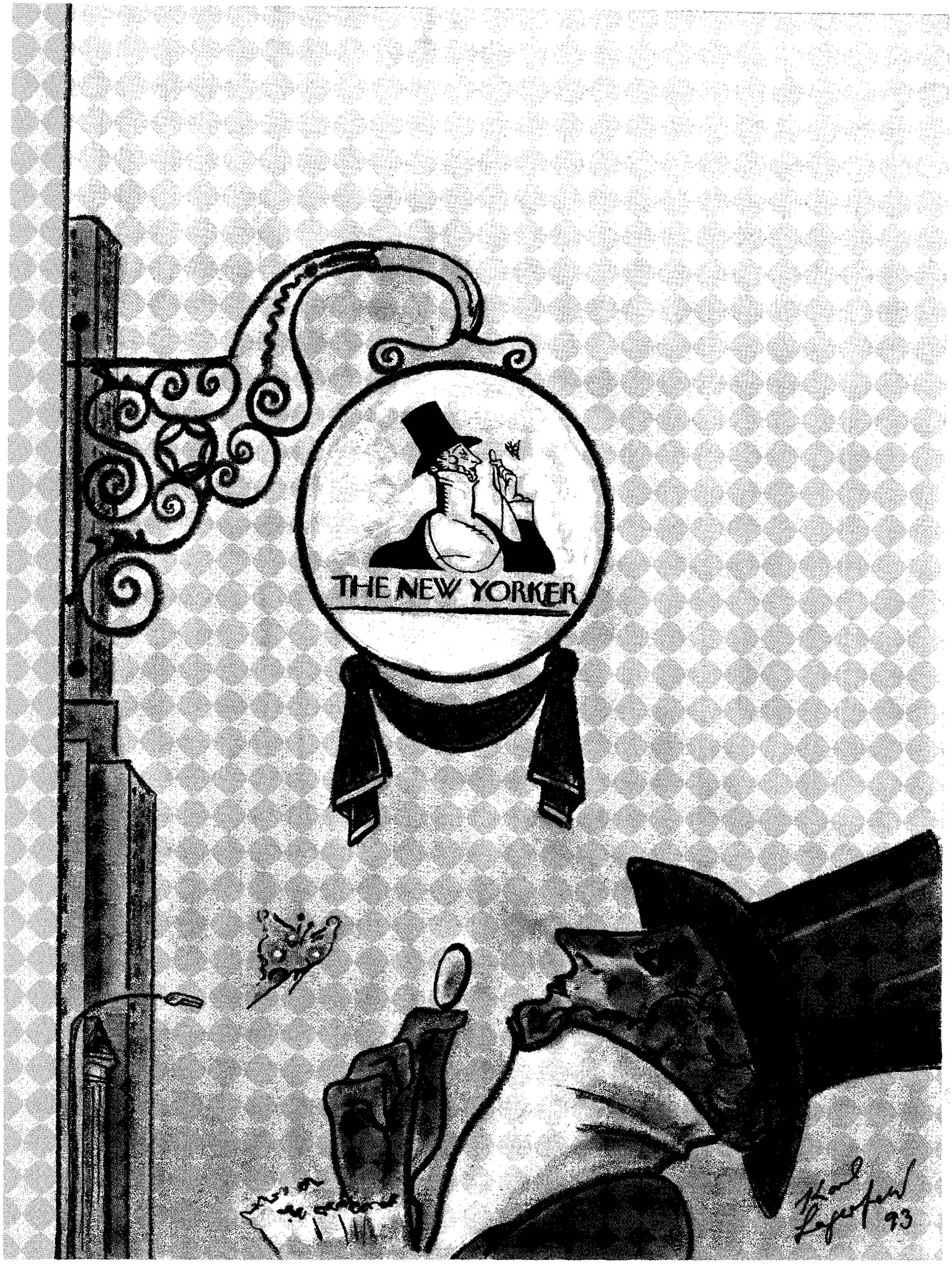
THE NEW YORKER
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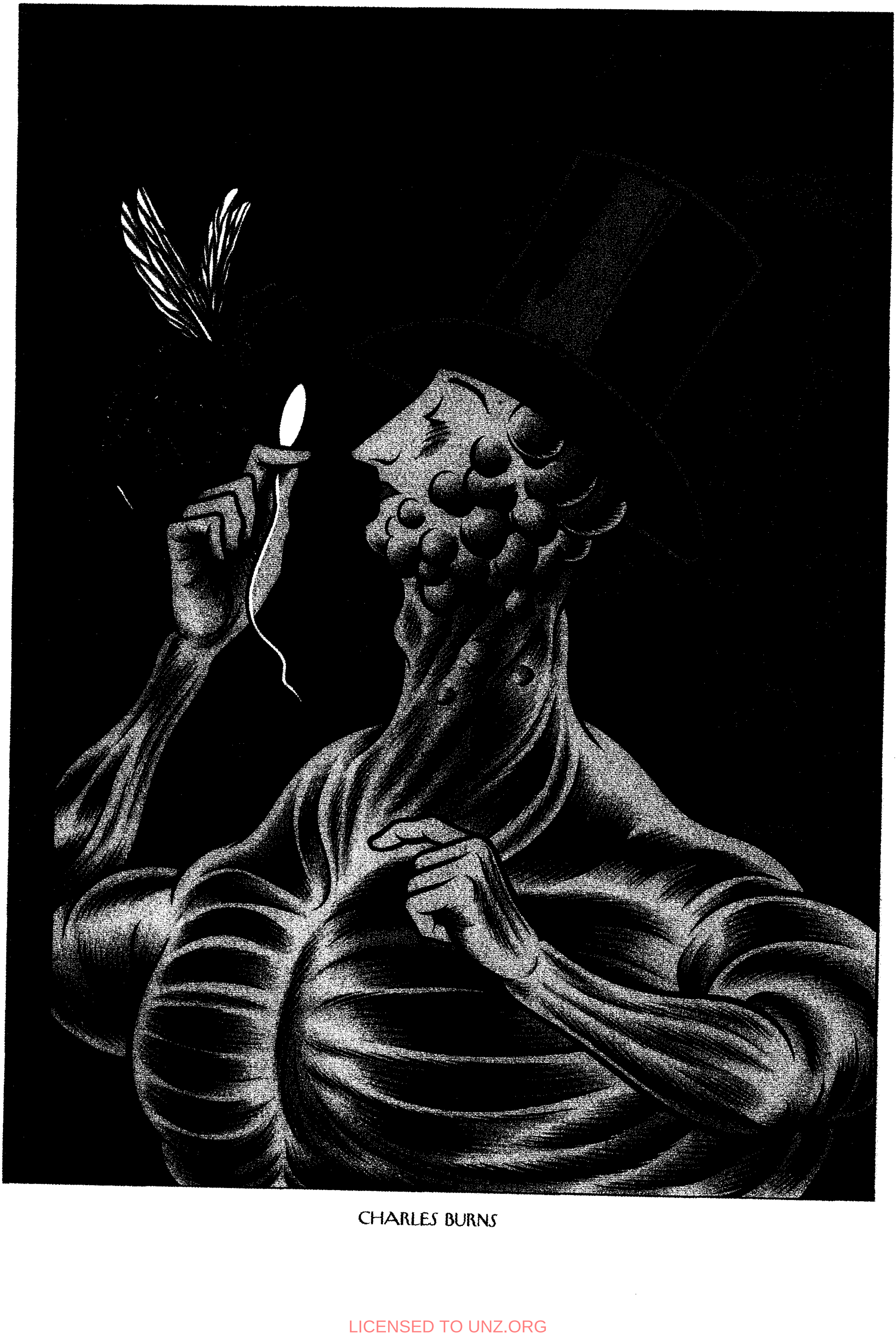
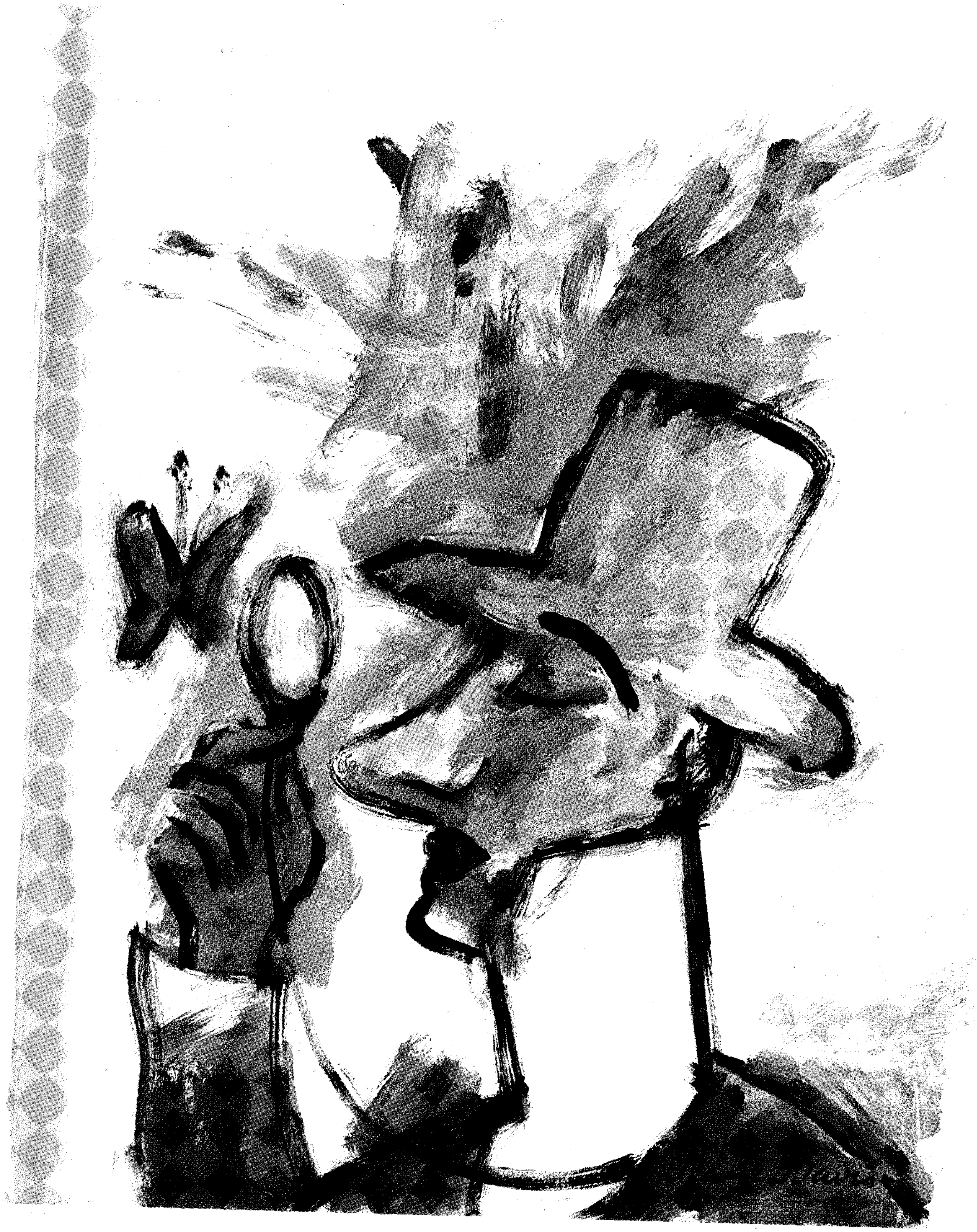
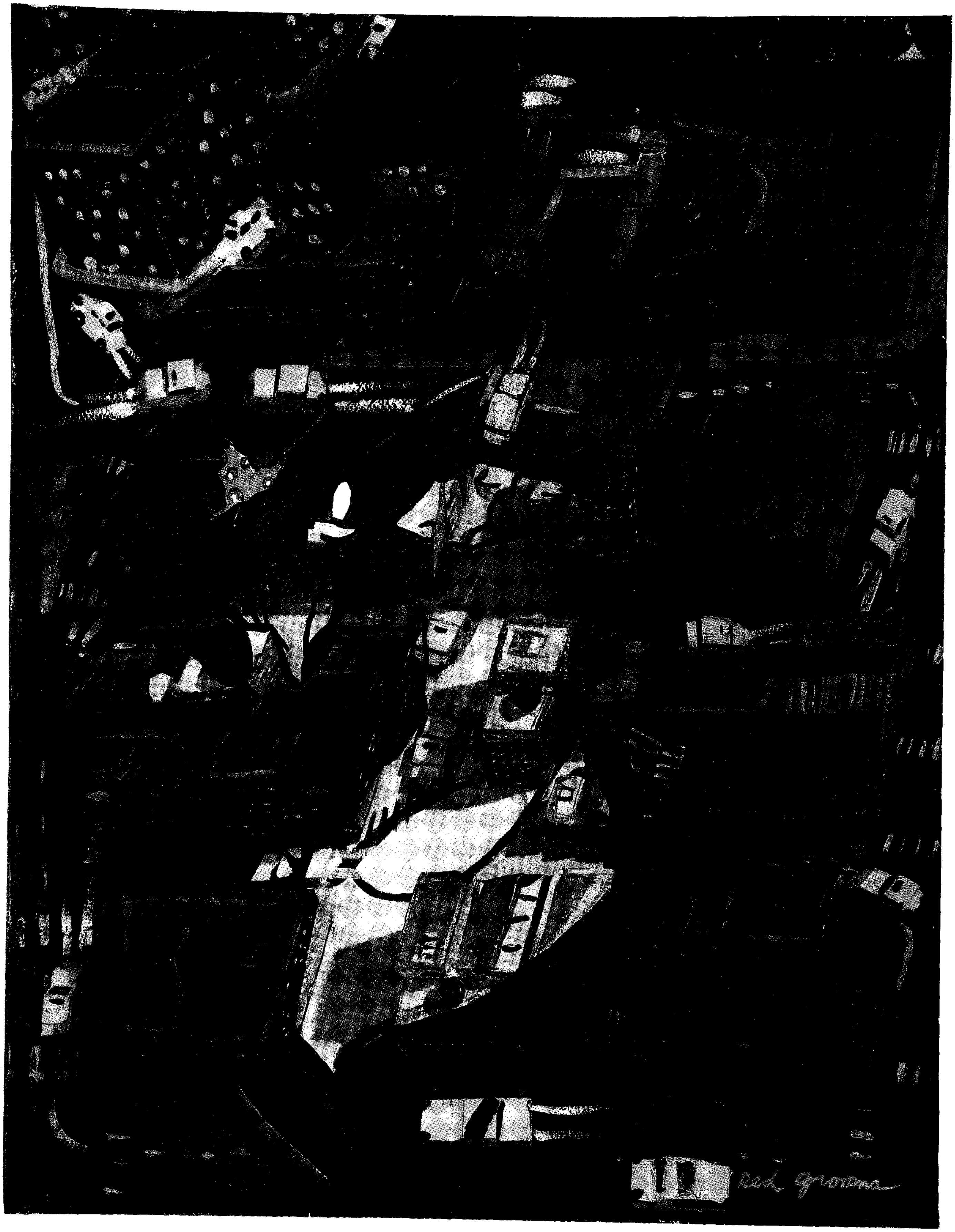
KARL LAGERFELD



CHARLES BURNS

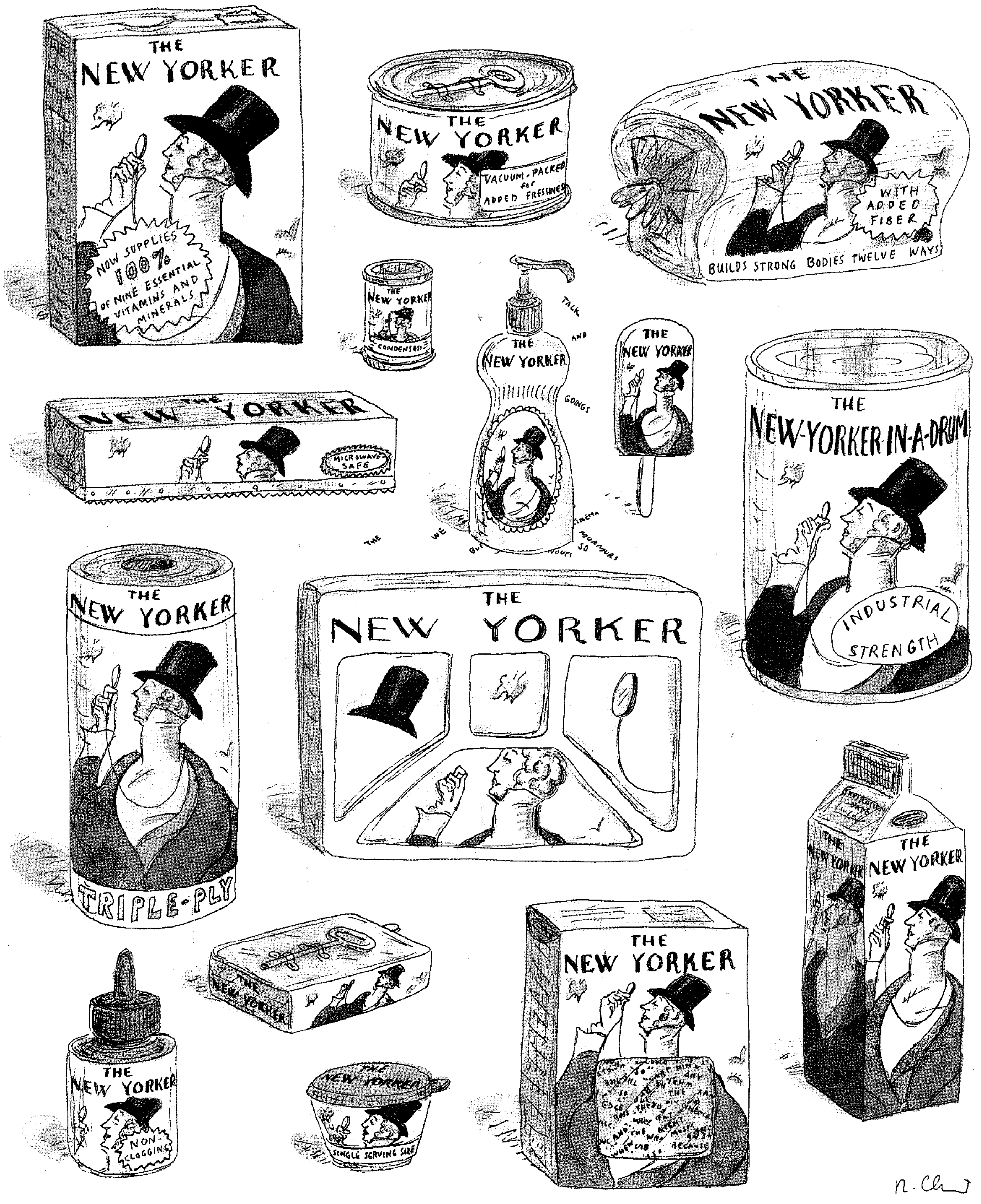


PAUL DAVIS



RED GROOMS

THE NEW YORKER REPACKAGED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NOW SUPPLIES 100% OF NINE ESSENTIAL VITAMINS AND MINERALS
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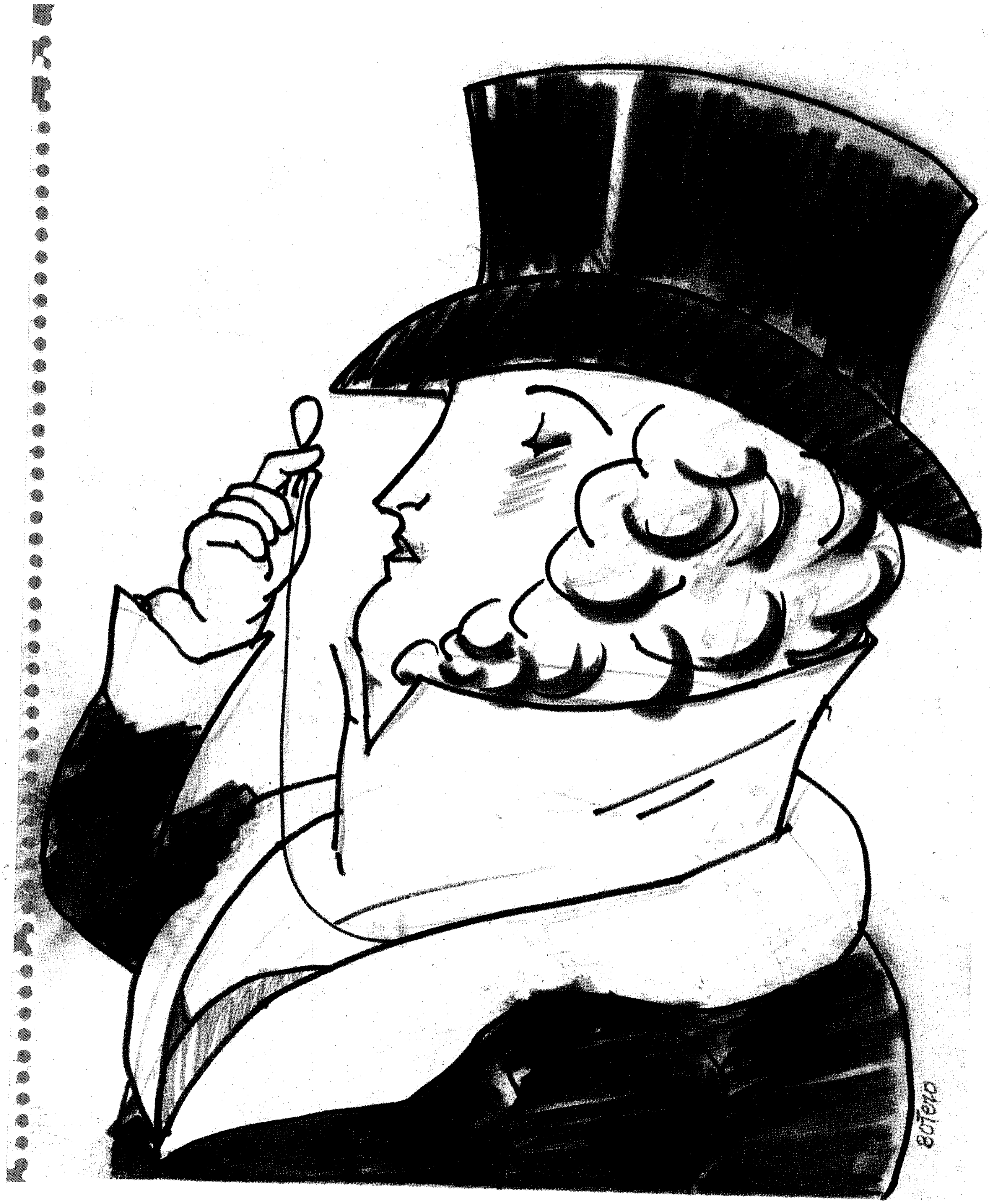
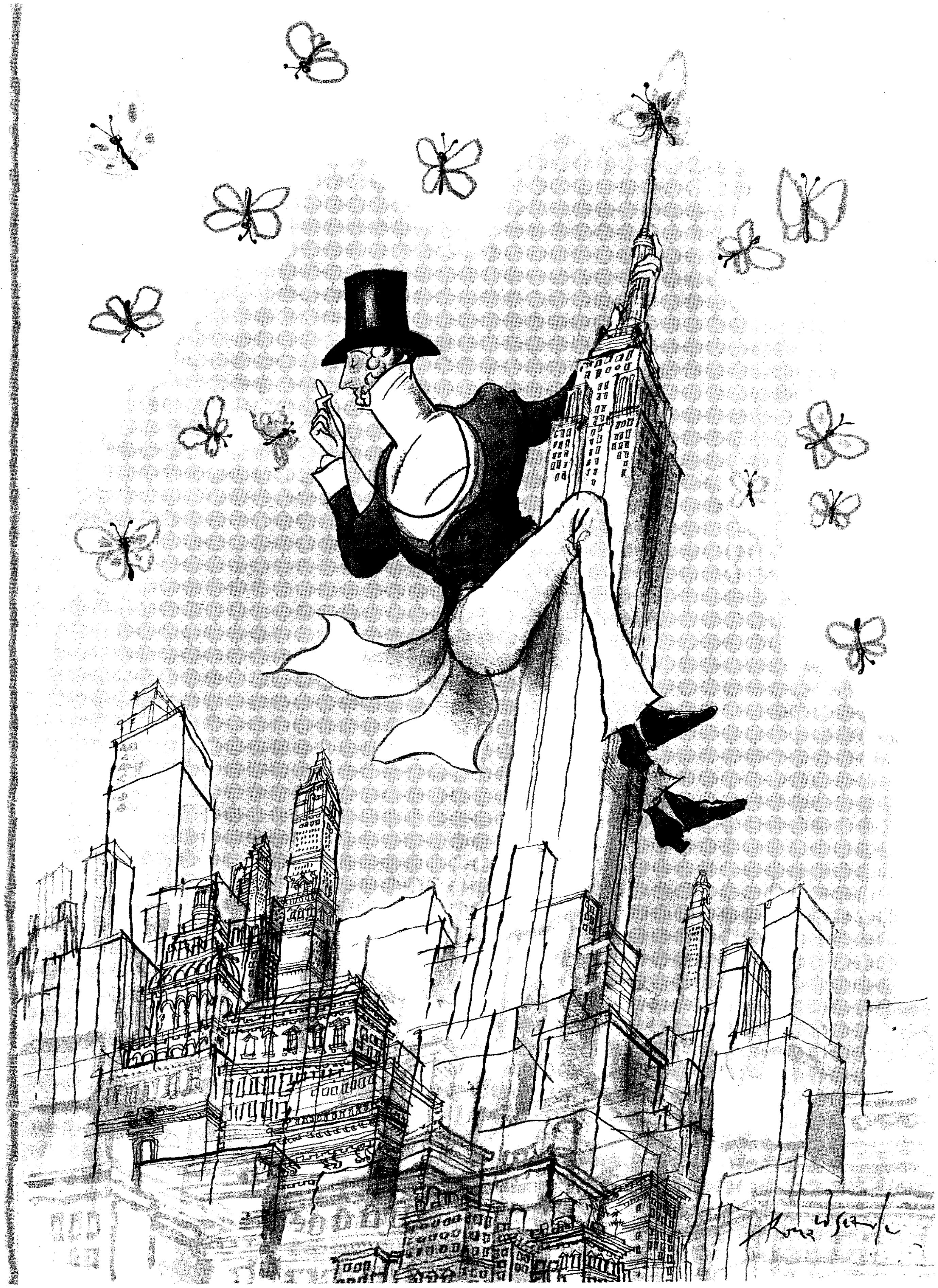
ROZ CHAST



FERNANDO BOTERO



RONALD SEARLE

FICTION

TIMOTHY'S BIRTHDAY

BY WILLIAM TREVOR

THEY made the usual preparations. Charlotte bought a small leg of lamb, picked up purple broccoli and sprigs of mint. All were Timothy's favorites, purchased every year for April 23rd, which this year was a Thursday. Odo ensured that the gin had not gone too low: a gin-and-tonic, and then another one, was what Timothy liked. Odo did not object to that, did not in fact object to obtaining the gin specially, since it was not otherwise drunk in the house.

They were in their sixties and had scarcely parted from each other in the forty-two years of their marriage. Odo was tall, thin as a straw, his bony features receding into a freckled dome on which little hair remained. Charlotte was small and still pretty, her gray hair drawn back and tidy, her eyes an arresting shade of blue. Timothy was their only child.

Deciding on a fire, Odo chopped up an old seed tray for kindling and filled a basket with logs and turf. The rooks were cawing and chattering in the high trees, their nests already in place—more of them this year, Odo noticed, than last. The cobbles of the yard were still damp from a shower. Grass, occasionally ragwort or a dock, greened them in patches. Later, perhaps, when Timothy had gone, he'd go over them with weed killer, as he did every year in April. The sheds that bounded the yard required attention also, their wooden doors rotted away at the bottom, the whitewash of their stucco gone gray, brambles growing through their windows. Odo resolved that this year he would rectify matters, but knew, even as the thought occurred, that he would not.

"Cold?" Charlotte asked him as he passed through the kitchen, and he said yes, a little chilly outside. The kitchen was never cold, because of the range. A long time ago they had been going to replace it with a secondhand Aga that Charlotte had heard about, but when it came to the point Odo hadn't wanted to, and anyway there hadn't been the funds.

In the drawing room Odo set the fire, crumpling up the pages of old account books because no newspaper was delivered to the house and one was rarely bought; they had the wireless and the television, which kept them up with things. The account books were of no use to anyone, belonging entirely to the past, to the time of Odo's grandfather and generations earlier. Kept for the purpose in a wall cupboard by the fireplace, their dry pages never failed to burn well. "Slating: £2. 15s.," Odo read as he arranged the kindling over the slanted calligraphy. He struck a match and stacked on logs and turf. Rain spattered against the long-paned windows; a sudden gust of wind tumbled something over in the garden.

Charlotte pressed rosemary into the slits she'd incised in the lamb. She worked swiftly, from long experience knowing just what she was doing. She washed the grease from her fingertips under a running tap and set aside what remained of the rosemary, even though it was unlikely that she would have a use for it; she hated throwing things away.

The oven was slow; although it was still early, the meat would have to go in within half an hour, and potatoes to roast—another Timothy favorite—at eleven. The trifle, gooey with custard and raspberry jam and jelly—a nursery pudding—Charlotte had made the night before. When Timothy came, he chopped the mint for the mint sauce, one of the first of his childhood tasks. He'd been a plump little boy then.

"I CAN'T go," Timothy said in the flat in Dublin that had recently been left to him by Mr. Kinnally.

Eddie didn't respond. He turned the pages of the *Irish Times*, wishing it were something livelier, the *Star* or the *Express*. With little interest, he noticed that schools' entrance tests were to be abolished and that there was to be a canine cleanup, whatever that was, in Limerick.

"I'll drive you down," he offered then. His own plans were being shattered by this change of heart on the part of Timothy, but he kept the annoyance out of his voice. He had intended to gather his belongings together and leave as soon as he had the house to himself: a bus out to the N-4, the long hitchhike, then start all over again. "No problem to drive you down," he said. "No problem."

The suggestion wasn't worth a reply, Timothy considered. It wasn't even worth acknowledgment. No longer plump at thirty-three, Timothy wore his smooth, fair hair in a ponytail. When he smiled, a dimple appeared in his left cheek, a characteristic he cultivated. He was dressed, this morning, as he often was, in flannel trousers and a navy-blue blazer, with a plain blue tie in the buttoned-down collar of his plain blue shirt.

"I'd get out before we got there," Eddie offered. "I'd go for a walk while you was inside."

"What I'm saying is I can't face it."

There was another silence then, during which Eddie sighed without making a sound. He knew about the birthday tradition because as the day approached there had been a lot of talk about it. The house called Coolattin had been described to him: four miles from the village of Baltinglass, a short avenue from which the entrance gates had been removed, a faded green hall door, the high grass in the garden, the abandoned conservatory. And Timothy's people—as Timothy always called them—had been as graphically presented: Charlotte's smile and Odo's solemnity, their fondness for one another evident in how they spoke and acted, their fondness for Coolattin. Charlotte cut what remained of Odo's hair, and Timothy said that you could tell. And you could tell, even when they were not in their own surroundings, that they weren't well-to-do; all they wore was old. Hearing it described, Eddie had visualized in the drawing room the bagatelle table between the windows and Odo's ancestor in oils over the fireplace, the buttoned green sofa, the rugs that someone had brought back from India or Egypt. Such shreds of grace and vigor from a family's past took similar form in the dining room that was these days used only once a year, on April 23rd, and in the hall and on the staircase wall, where further portraits hung. The bedrooms, except for the one occupied by Odo and Charlotte, were musty, with patches of gray damp on the ceilings, and plaster fallen away. Timothy's, in which he had not slept for fifteen years, was as he'd left it, but in one corner the wallpaper had billowed out and now was curling away from the surface. The kitchen, where the television and the wireless were, where Odo and Charlotte ate all their meals except for lunch on Timothy's birthday, was easily large enough for this general purpose: a dresser crowded with crockery and a lifetime's odds and ends; a long, scrubbed table on the flagged floor, with upright kitchen chairs around it. As well, there were the two armchairs Odo had brought in from the drawing room, a washing machine Timothy had given his mother, wooden draining boards on either side of the sink, ham hooks in the panelled ceiling, and a row of bells on springs above the door to the scullery. A cheerful place, that kitchen, Eddie estimated, but Timothy said it was part and parcel, whatever he meant by that.

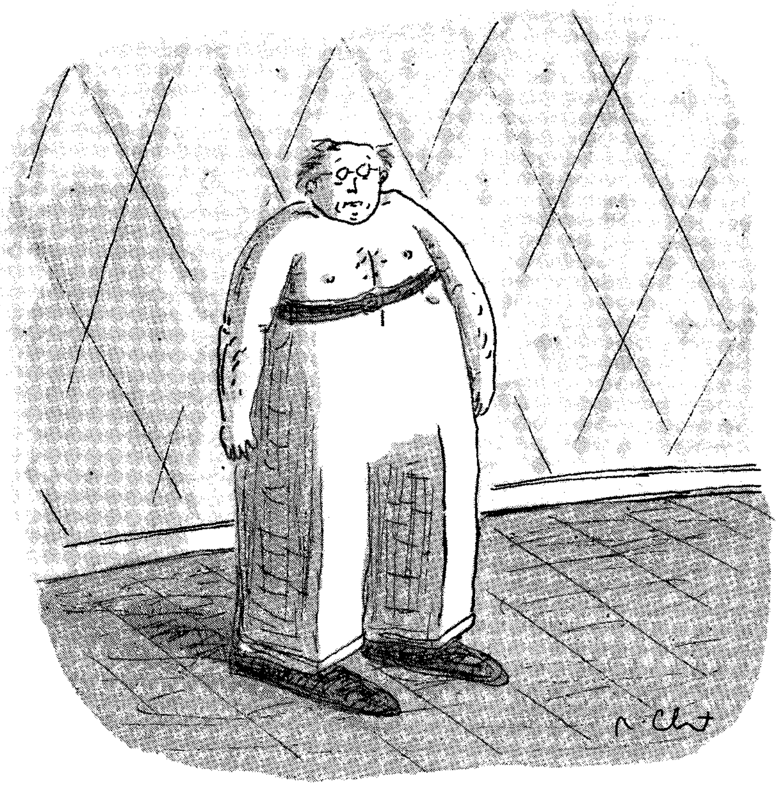
"Would you go, Eddie? Would you go down and explain, say I'm feeling unwell?"

Eddie hesitated. Then he said, "Did Mr. Kinnally ever go down there?"

"No, of course he didn't. It's not the same."

Eddie walked away when he heard that reply. Mr. Kinnally had been far too grand to act as a messenger in that way. Mr. Kinnally had given Timothy birthday presents: the chain he wore on his wrist. "Now, I don't want you spending your money on me," Timothy had said a day or two ago. Eddie, who hadn't been intending to, didn't even buy a card.

THE RAVAGES OF TIME



MARKY MARK, CIRCA 2043

In the kitchen, Eddie made coffee, real coffee from Bewley's, measured into the percolator as Timothy had shown him. Instant gave you cancer, Timothy maintained. Eddie was a burly youth of nineteen, with curly black hair to which he daily applied gel. His eyes, set on a slant, gave him a furtive air, accurately reflecting his nature, which was a watchful one, the main chance being never far out of his sights. When he got away from the flat in Mountjoy Street he intended to go steady for a bit, maybe settle down with some decent girl, maybe have a kid. Being in the flat had suited him for the five months he'd been here, even if, privately, he didn't much care for certain aspects of the arrangement. Once, briefly, Eddie had been apprenticed to a plumber, but he hadn't much cared for that, either.

He arranged cups and saucers on a tray and carried them to the sitting room, with the coffee and milk and a plate of croissants. Timothy had put a CD on, the kind of music Eddie didn't care for, though he never said so, sonorous and grandiose. The hi-fi was Bang & Olufsen, the property of Mr. Kinnally in his lifetime, as everything in the flat had been.

"Why not?" Timothy asked, using the telecommander on the arm of his chair to turn the volume down. "Why not, Eddie?"

"I couldn't do a thing like that. I'll drive you."

"I'm not going down."

Timothy reduced the volume further. As he took the cup of coffee Eddie offered him, his two long eyeteeth glistened the way they sometimes did, and the dimple formed in his cheek.

"All I'm asking you to do is pass a message on. I'd take it as a favor."

"The phone—"

"There's no phone in that place. Just say I couldn't make it due to not feeling much today."

Timothy broke in half a croissant that had specks of bacon in it, the kind he liked, that Eddie bought in Fitz's. A special favor, he softly repeated, and Eddie sensed more pressure in the words. Timothy paid; Timothy called the tune. Well, two can play at that game, Eddie said to himself, and calculated his gains over the past five months.

The faded green hall door, green also on the inside, was sealed up because of drafts. You entered the house at the back, crossing the cobbled yard to the door that led to the scullery.

"He's here," Charlotte called out when there was the sound of a car, and a few minutes later, as Odo arrived in the kitchen from the hall, there were footsteps in the scullery passage and then a hesitant knock on the kitchen door. Since Timothy never knocked, both thought this odd, and odder still when a youth they did not know appeared.

"Oh," Charlotte said.

"He's off color," the

youth said. "A bit naff today. He asked me would I come down and tell you." The youth paused, and added then, "On account you don't have no phone."

Color crept into Charlotte's face, her cheeks becoming pink. Illness worried her.

"Thank you for letting us know," Odo said stiffly, the dismissive note in his tone willing this youth to go away.

"It's nothing much, is it?" Charlotte asked, and the youth said seedy, all morning in the toilet, the kind of thing you wouldn't trust yourself with on a car journey. His name was Eddie, he explained, a friend of Timothy's. Or more a servant really, he added, depending how you looked at it.

Odo tried not to think about this youth. He didn't want Charlotte to think about him, just as for so long he hadn't wanted her to think about Mr. Kinnally. "Mr. Kinnally died," Timothy had said on this day last year, standing not far from where the youth was standing now, his second gin-and-tonic on the go. "He left me everything—the flat, the Rover, the lot." Odo had experienced relief that this elderly man was no longer alive, but had been unable to prevent himself from considering the inheritance ill-gotten. The flat in Mountjoy Street, well placed in Dublin, had had its Georgian plasterwork meticulously restored, for Mr. Kinnally had been that kind of person. They'd heard about the flat—its contents, too—just as Eddie had heard about Coolattin. Timothy enjoyed describing things.

"His tummy played up a bit once," Charlotte was saying with a mother's recall. "We had a scare. We thought appendicitis. But it wasn't, in the end."

"He'll rest himself, he'll be all right." The youth was mumbling, not meeting the eyes of either of them. Shifty, Odo considered, and dirty-looking. The shoes he wore, once white, the kind of sports shoes you saw about these days, were filthy now. His black trousers hung shapelessly; his neck was bare, no sign of a shirt beneath the red sweater that had some kind of animal depicted on it.

"Thank you," Odo said again.

"A drink?" Charlotte offered. "Cup of coffee? Tea?"

Odo had known that would come. No matter what the circumstances, Charlotte could never help being hospitable. She hated being thought otherwise.

"Well . . . " the youth began, and Charlotte said, "Sit down for a minute." Then she changed her mind and suggested the drawing room because it was a pity to waste the fire.

Odo didn't feel angry. He rarely did with Charlotte. "I'm afraid we haven't any beer," he said as they passed through the hall, both coffee and tea having been rejected on the ground that they would be troublesome to provide, although Charlotte had denied that. In the drawing room what there was was the sherry that stood near the bagatelle, never touched by either of them, and Timothy's Cork gin, and two bottles of tonic.

"I'd fancy a drop of Cork," the youth said. "If that's O.K."

Would Timothy come down another day, Charlotte wanted to know. Had he said anything about that? It was the first time his birthday had been missed. It was the occasion they spent together, she explained.

"Cheers!" the youth exclaimed, not answering the questions, appearing to Odo to be simulating denseness. "Great," he complimented when he'd sipped the gin.

"Poor Timothy!" Charlotte said. She settled into the chair she always occupied in the drawing room, to the left of the fire. The light from the long-paned windows fell on her neat gray hair and the side of her face. One of them would die first, Odo had thought again in the night, as often he did now. He wanted it to be her; he wanted to be the one to suffer the loneliness and the distress. It would be the same for either of them, and he wanted it to be him who had to bear the painful burden.

SITTING forward on the edge of the sofa, Eddie felt better when the gin began to glow.

"Refreshing," he said. "A drop of Cork."

The day Mr. Kinnally died, there were a number of them in the flat. Timothy put the word out and they came that night, with Mr. Kinnally still stretched out on his bed. In those days Eddie used to come in the mornings to do the washing up, after Mr. Kinnally had taken a fancy to him in O'Connell Street. An hour or so in the mornings, last night's dishes, paid by the hour; nothing of the other, he didn't even know about it then. On the day of the death, Timothy shaved the dead face himself and got Mr. Kinnally into his tweeds. He sprayed a little Krizia Uomo, and changed the slippers for lace-ups. He made him as he had been, except, of course, for the closed eyes; you couldn't do anything about that. "Come back in the evening, could you?" he had requested Eddie—the first time there had been such a summons. "There'll be a few here." There were more than a few, paying their respects in the bedroom, and afterward, in the sitting room, Timothy put on the music and they just sat there. From the scraps of conversation that were exchanged Eddie learned that Timothy had inherited, that Timothy was now in the dead man's shoes, the new Mr. Kinnally. "You'd never think of moving in, Eddie?" Timothy suggested a while later, and afterward Eddie guessed that that was how Timothy himself had been invited to Mountjoy Street, when he was working in the newsagent's in Ballsbridge, on his uppers as he used to say.

"As a matter of fact," Eddie said in the drawing room, "I never touch a beer."

Timothy's father—so thin and bony in Eddie's view that when he sat down you'd imagine it would cause him pain—gave a nod that was hardly a nod at all. And the mother said she couldn't drink beer in any shape or form. Neither of them was drinking now.

"Nothing in the gassy line suits me," Eddie confided. It wasn't easy to know what to say. Timothy had said they'd ask him to stop for a bite of grub when they realized he'd come down specially; before he knew where he was they'd have turned him into the birthday boy. Odo his father's name was, Timothy had revealed—extraordinary, really.

"Nice home you got here," Eddie said. "Nice place."

A kind of curiosity had brought him to the house. Once Timothy had handed him the keys of the Rover, he could as easily have driven straight to Galway, which was the city he had decided to make for, having heard a few times that it was lively. But, instead, he'd driven as directed, to Baltinglass, and then by minor roads to Coolattin. He'd head for Galway later; the N-80 to

Portlaoise was what the map in the car indicated, then on to Mountmellick and Tullamore, then Athlone. Eddie didn't know any of those towns. Dublin was his place.

"Excuse me," he said, addressing Timothy's father, lowering his voice. "D'you have a toilet?"

CHARLOTTE had years ago accepted her son's way of life. She had never fussed about it, and saw no reason to. Yet she sympathized with Odo and was a little infected by the disappointment he felt. "This is how Timothy wishes to live," she used to argue gently, but Odo would look away, saying he didn't understand it, saying—to Timothy, too—that he didn't want to know. Odo was like that; nothing was going to change him. Coolattin had defeated him, and he had always hoped, during Timothy's childhood, that Timothy would somehow make a go of it where he himself had failed. In those days they had taken in overnight guests, but more recently too much went wrong in the house, and the upkeep was too burdensome to allow that to continue without financial loss. Timothy, as a child, had been both imaginative and practical. Odo had seen a time in the future when there would be a family at Coolattin again, when in some clever way both house and garden would be restored. Timothy had even talked about it, describing it, as he liked to do: a flowery hotel, the kitchen filled with modern utensils and machines; the bedrooms fresh with paint, new wallpapers and fabrics. Odo could recall a time in his own childhood when visitors came and went, not paying for their sojourn, of course, but visitors who paid would at least be something.

"You'll have to ask him if he wants to stay to lunch," Charlotte said when Timothy's friend had been shown where the downstairs lavatory was.

"Yes, I know."

"I'D fix that toilet for you," Eddie offered, explaining that the flow to the bowl was poor. Nothing complicated, corrosion in the pipe. He explained that he'd started out as a plumber once, which was why he knew a thing or two. "No sweat," he said.

When lunch was mentioned he said he wouldn't want to trouble anyone, but they said no trouble. He picked up a knife from the drinks table and set off with his gin-and-tonic to the downstairs lavatory to effect the repair.

"It's very kind of you, Eddie," Timothy's mother said, and he said honestly, no sweat.

When he returned to the drawing room, having poked about in the cistern with the knife, the room was empty. Rain was beating against the windows. The fire had burned low. He poured another dollop of gin into his glass, not bothering with the tonic since that would have meant opening the second bottle. Then the old fellow appeared out of nowhere with a basket of logs, causing Eddie to jump.

"I done it best I could," Eddie said, wondering if he'd been seen with the bottle actually in his hand and thinking he probably had. "It's better than it was, anyway."

"Yes," Timothy's father said, putting a couple of the logs onto the fire and a piece of turf at the back. "Thanks very much."

"Shocking rain," Eddie said.

Yes, it was heavy now, the answer came, and nothing more was said until they moved into the dining room. "You sit there, Eddie," Timothy's mother directed, and he sat as she indicated, between the two of them. A plate was passed to him with slices of meat on it, then vegetable dishes, with potatoes and broccoli in them.

"It was a Thursday, too, the day Timothy was born," Timothy's mother said. "In the newspaper they brought me it said something about a royal audience with the Pope."

Nineteen-fifty-nine, Eddie calculated, fourteen years before he saw the light of day himself. He thought of mentioning that, but decided they wouldn't want to know. The drop of Cork had settled in nicely; the only pity was they hadn't brought the bottle in to the table.

"Nice bit of meat," he said instead, and she said it was Timothy's favorite, always had been. The old fellow was silent again. The old fellow hadn't believed him when he'd said Timothy was off color. The old fellow knew exactly what was going on, you could tell that straightaway.

"Pardon me a sec." Eddie rose, prompted by the fact that he knew where both of them were. In the drawing room he poured himself more gin, and grimaced as he swallowed it. He poured a smaller measure and didn't, this time, gulp it. In the hall, he picked up a little ornament that might be silver: two entwined fish he had noticed earlier. In the lavatory he didn't close the door, in the hope that they would hear the flush and assume he'd been there all the time.

"Great," he said in the dining room as he sat down again.

The mother asked about his family. He mentioned Tallaght; no reason not to since it was what she was after. He referred to the tinker encampment, and said it was a bloody disgrace, tinkers allowed like that. "Pardon my French," he apologized when the swearword slipped out.

"More, Eddie?" she was offering, glancing at the old fellow since it was he who was in charge of cutting the meat.

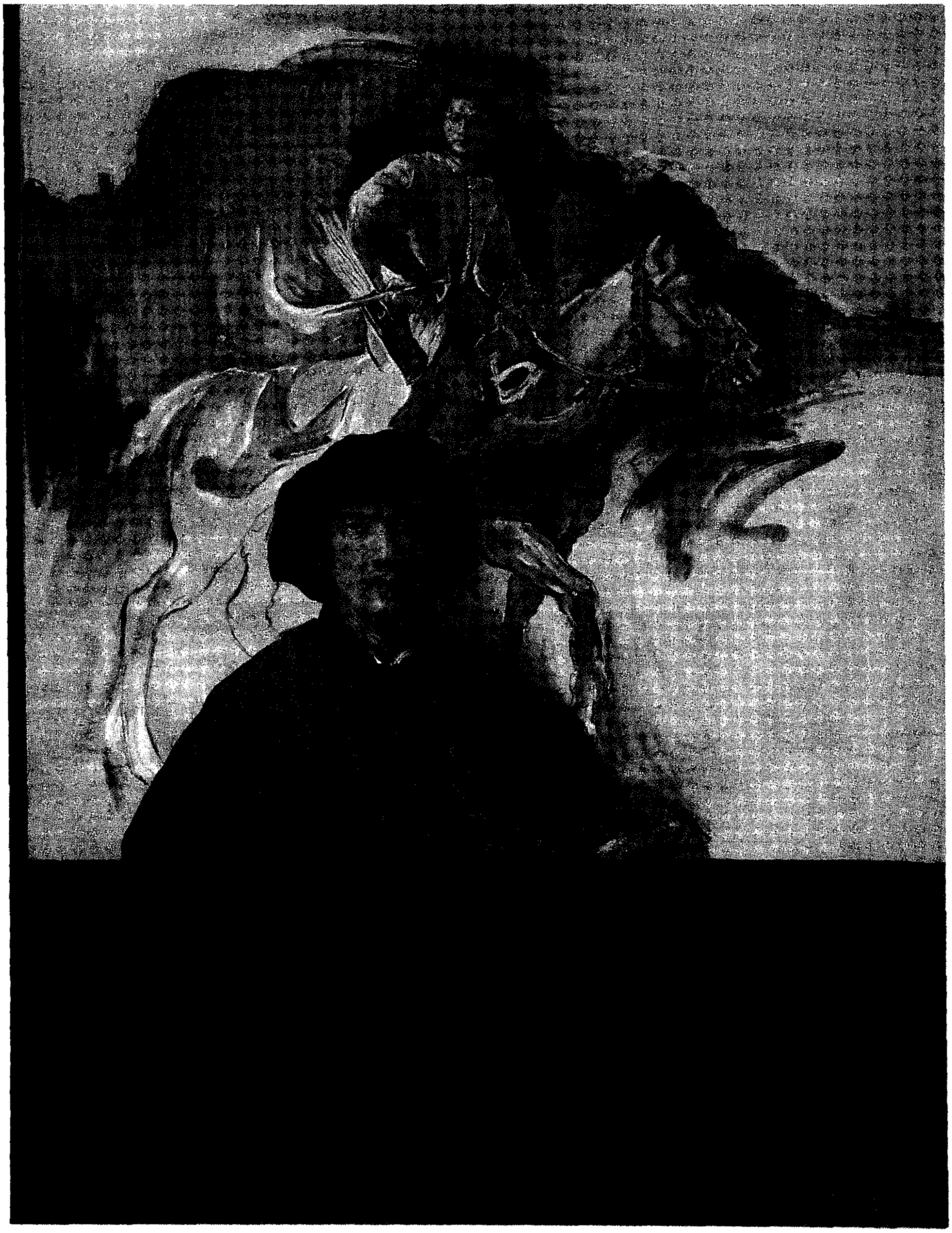
"Yeah, great." He took his knife and fork off his plate, and after it was handed back to him there was a bit of a silence so he added, "A new valve would be your only answer in the toilet department. No problem with your pressure."

"We must get it done," she said.

It was then—when another silence gathered and continued for a couple of minutes—that Eddie knew the mother had guessed, also; suddenly it came into her face that Timothy was as fit as a fiddle. Eddie saw her glance once across the table, but the old fellow was intent on his food. On other birthday occasions Timothy would have talked about Mr. Kinnally, about his "circle," which was how the friends who came to the flat were always described. Blearily, through a fog of Cork gin, Eddie knew all that, even heard the echo of Timothy's rather

ARTIST'S NOTEBOOK BY RUSSELL CONNOR

BACK IN THE SADDLE



WHEN the Rembrandt Research Project, a posse of dour Dutchmen with skeptical, ungenerous vision, threatened to de-attribute the Frick Collection's "Polish Rider" a few years ago, it left many "Rider"-loving New Yorkers in a permanently anxious state. Fortunately, a recent discovery, unearthed in a basement in Pinsk, seems to de-attribute the proposed de-attribution. The new portrait shows Rembrandt, palette in hand, in his familiar working garb—and, as it happens, right in the middle of knocking off "The Polish Rider." This serendipitous find has been attributed by its discoverers to the Master's star pupil, Carel Fabitius. (The R.R.P. disputes *this* attribution, too.) The word from Seventieth Street is that the people at the Frick are just very, very relieved. ◆

high-pitched voice at this same table. But talk about Mr. Kinnally had never been enough.

"Course it could go on the way it is for years," Eddie said, the silence having now become dense. "As long as there's a drop coming through at all you're in business with a toilet cistern."

He continued about the faulty valve, stumbling over some of the words, his speech thickened by the gin. From time to time the old man nodded, but no sign came from the mother. Her features were bleak now, quite unlike the way they'd been a moment ago, when she'd kept the conversation going. She said she and her husband had met when she walked up the avenue of Coolattin one day, looking for petrol for her car; Timothy had reported that, too. The car was broken down a mile away; she came to the first house there was, which happened to be Coolattin. They walked back to the car together and they fell in love. A Morris 8, Timothy said; 1950 it was. "A lifetime's celebration of love," he'd said that morning, in the toneless voice he sometimes adopted. "That's what you'll find down there."

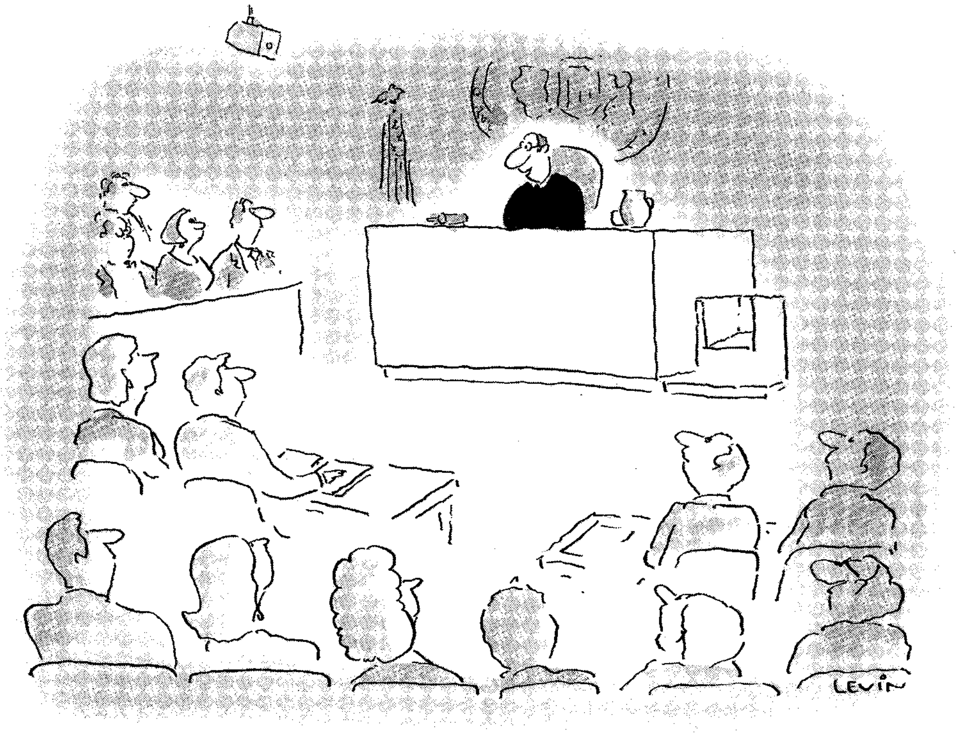
It wouldn't have been enough, either, to have had Kinnally here in person. Kinnally they could have taken; Kinnally would have oozed about the place, remarking on the furniture and the pictures on the walls. "Judicious," as he would have said himself, a favorite word. Kinnally could be judicious. Rough trade was different.

"There's trifle," Eddie heard the old woman say before she rose to get it.

THE rain came in, heavier now, from the west. A signpost indicated Athlone ahead, and Eddie remembered being informed in a classroom that this town was more or less the center of Ireland. He drove slowly. If for any reason a police car signalled him to stop, he would be found to have more than the permitted quantity of alcohol in his bloodstream; if for any reason his clothing was searched, he would be found to be in possession of stolen property; if he was questioned about the car he was driving, he would not be believed when he said it had been earlier lent to him for a purpose.

The Rover's windscreen wipers softly swayed, the glass of the windscreen perfectly clear in their wake. Then a lorry went by, and threw up surface water from the road. On the radio, Chris De Burgh sang.

The sooner he disposed of the bit of silver the better, in Athlone maybe. In Galway he would dump the car in a car park somewhere. The single effect remaining after his intake of gin was the thirst he experienced: as dry as paper his mouth was.



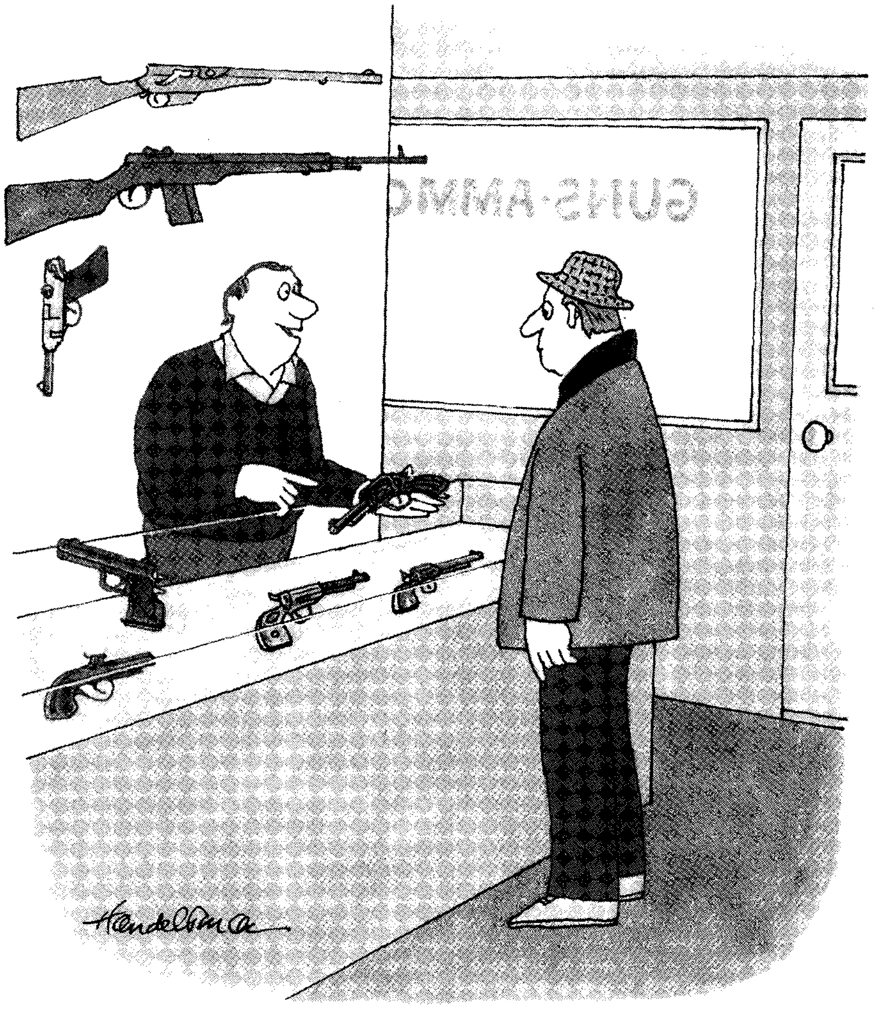
"Before counsel make their final summations, we're going to take some calls from across the country."

He turned Chris De Burgh off, not trying another station. It was one thing to scarper off, as Timothy had from that house; he'd scarpered himself from Tallaght. To turn the knife was different. Fifteen years later, to make your point with rough trade and transparent lies, to lash out venomously: How had they cocked him up, how had they hurt him, to deserve it? All the time when there had been that silence they had gone on eating, as if leaving the food on their plates would be too dramatic a gesture. The old man nodded once or twice about the valve, but she had given no sign that she even heard. Very slightly, as he drove, Eddie's head began to ache.

"Pot of tea," he ordered in Athlone, and said no, nothing else when the woman waited. The birthday presents had remained on the sideboard, not given to him to deliver, as Timothy had said they probably would be. The two figures stood, hardly moving, at the back door while he hurried across the puddles in the cobbled yard to the car. When he looked back, they were no longer there.

"Great," Eddie said when the woman brought the tea, in a metal pot, cup and saucer and a teaspoon. Milk and sugar were already on the pink-patterned oilcloth that covered the tabletop. "Thanks," Eddie said, and when he had finished and had paid he walked through the rain, his headache clearing in the chilly air. In the first jeweller's shop, the man said he didn't buy stuff. In the second, Eddie was questioned, so he said he came from Fardrum, a village he'd driven through. His mother had given him the thing to sell, he explained, the reason being that she was sick in bed and needed a dose of medicine. But the jeweller frowned, and the trinket was handed back to him without a further exchange. In a shop that had ornaments and old books in the window, Eddie was offered a pound and said he thought the entwined fish were worth more. "One-fifty," came the offer then, and he accepted it.

It didn't cease to rain. As he drove on through it, Eddie felt better because he'd sold the fish. He felt like stopping in Ballinasloe for another pot of tea but changed his mind. In Galway he



"Here we have the ultimate in civilized weaponry—a gun that refuses to fire except in the hands of a duly accredited member of a well-regulated militia."

• •

dropped the car off in the first car park he came to.

TOGETHER they cleared away the dishes. Odo found that the gin in the drawing room had been mostly drunk. Charlotte washed up at the sink. Then Odo discovered that the little ornament was gone from the hall and slowly went to break this news, the first communication between them since their visitor had left.

"These things happen," Charlotte said, after another silence.

THE rain was easing when Eddie emerged from a public house in Galway, having been slaking his thirst with 7UP and watching "Glenroe." As he walked into the city, it dribbled away to nothing. Watery sunshine slipped through the unsettled clouds, brightening the façades in Eyre Square. He sat on a damp seat there, wondering about picking up a girl, but none passed by so he moved away. He didn't want to think. He wasn't meant to understand, being only what he was. Being able to read Timothy like a book was just a way of putting it, talking big when nobody could hear.

Yet the day still nagged, its images stumbling about, persisting in Eddie's bewilderment. Timothy smiled when he said all he was asking was that a message should be passed on. Eddie's own hand closed over the silver fish. In the dining room the life drained out of her eyes. Rain splashed the puddles in the cobbled yard and they stood, not moving, in the doorway.

On the quays the breeze from the Atlantic dried the pale stone of the houses and cooled the skin of Eddie's face, freshening it also. People had come out to stroll, an old man with a smooth-haired terrier, a couple speaking a foreign language. Seagulls screeched, swooping and bickering in the air. It had been the natural thing to lift the ornament in the hall since it was there and no one was around; in fairness you could call it payment for scraping the rust off the ball-cock valve, easily ten quid that would have cost them. "A lifetime's celebration," Timothy said again.

"IT has actually cleared up," Odo said at the window, and Charlotte rose from the armchair by the fire and stood there with him, looking out at the drenched garden. They walked in it together after the last drops had fallen.

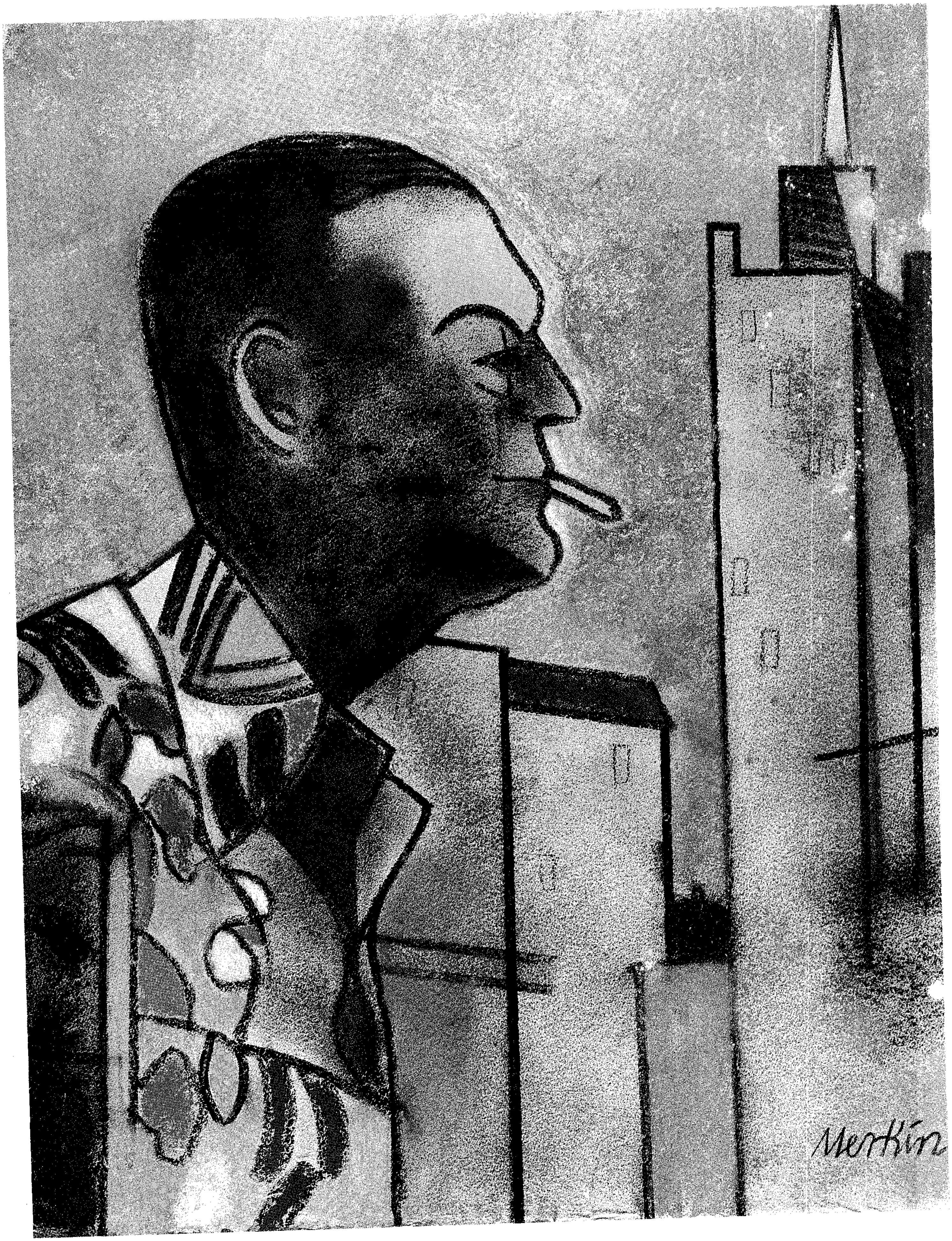
"Fairly battered the delphiniums," Odo said.

"Hasn't it just."

She smiled a little. You had to accept what there was; no point in brooding. They had been hurt, as was intended, punished because one of them continued to be disappointed and repelled. There never is fairness when vengeance is evoked: that had occurred to Charlotte when she was washing up the lunchtime dishes, and to Odo when he tidied the dining room. "I'm sorry," he had said, returning to the kitchen with forks and spoons that had not been used. Not turning round, Charlotte had shaken her head.

They were not bewildered, as their birthday visitor was; they easily understood. Their own way of life was so much debris all around them, but since they were no longer in their prime that hardly mattered. Once it would have, Odo reflected now; Charlotte had known that years ago. Their love of each other had survived the vicissitudes and the struggle there had been; not even the bleakness of the day that had passed could affect it.

They didn't mention their son as they made their rounds of the garden that was now too much for them and was derelict in places. They didn't mention the jealousy their love of each other had bred in him, that had flourished into deviousness and cruelty. The pain the day had brought would not easily pass, both were aware of that. And yet it had to be, since it was part of what there was. ◆



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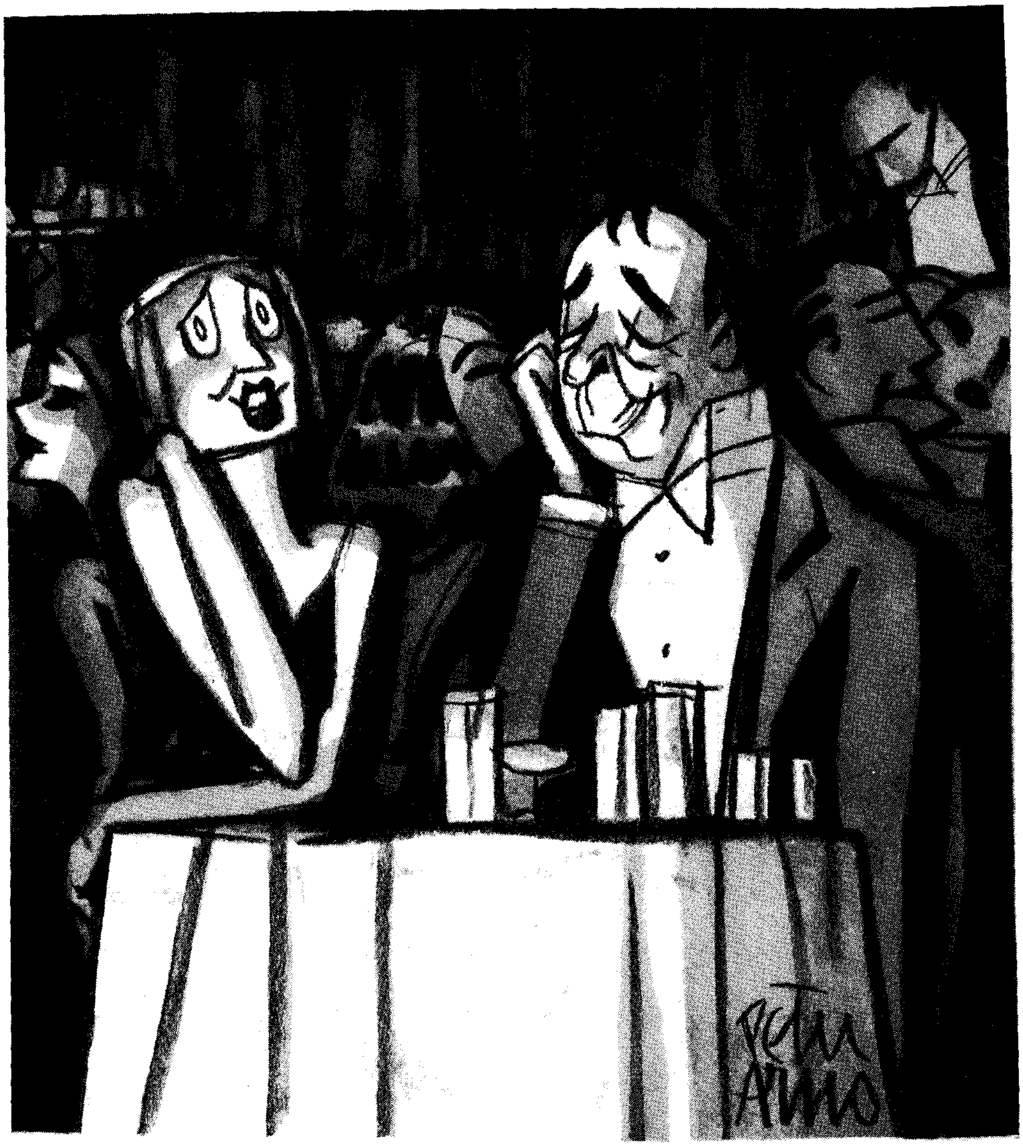


"You're a mystic, Mr. Ryan. All Irishmen are mystics."

ARTIST AT LARGE BY RICHARD MERKIN

FAMILY ALBUM: PETER ARNO

FROM 1925 to 1968, one of the brightest ornaments of *The New Yorker* was the work of Curtis Arnoux Peters, who drew and painted under the name Peter Arno. With his unfailing sophistication and with a bold, dashing drawing style that derived from the lessons of French modernism (Rouault, Derain, Matisse, et al.), he was the quintessential chronicler of the cultivated New Yorker-about-town. His ditzy flappers, pompous but unthreatening Depression-era plutocrats, and pouter-chested matrons have a vigor and clarity that make them at once precise caricatures of their period and eternally pertinent depictions of human vanity and self-delusion. No other artist has captured so sympathetically the infatuation of middle-aged gents with zoftig, vacant, available young women.

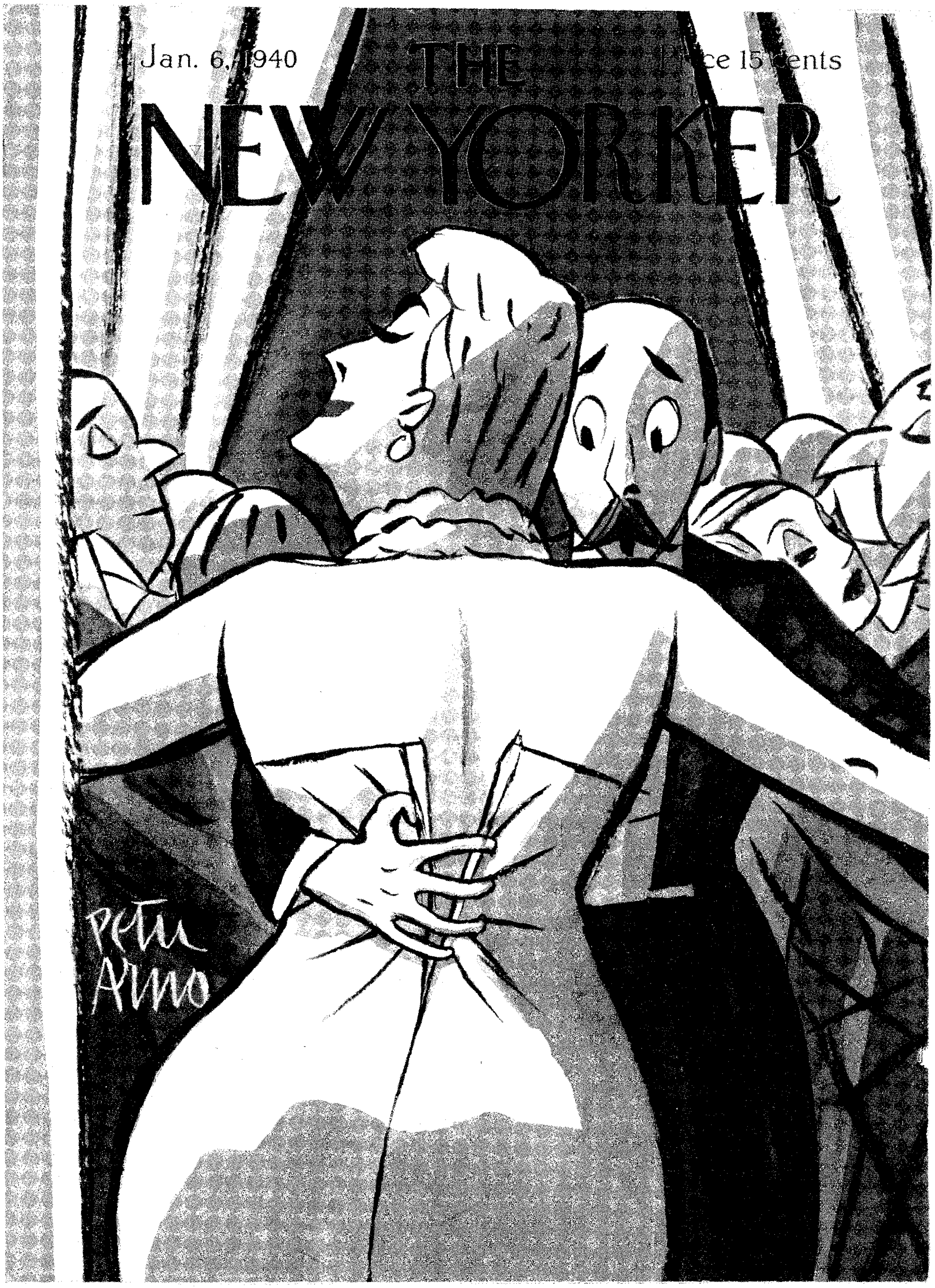
Arno himself resembled a character in a Peter Arno drawing. With his dark, slicked-back hair, strong jaw, alert gaze, and perfectly done-up evening tie, he always looked like a broker on his way to a speakeasy. He was the son of a prominent New York judge and, as John O'Hara put it, "knew the forks." He attended Yale, where he played in a jazz band, and then he moved back to New York and attempted to make a living by drawing for magazines. The drawings were rejected by *Life* and *Judge*, but at *The New Yorker* he found a home—maybe a mansion. Tall, urbane, elegantly dressed, Arno became a fixture of café society, even as he gently lampooned it, and was often photographed (by Jerome Zerbe and others) escorting such creatures as Brenda Duff Frazier. He was married twice—once to Lois Long, who, using the byline Lipstick, wrote the first fashion columns for this magazine. Together, they were the most fashionable couple in town.

Arno's world changed, down the years, but he never let up; there were ninety-nine covers in all, and about a thousand and fifty drawings. In 1937, he declared that "at no time in the history of the world have there been so many damned morons gathered together in one place as here in New York right now." Perhaps. But were Arno in the New York of 1993 he'd certainly be busy. ♦

Jan. 6, 1940

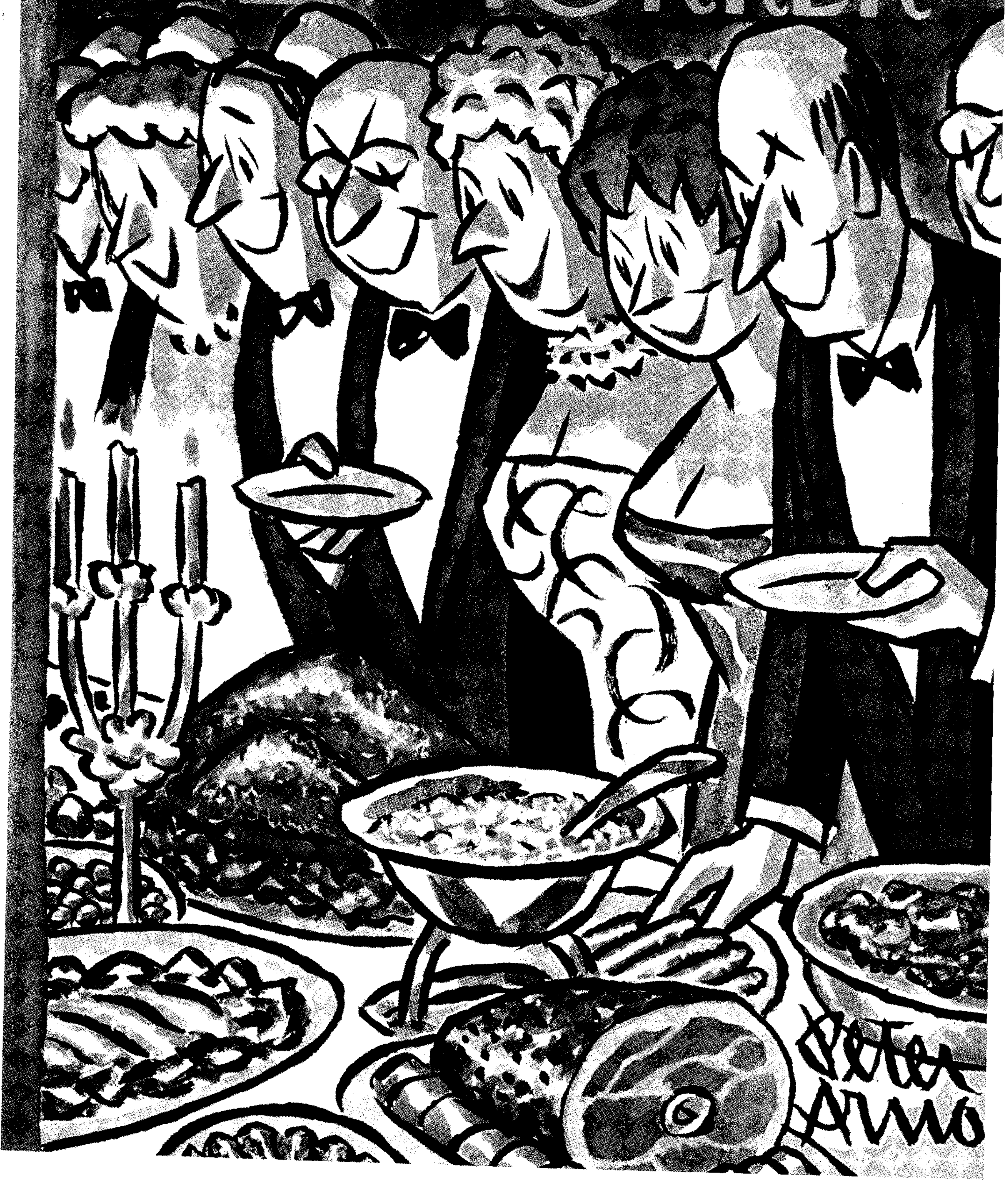
THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents



Jan. 30, 1965 Price 25 cents

THE NEW YORKER

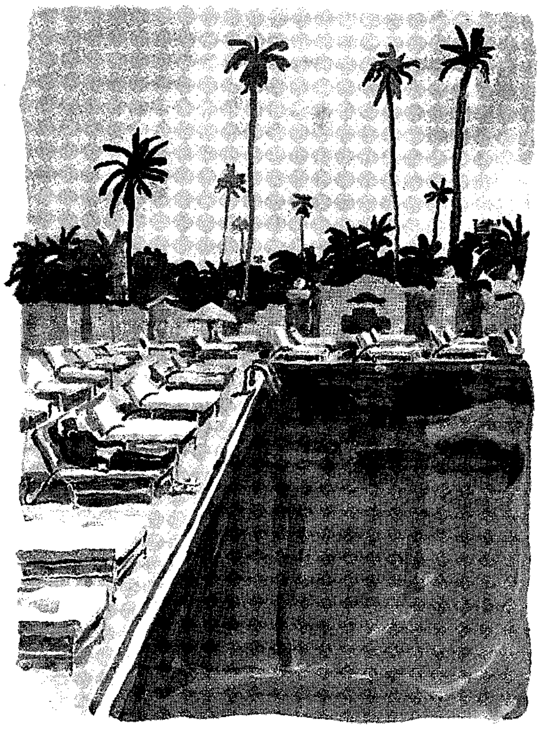


LETTER FROM BEVERLY HILLS

PARADISE LOST

New Hollywood has never really warmed to the bygone glamour of the Beverly Hills Hotel, so the Sultan of Brunei is taking two years to renovate it into a state-of-the-art power palace. But movie people don't know what they'll be missing—just ask Irving V. Link, a poolside legend for more than forty years.

BY ADAM GOPNIK



UNTIL just a few weeks ago, no American seemed on better terms with fortune than Irving V. Link, who had spent most of the past half century playing gin rummy by the side of the pool at the Beverly Hills Hotel, in Los Angeles. For forty-two years, from the time he discovered the hotel, in 1950, until it closed, last December 30th, Irving's days had been as well ordered and as predictable as the Sun King's. At seven o'clock every morning, wearing one of the many perfectly fitted tropical-weight suits that have been a special affection of his since a memorable day in the nineteen-thirties, he would stroll over from his house, in the lower reaches of Beverly Hills; enter the hotel under the long, sloping green-and-white striped awning that extended all the way from the driveway, above Sunset Boulevard, to the main entrance; turn right in the lobby; and arrive at the Polo Lounge. Often he and the hostess, Bernice Philbin, would be the first two people there, and they would have a polite conversation before Irving took his place in his booth—the first half circle to your left as you came in—and ordered breakfast: scrambled eggs back in the days when people ate eggs, and, more recently, banana and granola with skim milk.

Occasionally, when the weather was particularly fine, he would take his breakfast outside, under the great Brazilian peppertree on the curving flagstone Polo Lounge patio. Then, at around nine, he would stroll back through the lobby and follow the curving, carpeted stairs down to the lower hallway, where he would stop to say good morning to all the people in the downstairs shops: to Tony, the barber, for instance, who would just be laying out his razors and scissors, and Amir, the haberdasher, who specialized in cashmere coats with chinchilla linings, and who would often be at work on a new suit for Irving. Then Irving would walk out through the glass door at the end of the hallway into the allée of jacarandas and bougainvilleas that led to the Beverly Hills Hotel pool. He would wave good morning to Sven Peterson and his pool crew, who would be scrutinizing visitors from the safety of a small, tollhouse-style booth, and walk down the concrete steps toward the pool itself. One of the pool boys would scamper ahead to "set up" a chaise for Irving—that is, drape a flamingo-colored towel over the chair's buff-colored vinyl—on the south, or sunny, side of the pool while Irving went over to his cabana, on the opposite side, to change into his swimming trunks. Then he would sunbathe for a few hours on the chaise. At noon, Irving would retire again to his cabana and change for lunch, which he would occasionally eat under an umbrella-shaded table in the Patio Club, or sometimes at the Bistro Garden, on Canon Drive, a favorite spot of his. After lunch, Irving would return to the cabana, change again—usually into what is called "resort wear"—and set up a table just outside for the gin game. On any reasonably sunny day, the pool would by then be echoing with the names of well-known people being called to the phone, as well as with the names of unknown people being called to the phone by themselves in the forlorn hope that one day this would help them become well known, too.

From his vantage in front of his cabana, Irving could not only watch the parade go by but get the parade to sit down with him and play cards. Over the years, his gin game included Hollywood luminaries ranging from Tony Martin to such lesser figures as Ken Berg, the Koo-Koo-Roo King. Irving is an inordinately polite man, and words like "starlets," "moguls," and "kibitzers" never cross his lips; the world he saw was one in which, as he put it, "magnificent-looking young women, full of theatrical drive," lay on chaises in order to impress many of the astute businessmen who had decided to "take a fling in the picture business." All through the day, Irving's own business—a hard-to-follow mixture of liquor distribution, real-estate deal making, and all-around middleman stuff—would be unhurriedly intertwined with all his other activities, like creepers rising on a trellis.

Irving would play cards until sunset. Most days, in fact, he and Sven closed the pool together. Then Irving would either walk back home to his wife and two children, or, after his wife died, in 1990, change yet again, and have dinner at the Bistro Garden.

Except for a brief period in the early sixties—when Irving, through no fault of his own, became trapped in the contest between Bobby Kennedy and Jimmy Hoffa and was in effect banished for a while by Kennedy from the Polo Lounge—one day of Irving's has been almost exactly like the next. By the end of 1992, he had spent approximately fifteen thousand days by the side of the pool. (Irving has never learned how to swim.) "I guess I'm a creature of habit," he says.

In recent years, people would come by the pool and ask to meet Irving, just so they could say that they had at last met a man who had it all figured out. His circle of admirers, probably larger than that of any other man who has spent his days by the side of a pool, extended from the pool boys ("I'm in awe of him," one of them said the week before Christmas, watching Irving sun himself on an icy Southern California morning. "He's what—ninety?" Eighty-seven, actually. "And he's sunproof. He's cancer-proof. What does he do? How does he make his money? How does he do it?") all the way to Richard Koshalek, the director of the Los Angeles Museum of Contemporary Art, who has admired Irving from an aesthetic distance, as though he were a Diebenkorn seascape. "It's one of the great performance pieces in Los Angeles history," Koshalek says. "He exemplifies something important about L.A., which is that the fragmentation of the city, which everyone always decries, also means that there are these remarkable subcultures all around, where people with very specific, amazing plumage flourish."

Last December 30th, however, the Sultan of Brunei, who has owned the Beverly Hills Hotel since 1988, decided to close it—for reasons that are either sensible and as plain as day, if you ask people who work for the Sultan now, or murky and irrational, if you ask people who were working for him up until December 30th. Officially, the hotel will be closed for renovations for two years—"twenty-four months" is the formula the Sultan's people prefer—but there are people who think that it may be closed much longer, or even for good. Irving now has to figure out another way of spending his days: Louis XIV expelled from Versailles and shuffling back and forth among other guys' châteaux.

"The Sultan is the only owner of the hotel in the past forty years who has not been a close personal friend of mine," Irving said one morning in the last week of December, as he sat at breakfast in the now nearly empty Polo Lounge. "Manny Borenstein, Ben Silberstein, Marvin Davis—I played cards with them all. I wish the Sultan and I might have sat down together. My experience with potentates is larger than you might think. I once had a maharaja as a warm personal friend. Now, observing the Sultan's policy, I'd say that he is a very astute businessman." Irving toyed, a little sadly, with his banana and granola. "And in the long run what we all have to believe is that this sabbatical will prove to be an extremely astute move, and that we'll all be grateful when we recommence in two years. If it is astute, however, I don't yet grasp *how* it's astute. I run the figures through my head very often, and the project doesn't cost out in terms of what he paid, what he'll have to invest, and how hard it will be to reassemble this—this magnificent cast of characters and memories and associations." He stared out the floor-to-ceiling windows at the peppertree, dominating the abandoned Polo Lounge patio. Then he went on, "Of course, what we're all learning—" By "we," Irving meant the hotel regulars, who are now being dispossessed—a group for which he serves as a sort of unpaid, ex-officio chairman, and on all of whom he has bestowed royal titles: Sven Peterson the Pool Prince, Bernice Philbin the Queen of the Polo Lounge, Chris Dunn the Crown Prince of Parking. "What we're all learning is something new. Which is that if you're a sultan it really doesn't matter how astute you are. If you're a sultan, you get to do whatever you want to do. Astuteness is somehow not your problem in life."

IRVING is one part Meyer Wolfshiem, one part Colonel Stingo, and eight parts everything your grandfather in Fort Lauderdale would dream of being if only he could get loose from your grandmother. He is certainly the best-dressed eighty-seven-year-old in America. He is slim, has beautiful, almost silver-white hair, a dashing white mustache, which recalls those of the rakish leading men of the forties—Cesar Romero or Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.—and a wardrobe that extends into new vistas of rococo elegance every time you see him. His appreciation of fine clothes is mostly untouched by narcissism. Spying an old friend just arrived at the hotel and wearing, let's say, a white linen suit with a blue shirt and a flowered Liberty print tie—nothing much at all, really—Irving, dressed in a black cashmere Edwardian coat, chocolate kid gloves, and a camel's-hair scarf, might pause before crossing the lobby and, after a warm handshake, say, "I didn't want to come over too quickly. I was having too much pleasure in admiring that wonderful suit you're wearing, and observing how perfectly you've accessorized it."

On the Tuesday of that last week, I met Irving at the hotel (we had become friends several years before), got into his gold Lexus, and drove off with him to have lunch at the Bistro Garden. On the drive, which, in the best Beverly Hills tradition, took us eight blocks, Irving began to hum. "Oh, the days dwindle down to a precious few," he sang under his breath as we waited at a light and looked out across the depopulated streets. "I'm thinking of moving to the Beverly Hilton. Have you seen it? It's the white building on Santa Monica Boulevard. Merv Griffin owns it, and it seems to be a promising place. I'd be grateful to have your view. What I'm thinking of right now is: have breakfast at the Century Plaza and then move to the Beverly Hilton for the gin game in the afternoon." The thought of breaking up his day seemed to depress him a little, and he sank into silence, until he spotted a mild, ferrety man slowly walking up Canon Drive. "Now, there's a very good friend of mine," he said. "One of the most astute businessmen and lawyers in California." He slowed the car and gave a honk on the horn. The man stopped and turned warily. He cautiously tried to make out who was inside the car, and then, spotting Irving at last, broke into a smile and gave a solid, official wave. Then he walked on. "That's my good friend the legendary Sidney Korshak," Irving explained. "He was Hoffa's lawyer, and played a part in my dark years, which I'll tell you about at some point."

We walked together into the Bistro Garden. Irving said a warm hello to the owner and then to the tuxedoed maître d', and took his usual table, on the edge of the garden. He ordered his lunch—baked whitefish—and began to talk about how he had come to spend so much of his life at the Beverly Hills Hotel.

"My story begins on the Lower East Side of New York," he said. "That's where I was born, the ninth child of a rather important rabbi. I was the only one of the family who was born in New York—everyone else had begun life in Vienna. My father died when I was twenty, and the truth is that I never really felt I knew him well, though he was, I'm told, an exceptionally astute Talmudic scholar, and he did like to play cards." Irving smiled. He was wearing a navy-blue pin-striped suit whose stripes were outlined in gold thread; a hand-painted silk tie decorated in a soft pattern derived from Monet's water lilies; a shirt with fine red checks and a white collar, and with the points of the collar edged in the same red check; a cream cashmere vest; and a pocket square in the same hand-painted water-lily pattern as his tie. Small gold threads ran through the pocket square, and his cuffs were closed with two shields of silver, with his initials, "IVL," set into them, and a small stone to punctuate each monogram.

In August, 1933, when he was twenty-seven, Irving married Nan Ofgang at his older sister's house, in Brooklyn. "I had to borrow ten dollars to pay the rabbi," he said. "We had nothing but guts and faith, and my wife had a job at the cosmetics department at the Thrifty Drug Company. I had heard from a friend, however, about a novelty company that had gone broke and abandoned a million units of a fortune-telling device in a warehouse in New York. This was called the Fortunscope. I borrowed money to lay claim to the inventory, and Nan and I decided to go on the road. There were a million Fortunscopes in that warehouse, and I was determined to sell them all. Now, the Fortunscope was a device in which you spun an arrow and found your fortune. All the fortunes were complimentary. I had a sample case, and would offer the Fortunscope to retailers. Once they placed an order, I would send it back to the New York warehouse, and Fortunscopes would be shipped to the retailer. It was a painstaking business: a gross to a department store, a dozen Fortunscopes to small five-and-dimes. I bought them for two cents and sold them for fifteen cents. In our first two years, we couldn't afford sleeping cars, so we slept sitting up, in the day coach.

"Oh, those were wonderful days, though! We travelled from Philadelphia to Seattle, through the Middle West, Minnesota, and the various Dakotas. We were determined to visit every city with a population of more than twenty-five thousand. It was one day in some small city in one of the Carolinas—I can no longer remember which—that I was walking down a street and saw three magnificent Palm Beach suits in the window of a men's store. One was cream, one was white, and one was navy. I went in and bought them all, eighteen dollars apiece. I've tried never to be badly dressed since.

"Our odyssey ended here, in California, where I took the stake we had made through the Fortunscope and went into the dress business. We liked California, but we both became homesick and decided to try moving back East. We actually found a house in Connecticut, and were ready to close on it. But then thoughts of California filled our heads. So we tossed a coin to see where we should go, and it turned up heads—California. We came back out in 1949 and bought a little house here in Beverly Hills for six thousand dollars. By then my beautiful daughter, Gale, was born. I have a son, Rand, as well, who's a dean at Sonoma State University. I've always been an early riser, and so one morning—not wanting to wake my wife and children—I slipped out of the house and went looking for breakfast. The hotel was at the bottom of the street, on Sunset Boulevard, so I slipped into

"Are you kidding? We're Clintonistas, too!"

the Polo Lounge and ordered breakfast, and my life at the hotel began that day."

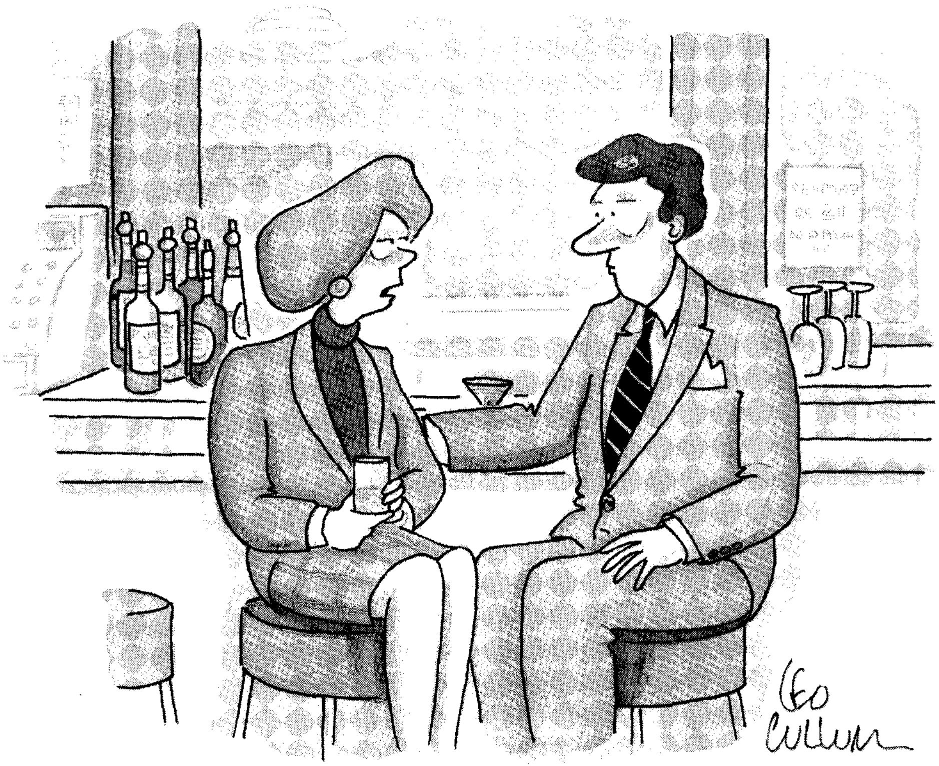
THE Beverly Hills Hotel that Irving walked into that morning was, though Irving did not know it then, in the midst of a transformation. The hotel had been built in 1912, at a time when Beverly Hills was still essentially rural; in fact, the hotel was the first large building that the city had seen. It was decorated in the heavy, leadfooted style then called Mission Revival. The halls were uncarpeted, the rooms had exposed beams, and the hotel's various amenities had a severe, purposeful look: the swimming pool was a place where people went to go swimming, and the Polo Lounge, which had been christened by Will Rogers, looked more or less like the kind of rough-hewn place in which you might actually wish to lounge after playing polo.

By 1941, the hotel had been in and out of bankruptcy, and it was bought by a consortium of show-business people headed by the banker Hernando Courtwright, who decided to have the place remodelled in the style today loosely referred to as Deco but actually called by experts Coffee Shop Moderne. Courtwright had a new wing built along Crescent Road, on the east side of the hotel, and the interior of the hotel was redesigned: its hard Spanish angles were rounded off, and it became a paradise of curving stairs, recessed lighting, and pink and green stucco. The Fountain Coffee Shop, with its famous black S-shaped counter, was installed downstairs. A thirty-foot-high sign—"The Beverly Hills" inscribed in low relief in a looping, almost feminine cursive hand—was visible from Sunset.

It was during this period that the Beverly Hills Hotel pool achieved its familiar form. The pool was set in a tropical garden. On the eastern and western edges were three rows of lounge chairs; each group of three chairs was punctuated by a small table topped with translucent glass, and a telephone rested upon each table. At the north end, a small white fountain played all day. To the south, behind a hedge of lime trees in white urns, lay the Patio Club: ten white metal tables under umbrellas, with a small bar in the back, and eight shaded booths set into one side wall. On the west side of the pool were the cabanas—little tents with striped awnings, like jousting tournament pavilions. Each had a chair, a chaise of its own, and a small door leading to a changing room just behind. (A second group of cabanas was mounted, more discreetly, above the chaises on that side, nestled into a little overhanging promontory, like a Tibetan monastery; these upper cabanas were, by legend, favored by Elizabeth Taylor and Marilyn Monroe and other movie stars who were either too chubby to be looked at or too nude to be respectable.) The only sounds at the pool—aside from soft piped-in classical music and the sound of people being paged—were the metallic whirring and put-put of the blender at the bar, preparing frozen drinks (it was a tradition for the pool boys to make the rounds of the chaises every day at two-thirty with sherbet freezes in the heraldic house colors, pink and green), the breeze in the palms, and the constant murmur of boastful, wheedling, confident monologue.

It is sometimes said that the heyday of the pool dates from the heyday of the great studios, but in fact its heyday was just after theirs: its high period occurred in the mid-fifties—the era of Sam Spiegel (who stayed in the hotel for a long time) and Joseph Levine (who did, too) and Stanley Kramer and the other independent producers who began to assemble films from the ground up. It was the era of "international" casts, freelance directors, and creative financing. There was a new kind of negotiating to be done, which required a neutral place to negotiate, and the place that a lot of people chose was the pool of the Beverly Hills Hotel.

"NOW, how I got my cabana had a great deal to do with what happened at the hotel," Irving was saying. He and I had returned from lunch and were sitting together by the side of the pool. There would be no gin game that day; the regulars had all gone off to other hotels. The weather had turned unseasonably chilly; at certain moments, you could actually see your breath. But a solitary man in brown trunks, whom Irving referred to as the Hamburger Hamlet King, was lying bare-chested on a chaise on the other side of the pool. ("If you get yourself focussed in the



"I've never said this to anyone before, David, but you've got some pigeon droppings or something in your hair."

• •

sun," he had said when we walked in, "it's actually quite warming.") "Looking back, in later years, it's quite remarkable that I got my cabana at all," Irving went on. "What happened was that Hernando Courtwright, who was responsible for the renovation, sold the hotel in 1953 to a couple of gentlemen from Detroit—Manny Borenstein and Ben Silberstein. Silberstein was a lawyer; Borenstein was a very astute businessman." Irving's tone implied that Silberstein was not. "They began to make a great deal of money. But Silberstein wanted to keep the profits for himself, and Borenstein wanted to plow the money back into the hotel. They quarrelled endlessly, for years, but neither could budge the other. Now, each had forty-five per cent, and two or three other people had the rest. Silberstein's sister, for instance, owned two per cent. That turned out to be important, as you'll see. They agreed to sell—Borenstein to Silberstein. Silberstein got a good deal, and Borenstein, as part of the package, got a ten-year lease, for no money, on a suite and a cabana. But his cabana was next to Silberstein's, and by that time there was so much bad blood between them that he didn't want to be anywhere near Silberstein, so he gave the cabana to me. We were friends. I had begun the gin game several years before, and Manny enjoyed it.

"So, because of the ill feeling and misunderstanding between Borenstein and Silberstein, I had my cabana, when only two or three years later grown men would have killed for that cabana. There were thirteen cabanas, and in summer months they were almost impossible to get, even at a hundred dollars a day. A cabana meant power, it meant glamour, it meant that you had a place in the world. Everyone came to the hotel then. Every important personality in the picture business. I knew them all. Clark Gable, Tyrone Power, John Wayne, Buddy Rogers, Don Ameche." Irving is essentially a democrat; Buddy Rogers and Clark Gable exist for him on more or less the same plane. "Orson Welles, Marlene Dietrich. How well I remember that memorable day when Dietrich broke the dress code in the Polo Lounge! Women were not allowed to wear slacks. It was an absolute prohibition. Now, Dietrich entered the loggia room in slacks."

"What happened?"

"They let her in. She was Marlene Dietrich, after all."

The Hamburger Hamlet King jogged over—there were goose bumps all over his almost purple tanned skin—and he and Irving began to talk. Then the Hamburger Hamlet King returned to his chaise and peremptorily summoned the one remaining pool boy. "Can you believe that? Only one," Irving said. "Now, in those days the people who worked here at the hotel had influence. They had power. To get a good chaise from Sven, a good table from Bernice—well, grown men would plead with me to put in a good word for them. Even the parking was competitive. Who parked your car. It was in the nature of the picture business, you see, to be like that. It is a nest of insecurities. Now, I have sat here"—he waved toward the cabanas behind us—"for forty-two years and watched the picture business, and the thing that I have learned about the picture business is this: Keep out of the picture business. They can strip you naked and leave nothing behind. I knew everyone who mattered in the picture business, and the ones who made real money were the ones who expanded beyond the picture business.

"The only time I ever really got involved in the picture business was when several gentlemen were making a picture with Hal Holbrook called 'The Kidnapping of the President.' They came to me to see if I could introduce them to anyone who could help with the financing. Well, at that point I wanted to do something surprising for my grandchildren, so I encouraged these gentlemen, and they offered me a bit part in the picture, as an Air Force general. When the picture came out, my grandchildren were delighted.

"Now, I was explaining how the hotel came to be sold to the Sultan, which has led us to all this. You see, the two daughters of Silberstein inherited the hotel, and one of them, Seema, at the time of Silberstein's death was married to Ivan Boesky. Boesky, who was also very astute, decided to sell the hotel. The sisters didn't get along—the Beverly Hills Hotel curse, you could call this. So he bought the two per cent the aunt still had—you recall the aunt I mentioned?—and got it for himself. The balance had tipped, and now he could sell the hotel. There were two real bids: one from the Sultan of Brunei and one from my good friend Marvin Davis, whom I once tried to help buy CBS. Marvin—do you know Marvin? Well, in addition to being a wonderfully astute businessman he's—" Irving groped for a word. "He's a wonderfully Falstaffian figure," he said at last, delicately. "We had breakfast together once, and he asked me to teach him how to dress. I said, 'Draw up a contract!' But he never did. Anyway, Marvin Davis explained to me that both he and the Sultan of Brunei offered a hundred and thirty-five million, but that Muriel wanted to sell it to an American rather than to a foreigner. So Marvin bought the hotel. But it was only after he bought the hotel that they pursued the due diligence—checking the plumbing, the wiring, the corroding. He realized that it would take millions to fix it. 'Irving,' he told me, 'I made a bad deal.' Then he gets a call from the Sultan of Brunei. The Sultan is still dying to buy the Beverly Hills Hotel. 'Not for sale,' Marvin says. He's an astute Sultan, as sultans go, but no match for Marvin Davis. Marvin has nerves of steel. Of course, it's much easier to have nerves of steel when you have money of gold. That's a maxim of mine. So the Sultan ended up paying a lot more than a hundred and thirty-five million.

"It was too much to pay, of course—what the Sultan paid. People have a hard time understanding the hotel business. There's an interesting sidelight to this story. Let's go back to the late fifties, when Howard Hughes had three bungalows and twenty-one rooms permanently taken at the hotel, although he only visited for a few weeks each year. I used to observe Mr. Hughes going from one bungalow to another: one bungalow for Jean Peters, his wife; one for Hughes; and one for his mistress, who was rotated every month. Now, this is the interesting part. Ben Silberstein came to me upset, because he was going to have to throw Hughes out. Throw out Howard Hughes! I asked why. Because the rooms were not producing any income. No food, no services. Hughes thought that everybody must be holding him in awe because he had all those rooms, and in fact they were going to have to kick him out. So Hughes checked out, and went to Las Vegas. He was not terribly missed by any of us. My point is that the hotel business is not as simple as it looks. The Sultan owns the hotel, but he discovers that it needs work to bring it up to date. So he'll spend millions. The problem is that if you close the hotel and spend the millions, by then all the regulars will have moved on—to the Hilton, the Peninsula, the Bel-Air. Did I mention to you that I was thinking of moving to the Hilton? I should go over and spend more time there before I decide. But I hate to leave the hotel."

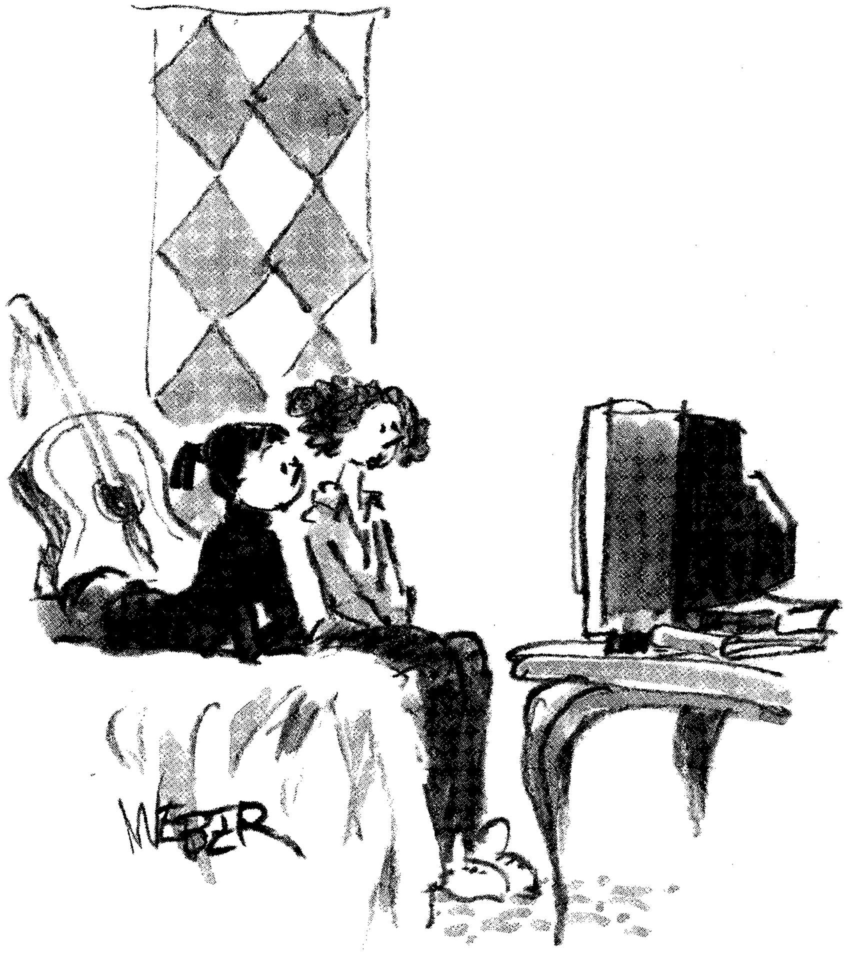
IN its last weeks, there were only a dozen paying guests left in the Beverly Hills Hotel; Sven Peterson at one point was even seen waiting on tables at the Patio Club. The doors to the unoccupied rooms were often left open for hours by the maids, and, peering inside, you saw a kind of anthology of forlorn, forgotten de-luxe styles: rooms lined with mirrors and Buffet-like paintings; rooms with wall-to-wall shag carpeting; rooms with "Persian" rugs and small terraces; rooms that looked like sets for James Bond movies; rooms that looked like sets for Doris Day and Rock Hudson movies.

Over the past twelve months, the decision to close down the Beverly Hills Hotel and remodel it has been much argued over in Beverly Hills, but, Beverly Hills being Beverly Hills, the argument has taken a peculiarly Beverly Hills form, with much of the argument conducted in the weekly "giveaway" papers. The Beverly Hills community, which is heavily Jewish, has always mistrusted the Sultan, who is, of course, Muslim, and whose little, wealthy country has voted against Israel in the United Nations, and this larger mistrust took the local form of suspicion that he and his minions intended to destroy the hotel "landmarks"—the Polo Lounge and the pool, in particular. There were even dark rumors—not entirely implausible, given the shaky state of small Islamic principalities—that the Sultan wanted the hotel remodelled in order to have it ready to use as a palace in exile.

Most hotel people, however, think that the Sultan is doing what the Sultan has to do. "The whole thing began to come apart very quickly," a hotel-business insider explained. "Until the mid-eighties, there was a ninety-per-cent occupancy rate, and the hotel wasn't even allowed to be booked by tourist agencies. But then the occupancy rate declined suddenly and precipitously. What was happening was that the clientele was dying off, and it wasn't being replaced by younger Hollywood people. The occupancy rate dropped into the mid-sixties. And the competitive situation became intolerable: the Beverly Wilshire was upgraded, and then the Beverly Hilton. The Beverly Hills, by comparison, still had—well, it still had window units instead of central air-conditioning." (When you talk to Los Angeles hotel people, this issue comes up again and again: "window unit" is always pronounced a little sotto voce, in a tone that might be reserved in other hotel circles for the term "chamber pot.")

Officially, the renovation of the hotel will include the construction of an underground parking lot and a reduction in the number of rooms. Each suite will have a "luxury" bathroom, with a double marble sink and a television. A fax machine will be installed in every suite. "People—show-business people—used to want a hotel that created an illusion of *leisure*," one hotel man told me. "Welcoming your guest out onto the patio of your room for breakfast in your terry robe—that kind of thing. The Beverly Wilshire, though, pioneered an illusion of *power*, which is what wealthy people, and particularly people in show business, want now. You're in your suite, faxing stuff, when people come in. The hotel has to respond to that change."

Although in the last few years the hotel made a halfhearted effort to promote itself as a kind of dowager empress—with stories planted in the press about the history of the place, the enduring charm of Bernice, the unchanged décor of the Polo Lounge—that kind of nostalgic, ironic appeal



"Just wait. They'll ruin George Stephanopoulos."

seemed not to be very alluring to the powerful movie-and-television industry people the hotel was losing to the competition down the street. What veterans of the leisure industry call the South Beach Phenomenon, after the Miami Beach strip—a phenomenon in which what had been innocently luxurious to one generation then became slightly passé to an in-between generation, only to suddenly become fashionable once again, to a still younger crowd—never took hold in Beverly Hills. Richard Koshalek feels that this lack of historical affection is a typically Los Angeles phenomenon. "You know, we based the entire color scheme of L.A. MOCA on the colors of the Polo Lounge—that green and pink coloring," he says. "It seemed to Isozaki, the architect, that they represented a kind of mystical, heraldic, symbolic coloring of Los Angeles. But it's very hard to get people in L.A. to care about their own disappearing monuments. The hot-dog stand, the Brown Derby—the things that have seemed to outsiders to define authentic L.A. culture—leave most moneyed people here very uneasy."

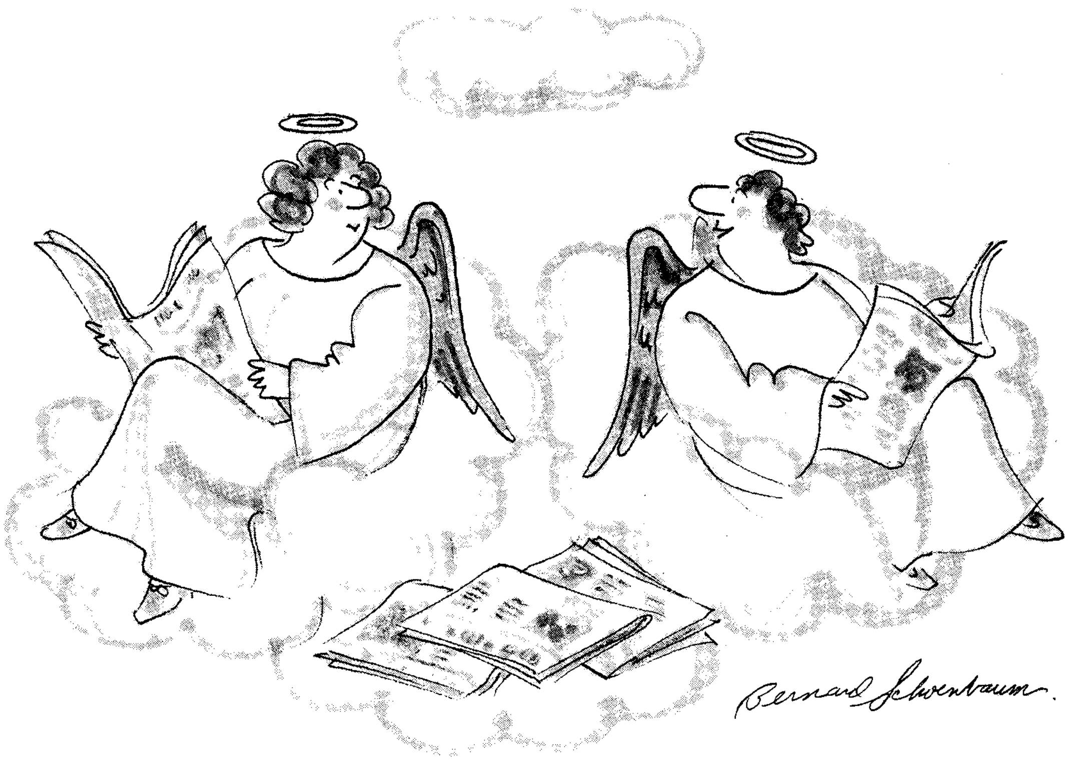
Koshalek's principle seems to be borne out by the evolution of the hotel's clientele in its declining years. Movie people, the theory runs, tend to value extreme clarity in their lines of power and obligation. (One non-movie person who has regular dealings with movie people says that whenever a certain agent has even the smallest favor done for him, he immediately sends lavish and expensive gifts not only to the one doing the favor but to all of that person's secretaries and assistants, whom in many cases he may never have met.) Hollywood is essentially a feudal society, and in a feudal society what matters most is that the feudal powers never put themselves in even a mildly ambiguous situation—that they never run the risk of looking ridiculous. Hollywood people, this argument goes on, like to build their own, indubitably serious establishments as soon as they can—I. M. Pei's C.A.A. building is an example of this compulsion—instead of taking over old ones. Irony—even the kind of simple, nostalgic irony that involves appreciating the dated, period look of a slightly passé swimming pool—is a disruptive, cosmopolitan virtue, favored in cultures, like New York's, in which the primary social skill is not obtaining a fixed place within a hierarchy but being able to enter as many circles as you possibly can.

Throughout the eighties, a number of "European" hotels were opened in Los Angeles, with an eye to a New York crowd that was supposedly put off by the presumed tackiness of the Hollywood hotels, but those new, elegant hotels tended to be frequented by show-business types, while the Beverly Hills Hotel was the one that became a favorite haunt of New Yorkers. In recent years, the clientele of the hotel had become particularly heavy with professional ironists—New York art-world people. On one morning about two years ago, in fact, the only people at the pool (except, of course, for Irving) were a good chunk of the staff of the Museum of Modern Art's Department of Painting & Sculpture. William Rubin, the director emeritus, was down in the shallow end; his wife, Phyllis Hattis, was dangling her legs in the shallow end; Lynn Zelevansky, the senior curator, was sunning in a chaise (Kirk Varnedoe, the department's current director, had left the hotel only a couple of days before). Lounging in chairs at poolside were the art dealer Larry Gagosian and the photographer Sheila Metzner. You can't make a living on a crowd like that. Irving's own notes on the hotel, from a set of recollections he has prepared about his life, record this change simply and plaintively: "Polo Lounge. Power breakfasts and lunches. Lines at night extended deep into lobby. Not anymore."

"I'VE heard very *encouraging* things about the breakfast at the Century Plaza," Irving said. We were having coffee in the Polo Lounge one afternoon. He was dressed in a cherry-red turtleneck, high-waisted black slacks, and a black leather bomber jacket. "The Century Plaza is very near where I live. What I ought to do is go there for breakfast one morning soon and try it out. I hate to jump off the deep end without a parachute. But that would mean giving up breakfast here, and I don't have many left. The days dwindle down, dwindle down to a precious few. Everyone else is moving. The Bel-Air, the Peninsula, the Wilshire, the Hollywood Hilton. But I'm not ready to leave yet." Irving was in what was for him a lugubrious mood. The day before, another of the pool regulars—Mark Goodson, the game-show producer—had died. (The obituary in the L.A. *Times*, seeking to explain how Goodson had come by his forty-million-dollar fortune, pointed out that he had "created a plethora of now-familiar television concepts—such as having contestants compete against one another; using the 'bell and buzzer' to signal which contestant answered a question first.") "I never liked Goodson," Irving said. "He was the only man I knew who could strut sitting down." But then he added, "Still, I hate to see the regulars dying off. He was only seventy-seven. Pretty soon, who will be left who really *knows* the pool—who can bridge the gap between the pool's closing and its reopening? There's not going to be any continuity at the pool."

I had been trying for a long time to get Irving to explain to me exactly how his business worked. "I live on finder's fees," he said now. "I'm a middleman—a matchmaker. What I do is to bring people together, and take two per cent. For instance, that gentleman who's staying in the hotel right now, the Hamburger Hamlet King? Well, I knew that an old friend who had created the entire Hamburger Hamlet concept was ready to sell, and from my network of friends I also knew who might be interested in going into the restaurant business on that scale. It isn't simply pool people, but the pool people help. I'm a middleman, a matchmaker, an observer. I observe who's ready to sell and who's eager to buy."

We had made a date for Irving to take me to see a couple of "landmark suites"—the Boesky Suite, where Ivan Boesky had lived, and Suite 100, which was legendary as the place where Ben Silberstein had conducted what Irving refers to as his "extracurricular activities." But as we were settling the bill Irving said suddenly, "I suppose I ought to tell you that tragic story I started to tell you about, since it's about my business. Well, it all had to do with the



"Finished with the Living Section?"

Teamsters. In the early sixties, I was making good money in real estate, and everything couldn't have been clearer. Then my daughter had the bad luck to make an unhappy marriage to the son of a man who ran the Teamsters' pension fund. I took out a loan from him to invest in some real estate. It was all completely aboveboard and legal. But then Bobby Kennedy came to believe that he could put pressure on me to turn against my son-in-law and testify to terrible things. So one morning"—Irving was becoming uncharacteristically agitated—"one morning Kennedy came into the Polo Lounge, right here where we're sitting, during *breakfast* and shook his finger at me and said, 'Link, you do as I tell you, or you'll be in trouble.' He didn't even call me *Mr.* Link—just pointed at me with that finger, and called me Link. So I held that finger, and I said, 'Mr. Kennedy, I don't do what *anyone* tells me.' He was right, I was in big trouble. Bobby put the I.R.S. on me, and they ended up disallowing two hundred and forty-two thousand dollars in deductions. There was nothing illegal. Things like my son's bar mitzvah, here in the hotel. They wanted me to testify, you see, and I had to protect my son-in-law. I had never met Hoffa. I was *supposed* to meet him, once. My son-in-law's father wanted me to come to Washington and meet Hoffa. So I took a plane out to Washington. But I was troubled by an inner-ear problem in those days, and I got terribly, terribly sick on the plane. I damaged my clothes—a wonderful suit, in linen. When I arrived, he said, 'I don't want Hoffa to see you looking like that.' So I never met him.

"But my business was ruined. The papers picked it up, and, since I wouldn't testify against my son-in-law, they made it sound as if I belonged to the Mafia. It stopped me dead. People believe what they read. I went from the top to the bottom. But I was never depressed. I'd done nothing wrong. The measure of a man, I think, is how he can accept adversity with dignity. I decided to hold my head high. I still came to the hotel every day. But I often ate at the counter, and I curtailed my gin playing." By "the counter," Irving meant the Fountain Coffee Shop, downstairs. "I was eventually reduced to taking a job. My brother-in-law was a liquor distributor, and I joined his business.

"I was called in front of the grand jury four times. I took the Fifth. I went to visit my son-in-law's father in jail one Sunday and told him I wouldn't testify against him. He said to me, 'You dumb son of a bitch, what more can they do to me?' Here are the two cheering things that came out of this tragic episode, however. First, the enduring love of my children. Second, the friendship of Charles Z. Smith, one of the prosecuting attorneys. He knew that I was simply protecting my son-in-law. Mr. Smith and I became fast friends after the trial, and he is one of the most charming and delightful gentlemen I've ever met. We correspond, and call each other for Christmas. His son and I have actually breakfasted right here in the booth, where Bobby Kennedy pointed his finger at me. Bobby, I believe, always wanted his own way, whether he was right or wrong. You know, he caused me so much strife, but I believe he was sincere. I was watching him in early 1968, and I said to my daughter, 'You know, I may vote for him.' She just looked at me."

Irving and I left the Polo Lounge, crossed the lobby, and went to look at the Boesky Suite and Suite 100—which turned out to be just hotel suites, from which the aura of power and sensuality had long since fled. We walked back toward the empty lobby, and bumped into Kerman Beriker, the hotel manager, who had just left a farewell party given by the Sultan for the hotel's employees. "It's a sad day, but it's not final," Beriker said. "Everything will be the same, Mr. Link, I promise you. New rooms, but the Polo Lounge will be the same, the swimming pool will be the same. It's just—we need a face-lift." He dropped his voice. "We still have *window units* in the rooms," he said, and held his hands out, palms upward, in dismay.

A steady, melancholy procession of employees poured out of the Crystal

Room, where the party had been held. First, a phalanx of Mexican and South American bellhops and maids, each clutching a pink plastic bag with the logo of the hotel imprinted on it. "There's a present from the Sultan in each bag," Mr. Beriker explained. Then, after a suitable interval, the royalty of the hotel came out, all in mufti: Sven, Bernice, Chris, Robert the concierge, clutching pink plastic bags that held parting gifts from the Sultan. They gathered around Irving and talked in low voices. (Severance pay had been arranged for most of the senior staff, but no one had been promised a job when the hotel reopened.) Irving looked around the lobby. "Well," he said, "I have an invitation to a gin game at the Peninsula. But I think— No, I'm just going home."

On my last afternoon in the hotel, I went down to have a sandwich at the Fountain. A young black woman, with elegant, aristocratic features, wearing a T-shirt that featured the cast of the classic Warner Brothers cartoons—Sylvester, Tweetie, Bugs, Porky, Yosemite Sam—was having lunch there, too. She was engaged in a conversation with the waitress behind the counter, who looked like a waitress supplied by Central Casting thirty years ago. The young woman gave the waitress a box. The waitress opened it, and exclaimed with delight when she saw that it was full of little sweet-potato pies.

"Those are *good* pies," the young woman said. "I knew you'd like them." Then she ordered a sandwich. "Jonny," she said to the waitress, "can I have some ketchup and Tabasco when you come this way? And some chips?"

"Karen, I'll have to *send* for chips," the waitress said. "I don't want to give you these I have here."

The young woman turned to me. "This is the only decent food in this place," she said. "Last year, when I was working on my book about my grandfather, I lived over in the Crescent Wing and tried the room service. But it was awful. I've been coming here since I was a little girl. My grandfather designed this hotel. His name was Paul Revere Williams, and he did all the Hernando Courtwright-period remodelling, back in the forties. The Polo Lounge, the pool, the lobby, this place—all the color schemes and the staircases and the signage. They're all his. Even the big sign out on Sunset. That's his, too."

The waitress brought over the Tabasco sauce and the potato chips. "This has been a *horrendous* year for me," the young woman went on, after introducing herself as Karen Hudson. "All my grandfather's papers were burned in the riot. This black S. & L. where I work, and that he helped found—it burned right to the ground. So *that* set me back. But, fortunately, I've got lots of other things in the house—*his* house, where I live, which he designed for my grandmother. It

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THE MAN IN THE CHAIR

I glanced in as I walked past
the door of the room where he sat
in the easy chair with the dark area
along the top due to the olive oil.
I think I noticed something unusual
that afternoon—a slackness in the neck
causing the head to nod forward more steeply,
or a rigidity in the torso making it
unable to slump into the cushions,
or a shaking in the lifted right fist
as though he were pushing a hammer handle back
with all his force, to pull a spike driven
in the latter half of the nineteenth century
into lignum vitae so dense the steel
probably cried out its excruciating singsong,
or an acute angle in the knees, as if
they were holding his feet inches off
the floor to keep them from the whitish
wash of mist risen from some newly dug
pit in a graveyard simmering across it,
or the jerk of a leg, as if just then
a hand reached up through the floor
and tried to grab it. I must have seen
something, yet I did not stop or speak.
For his part, he could not have spoken,
that day, or any day, for he had the pip,
I knew that, I had it, too, probably I had
caught it from him, and I could not speak either,
except to those creatures I had invented,
far within. And I walked past his door
into my room and sat at the desk, where
I had spent many hours doing long division
while my mother tutored, and wrote.
As I wrote I allowed to be audible
in the room only the scritches of the pen
nib on the paper, which sounded to me
like a mouse in the dark interior of a wall
trying to gnaw a hole into the house;
and all other sounds, including my cries,
I forced down, through the paper,
the desk, the floor, the surface of the earth,
into that dismal region where they stood,
two or three of them who had reached up
and had him by the foot and were pulling hard.

—Galway Kinnell

looks like this place, a lot. The curves, the recessed lighting, the inside-outside theme, the color scheme—that was the whole Paul Williams look. He's just being rediscovered. My book—I'm doing it for Rizzoli—will be the first book about him. It's funny how people are only just beginning to hear of him. He invented all this—took every straight angle he found in the hotel and turned it round, made it graceful and elegant. But when I called the L.A. *Times* to get an extra copy of his obituary, they couldn't find it. They said to me, very querulously, 'How do you know he *had* an obituary?' I said, 'I know he had *two.* Because we had them in the family scrapbook.' He was the first black member of A.I.A. and their first black fellow, too. He was building houses here in Beverly Hills at a time when black people couldn't even live there. It's not true that he couldn't stay here himself—my grandfather would probably have been welcome. He came to the hotel a lot for balls and functions, and so on. But he never wanted to put himself in a position where he could be humiliated. One day when they were creating the pool out there—one of the engineers told me this—my grandfather came out to talk to his crew, and he wouldn't sit down. They thought, My God, the boss doesn't want to come and speak to us. It wasn't that. He would just never put himself in a position where he could possibly be humiliated. That's why, though he designed hundreds of homes here in Beverly Hills, he would never live in one. Instead, he built his home in a black neighborhood, and always lived deep in the mid-city, in a black community.

"Nobody knows exactly why he got the job. He practiced from 1915 to 1973, in just about every style known to man. He built hundreds of houses around here—he had a completely adaptable, eclectic style. They're all known, of course, by the pedigree of stars who've lived in them. One of my favorite houses that he built is owned by a terrific couple who bought it from Raquel Welch. They've got a room with a brass plate on the door: 'Raquel Welch Memorabilia Room.' He really designed two masterpieces, though—this place and the house I live in. I'll take you there, if you like. I've tried to keep it unchanged."

In Los Angeles, I had got used to jumping into other people's cars and taking long drives to places I had never seen, so we went upstairs to the lobby, Karen got her car from Chris, and we set off. Along the way, she took me on a compressed tour of her grandfather's work. He seemed to have designed every second house in Beverly Hills, in a bewildering range of styles: little absurd imitations of the White House; small, graceful bungalows done in a modified Frank Lloyd Wright manner; mini-Monticelli.

Then we drove south, through miles and miles of low, featureless buildings, and pulled up in a beautiful, palm-lined block that seemed to have been inserted, in one piece, from another, posher neighborhood. I asked Karen what part of Los Angeles we were in.

"Well, I *think* this is called Wilshire," she said. "Until there's a police disturbance, and then it becomes South Central again." She led the way to a small, nondescript façade on one corner of the block, and opened the door.

A small vestibule dominated by a staircase with a curved ironwork railing—rather like the staircase that leads from the ground floor to the pool corridor in the hotel—lay just inside. The railing was wrought in the image of three stags, chasing each other upstairs. On the far side of the staircase lay the living room, with a hearth of agate-colored stone. The right wall was entirely of floor-to-ceiling glass and looked out on a curving, gently terraced, kidney-shaped patio—a doll's-house version of the Polo Lounge patio, almost down to the last flagstone. The entire interior was orchestrated around a series of graceful S-curves—the curved living room echoing the curve of a green lacquered baby-grand piano, which, in turn, stood in front of a swelling built-in breakfront that filled an entire wall. The colors of the room were all subtly nuanced shades of emerald and moss—a quieter, domestic version of the Beverly Hills Hotel green.

"Let me show you the Ben Mayer," Karen said, and opened the breakfront. Inside its doors was a five-foot-long painted mural signed "Ben Mayer" and dated 1951. It showed, in a spirited,

HOW ABOUT ANOTHER BREWSKI, HOT LIPS?
34TH HONEYMOON

cartoonlike style—half Stuart Davis and half Ben Shahn—the story of the architect Paul Williams' life. A handsome black man in a perfect pin-striped suit, his wife, and their two little girls, in crinolines, filled the foreground. Behind the family was a montage, painted in uneven, shifting perspective, of Paul Williams' most famous buildings: a Saks Fifth Avenue branch on a boardwalk, a pair of New Orleans-style houses. To the upper right was the sign of the Beverly Hills Hotel, and below were scenes from the hotel itself—the lounge, the awning, the pool. "That was his handwriting," Karen said, pointing to the cursive writing on the sign, faithfully reproduced in the painting. "He just used it for the hotel."

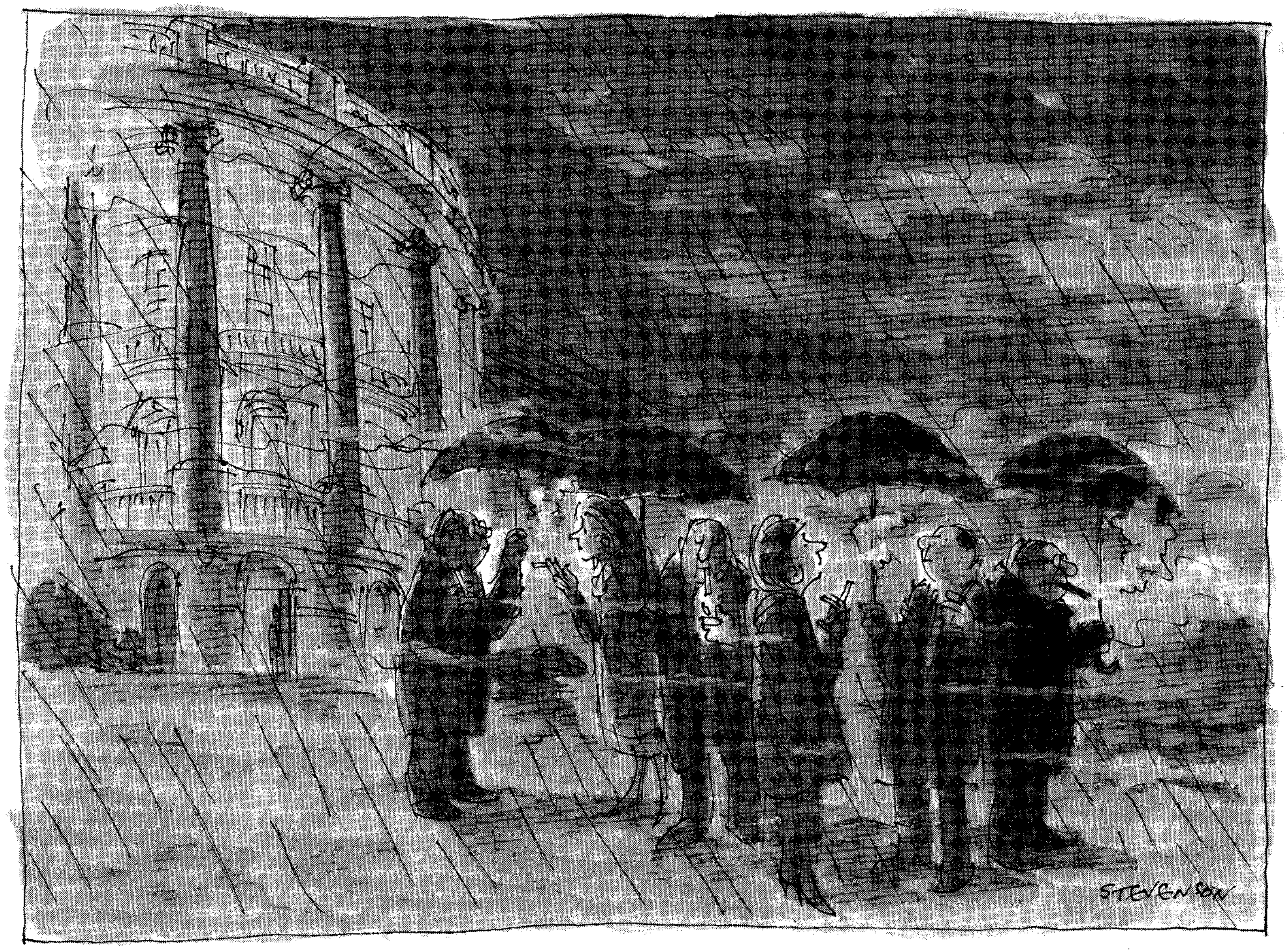
There was a single incongruous note in the mural. Above the beautiful family, a woman was depicted in black underwear, sitting, one leg drawn up, on the edge of a bed. "Ben Mayer put that in for my grandfather," Karen explained. "He said he put it in because he and my grandfather agreed that prostitutes were the only people they had known who never discriminated against *anyone*.

"Before the hotel, my father's biggest commission was the Al Jolson shrine. It's this big memorial out at Hillside Cemetery. It's funny, isn't it? He made his early reputation commemorating a blackface entertainer."

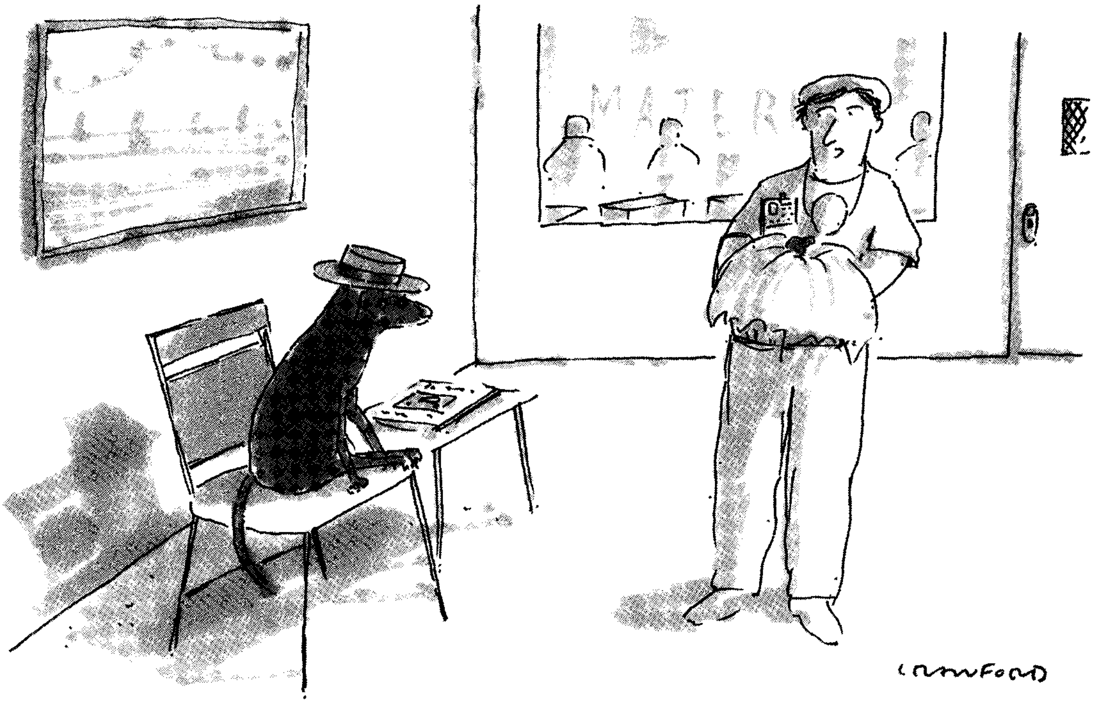
The living room was sunken, and the light came in from small windows facing a garden. I noticed that they were heavily barred. Karen caught me eying them.

"That's new," she said, a little grimly. "We've had so many break-ins here. Just this spring, they broke in and stole *everything*—all my files, all my computers, and, what was worse, the computer disks. They steal them for the programs. That meant that I lost just about the entire manuscript for my book, and I had to start all over again. Oh, it's been a horrendous year. The fire broke my heart. The S. & L. where I worked was the oldest black-owned-and-operated S. & L. in the city. My other grandfather, my paternal grandfather, opened it in 1947, and brought Paul Williams on at the beginning. In the Watts riot, back in '65, everybody knew that it was a black institution, so it was left untouched. But not this time. It burned right to the ground that first night, with all the papers in it. I've just had to write a new statement for our calendar." She handed me the calendar. It read, in part, "Broadway Federal emerged from the ashes rededicated to the principles upon which it was founded. Fiercely committed to the belief in South Central and its viability for business, while understanding the importance of home ownership . . . Strengthened by your trust and support, we found many bright lights amidst the rubble."

Karen showed me around the upstairs rooms, which were simpler in décor—a big Frank Lloyd Wright desk,



AFTER DINNER AT THE WHITE HOUSE



"Congratulations! It's a bitch!"

• •

a handsome faceted-glass chandelier—but had the same signature lulling rhythm of curves and recesses. "He lived here in such happiness with my grandmother," Karen said. "He was entirely filled with her. At work, he was a martinet, but around here all you ever heard him say was 'Yes, dear.' It moves me, because he usually worked in whatever style his clients wanted. But this style was obviously his *real* style—it was the style he loved. It's so funny—his most public building is done in this style, and his most private building is, too."

I'd promised to say goodbye to Irving, and I was already late, so Karen drove me back to the hotel. As we turned the corner onto Wilshire Boulevard, I noticed, for the first time, that everything on the Boulevard looked odd. Not just empty—everything always looks empty in Los Angeles—but unnaturally dark, as though the gas stations and shopping centers had been crudely overprinted in woodcut.

"It's all still burned," Karen said softly. "Nothing restored yet. That burned, and that burned, and that burned." She pointed at the gas stations and supermarkets and little shopping centers; they were, I realized, all charred at their edges. "Can you imagine?" she said, shaking her head. "But the house is still safe, thank God."

"AND where will *you* go?" Irving asked me. He was lying on his chaise, all alone by the side of the pool. By now, the weather had passed from unseasonably chilly to just plain cold; I was in a wool suit. Irving seemed impervious to it all; he was stripped to the waist and was peering at the thin, distant, hazy sun with deep satisfaction, as though we were in Hawaii in August.

When I returned to the hotel, I had asked Irving if he knew that the pool and the Polo Lounge had been designed by a black architect named Paul Williams. "I didn't," he said, and he looked shocked. But then he said, "If I looked surprised, it's because I didn't know that he had designed all *this*. You see, I knew the name, because he was the architect of the first house I lived in in Beverly Hills—the one I was living in when I walked over here that morning. I never met the gentleman, but now I realize that my entire adult life has been spent within his precincts." Irving looked suitably impressed.

"And where will *you* go?" he asked again. I realized that he was asking what hotel I would stay in when I came back to Los Angeles, and that, for him, it was an important question. I didn't know what to say. I vaguely remembered hearing from a friend that there was a nice hotel on a beach in Santa Monica, so I mentioned it.

"Really!" Irving said, with polite surprise. He considered for a few moments. "Well, why not?" he said, at last. "One of my maxims is 'Try everything.' "

On the patio, two producers were having what one of them had loudly billed as "the last Beverly Hills Hotel lunch." Their voices barked out across the empty pool.

"What do you mean 'good family'?" one of them was saying. "What does that mean? What. Come on, what? They don't take drugs, they give money to the poor—what?"

"I grant you that the expression is clichéd," the other began.

I lost track of the conversation. Irving had walked over to the hedge of lime trees, and now he deliberately plucked a lime from a tree, walked back, and handed it to me. "Here," he said. "Keep this."

I put the lime in the pocket of my suit, and brought it back to New York with me. I still have it.

I SPOKE to Irving just the other week. "The Hilton turned out to be a pretty crummy place," he said. "So I've moved my entire life over to the Peninsula. Now something quite remarkable has happened there, which seems agreeably unexpected." He paused. "The entire royal family of Brunei has moved in here, including the Sultan's brother! I helped them get rooms—there are forty of them already, and eighty more are coming next month—and we've become very good friends. They're delightful, magnificent people. They've reassured me immensely about the future of the hotel, even though I've never met the Sultan himself. In fact, I'm coming to think that this time away from the pool may even be very invigorating and character-building. When we return to the pool, we may even appreciate it all the more, for having been kept away so long." ♦

FAMILY WEEK AT ORACLE RANCH

1. THE BROCHURE

The world outstrips us. In my day,
Had such a place existed,
It would have been advertised with photographs
Of doctors—silver hair, pince-nez—

Above detailed credentials,
Not this wide-angle moonscape, lawns and pool,
Patients sharing pain like fudge from home—
As if these were the essentials,

As if a month at what it invites us to think
Is little more than a fat farm for Anorexics,
Substance Abusers, Love & Relationship Addicts
Could help *you*, light of my life, when even your shrink…

The message, then? That costly folderol,
Underwear made to order in Vienna—
Who needs it! Let the soul hang out
At Benetton—stone-washed, one size fits all.

2. INSTEAD OF COMPLEXES

Simplicities. Just seven words—AFRAID,
HURT, LONELY, etc.—to say it with.
Shades of the first watercolor box
(I "felt blue," I "saw red").

Also some tips on brushwork. Not to say
"Your silence hurt me,"
Rather, "When you said nothing I felt hurt."
No blame, that way.

Dysfunctionals like us fail to distinguish
Between the two modes at first.
While the connoisseur of feeling throws up his hands:
Used to depicting personal anguish

With a full palette—hues, oils, glazes, thinner—
He stares into these withered wells and feels,
Well… SAD and ANGRY? Future lavender!
An infant Monet blinks beneath his skin.

3. THE COUNSELLORS

They're in recovery, too, and tell us from what,
And that's as far as it goes.
Like the sun-priests' in "The Magic Flute"
Their ritualized responses serve the plot.

Ken, for example, blond brows knitted: "When
James told the group he worried about dying
Without his lover beside him, I felt SAD."
Thank you for sharing, Ken,

I keep from saying; it would come out snide.
Better to view them as deadpan panels
Storing up sunlight for the woebegone,
Prompting from us lines electrified

By buried switches flipped (after how long!)…
But speak in private meanwhile? We may not
Until a voice within the temple lifts
Bans yet unfathomed into song.

4. GESTALT

Little Aileen is a gray plush bear
With button eyes and nose.
Perky in flowered smock and clean white collar,
She occupies the chair

Across from middle-aged Big Aileen, face hid
In hands and hands on knees.
Her sobs break. Wave upon wave, it's coming back.
The stepfather. What he did.

Little Aileen is her Inner Child
Who didn't… who didn't deserve…
Round Big Aileen, the horror kissed asleep,
Fairy-tale thorns grow wild.

SADNESS and GUILT entitle us to watch
The survivor compose herself,
Smoothing the flowered stuff, which has ridden up,
Over an innocent gray crotch.

5. EFFECTS OF EARLY "RELIGIOUS ABUSE"

The great recurrent "sinner" found
In Dostoyevski—twisted mouth,
Stormlit eyes—before whose irresistible
Unworthiness the pure in heart bow down…

Cockcrow. Back across the frozen Neva
To samovar and warm, untubercular bed,
Far from the dens of vodka, mucus and semen,
They dream. I woke, the fever

Dripping insight, a spring thaw.
You and the others, wrestling with your demons,
Christs of self-hatred, Livingstones of pain,
Had drawn the lightning. In a flash I saw

My future: medic at some Armageddon
Neither side wins. I burned with SHAME for the years
You'd spent among sufferings uncharted—
Not even my barren love to rest your head on.

6. THE PANIC

Except that Oracle has maps
Of all those badlands. Just now, when you lashed out,
"There's a lot of disease in this room!"
And we felt our faith in one another lapse,

Ken had us break the circle and repair
To "a safe place in the room." Faster than fish
We scattered—Randy ducking as from a sniper,
Aileen, wedged in a corner, cradling her bear.

You and I stood flanking the blackboard,
Words as usual between us,
But backs to the same wall, for solidarity.
This magical sureness of movement no doubt scored

Points for all concerned, yet the only
Child each had become trembled for you
Thundering forth into the corridors,
Decibels measuring how HURT, how LONELY—

7. TUNNEL VISION

New Age music. "Close your eyes now. You
Are standing," says the lecturer on Grief,
"At a tunnel's mouth. There's light at the end.
The walls, as you walk through,

Are hung with images: who you loved that year,
An island holiday, a high-school friend.
Younger and younger, step by step—
And suddenly you're here,

At home. Go in. It's your whole life ago."
A pink eye-level sun slants through the hall.
"Smell the smells. It's suppertime.
Go to the table." Tears have begun to flow

Unhindered down my face. Why?
Because nobody's there. The grownups? Shadows.
The meal? A mirror. Reflect upon it.
Before reëntering the tunnel say goodbye,

8. TIME RECAPTURED

Goodbye to childhood, that unhappy haven.
It's over, weep your fill. Let go
Of the dead dog, the lost toy. Practice grieving
At funerals—anybody's. Let go even

Of those first ninety seconds missed,
Fifty-three years ago, of a third-rate opera
Never revived since then. The GUILT you felt,
Adding it all the same to your master list!

Which is why, this last morning, when I switch
The FM on, halfway to Oracle,
And hear the announcer say
(Invisibly reweaving the dropped stitch),

"We bring you now the Overture
To Ambroise Thomas's seldom-heard 'Mignon,' "
Joy (word rusty with disuse)
Flashes up, undeserved and pure.

9. LEADING THE BLIND

Is this *you*—smiling helplessly? Pinned to your chest
A sign: Confront Me If I Take Control.
Plus you must wear (till sundown) a black eyeshade.
All day you've been the littlest, the clumsiest.

We're seated face to face. Take off your mask,
Ken says. Now look into each other deeply. Speak,
As far as you can trust, the words of healing.
Your pardon for my own blindness I ask;

You mine, for all you hid from me. Two old
Crackpot hearts once more aswim with color,
Our Higher Power has but to dip his brush—
Lo and behold!

The group approves. The ban lifts. Let me guide you,
Helpless but voluble, into a dripping music.
The rainbow brightens with each step. Go on,
Take a peek. This once, no one will chide you.

10. THE DESERT MUSEUM

—Or, as the fat, nearsighted kid ahead
Construes his ticket, "Wow, Dessert Museum!"
I leave tomorrow, so you get a pass.
Safer, both feel, instead

Of checking into the No-Tell Motel,
To check it out—our brave new dried-out world.
Exhibits: crystals that for aeons glinted
Before the wits did; fossil shells

From when this overlook lay safely drowned;
Whole spiny families repelled by sex,
Whom dying men have drunk from (Randy, frightened,
Hugging Little Randy, a red hound)....

At length behind a wall of glass, in shade,
The mountain lioness too indolent
To train them upon us unlids her gems
Set in the saddest face Love ever made.

11. THE TWOFOLD MESSAGE

(a) You are a brave and special person. (b)
There are far too many people in the world
For this to still matter for very long.
But (Ken goes on) since you obviously

Made the effort to attend Family Week,
We hope that we have shown you just how much
You have in common with everybody else.
Not to be "terminally unique"

Will be the consolation you take home.
Remember, Oracle is only the first step
Of your recovery. The rest is up to you
And the twelve-step program you become

Involved in. An amazing forty per cent
Of our graduates are still clean after two years.
The rest? Well ... Given our society,
Sobriety is hard to implement.

12. AND IF...

And if it were all like the moon?
Full this evening, bewitchingly
Glowing in a dark not yet complete
Above the world, explicit rune

Of change. Change is the "feeling" that dilutes
Those seven others to uncertain washes
Of soot and silver, inks unknown in my kit.
Change sends out shoots

Of FEAR and LONELINESS; of GUILT, as well,
Toward the old, abandoned patterns;
Of joy eventually, and self-forgiveness—
Colors few of us brought to Oracle....

And if the old patterns recur?
Ask how the co-dependent moon, another night,
Feels when the light drains wholly from her face.
Ask what that cold comfort means to her.

—James Merrill

The desert that glistened with water.

Southeastern New Mexico.

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THE CRITICS

THE CURRENT CINEMA

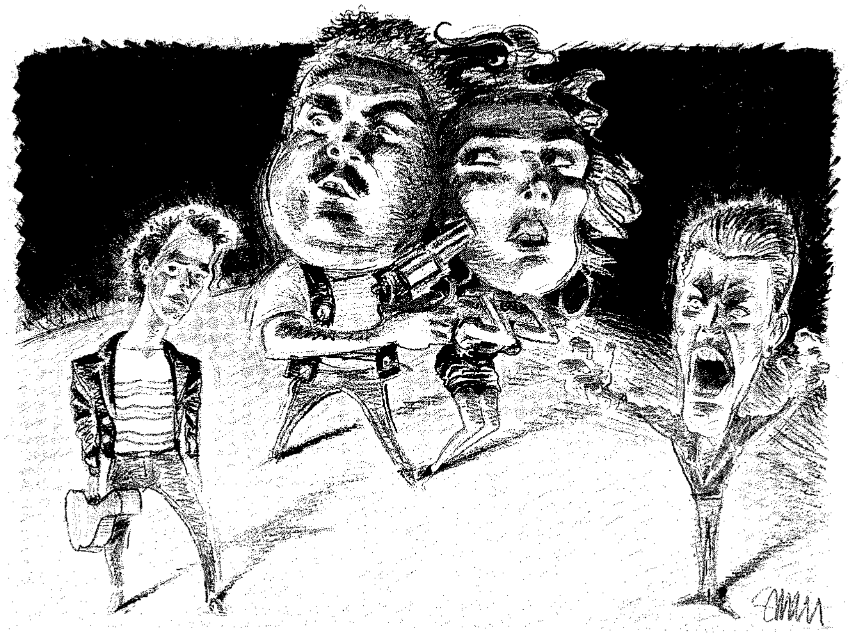
HAVE GUITAR, WILL TRAVEL

BY TERRENCE RAFFERTY

"EL MARIACHI," a first film by a twenty-four-year-old Texan named Robert Rodriguez, was made for seven thousand dollars, and part of the picture's enormous charm is that it really looks like a seven-thousand-dollar movie. This is not one of those tiny-budget movies that transcend their cheapness or turn sparseness into an expressive style: it's not in the class of Edgar G. Ulmer's bare-bones film noir "Detour" (1945) or Herk Harvey's stark, unnerving horror movie "Carnival of Souls" (1962). Essentially, "El Mariachi" is a conventional action movie whose chief distinction is its lack of production values. Most young filmmakers are out to show that with minimal resources they can conjure up a reasonable facsimile of a slick studio picture—make haute couture out of K-mart material. Rodriguez, cannily, doesn't try to persuade us that he's turning base metal into gold. He's smart enough to recognize that in a shoot-'em-up genre piece like this one we don't actually need anything grander or pricier than lead, and he pumps the movie full of it.

Rodriguez's grubby little thriller has been generating a nice buzz on the film-festival circuit (it was voted the audience favorite at the most recent Sundance Festival), and it's now being distributed by a major studio, which has also signed up the young filmmaker for a bigger-budget remake and perhaps a couple of sequels. It's funny to think that such a modest and unambitious picture, designed for the Mexican home-video market (the dialogue is in Spanish), can create such excitement. Viewers hoping to discover the next Scorsese or De Palma are bound to feel let down by "El Mariachi." Neither Rodriguez's style nor his sensibility seems terribly original; he's just an energetic and inventive manipulator of tried-and-true genre elements. If you go to "El Mariachi" with expectations as low as the picture's aspirations, you'll probably have a very good time.

The plot is simple and functional. The nameless hero (Carlos Gallardo) is an out-of-work musician, dressed in black and carrying a guitar case, who has been roaming from one dusty Mexican border town to another in search of a bar or a restaurant that might need his traditional brand of live entertainment. In the old days, he says wistfully, "guitarists were gods," but now he's having a tough time competing with electronic keyboards that simulate (tinnily) the sound of a full mariachi band; he's an anachronism, like one of those Western-movie gunslingers whose violent skills are no longer valued by the newly "civilized" townsfolk. When we first see the hero, he's trying to hitch a ride on a bleak stretch of highway, and the voice-over narration we hear evokes the clipped fatalism of film noir and hardboiled fiction: "That morning was like any other. Without love. Without luck. Without a ride." He arrives eventually in the seedy town of Acuña, where his born-under-a-bad-sign destiny is richly fulfilled. As it happens, an-



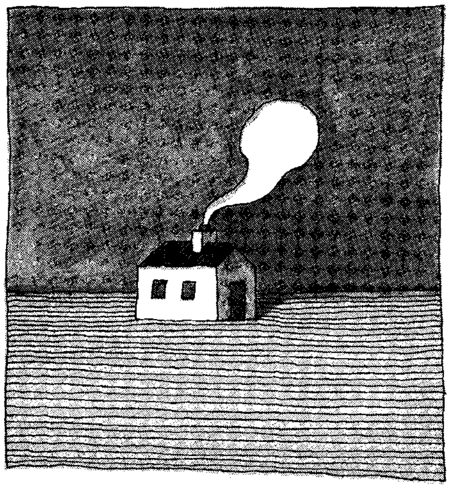
Cheap Thrills: Carlos Gallardo, Reinol Martinez, Consuelo Gómez, and Peter Marquardt in "El Mariachi."

other black-clad stranger with a guitar case has come to town that day. This is Azul (Reinol Martinez), a killer bent on revenge against an Anglo crime lord called Moco (Peter Marquardt); Azul's case is filled with semi-automatic weapons, with which he quickly dispatches six of Moco's henchmen. The kingpin gives his remaining employees—there are quite a few of them—orders to find the guitar-case-wielding man in black and "feed him to the dogs." The musician spends the rest of the movie sprinting through traffic, hiding behind parked cars, and grabbing dropped guns just in time to blow away hard-charging thugs.

Once the mistaken-identity motif kicks in, "El Mariachi" becomes a virtually unbroken series of chases and shoot-outs, and the non-stop action should be tiresome, but it isn't. Rodriguez establishes a delirious pace—pausing only infrequently to attend to unavoidable narrative business—and keeps the bullets flying and the corpses crumpling for a brisk, and appropriately terse, eighty-two minutes. The picture has the sort of dry, bracingly unwholesome humor that relentless mayhem can produce if the characters are mean and abject enough and the storytelling is speedy and laconic. At its best, "El Mariachi" achieves the breezily violent tone of the Continental Op stories that Dashiell Hammett wrote for pulp magazines in the twenties. Hammett's novel "Red Harvest," which features the Op, is the most exhilarating bloodbath in popular fiction, an ice-cold comic epic that offers the satisfying spectacle of corrupt and venal people killing each other off by the carload; it supplied the inspiration for Kurosawa's sardonic "Yojimbo" (1961) and, later, for the prototype spaghetti Western, Sergio Leone's "A Fistful of Dollars" (1964), in which Clint Eastwood played the Man with No Name. In pulp-fiction terms, Rodriguez's hero with no name has the bloodlines of a thoroughbred: the picture takes him wire-to-wire in what seems like no time, and makes it all look laughably simple.

It is simple. Genre filmmaking is not quantum physics. You don't need elaborate equipment to tell stories about desperate people blowing each other's brains out. Expensive action movies like the "Lethal Weapon" pictures try to wow us with big effects and wind up seeming pathetic, like small-time crooks in stretch limos: if they're so tough, why are they going to all this trouble to impress us? Rodriguez makes do with what's at hand, settling into well-worn traditions like a transient flopping in a furnished room and using, for lack of anything better, the odds and ends that previous tenants have left there. Guns, grungy atmosphere, sweaty men, a barmaid with a been-there look, a dog (the world's mellowest pit bull), some music, a handful of cynical jokes—that's all there is to "El Mariachi," and it's enough.

Rodriguez's no-frills filmmaking shouldn't be confused with primitivism, though. He's no visual wizard—his fast cutting isn't always coherent, and he's much too fond of wide-angle lenses—but as a pop storyteller he's sly and often witty: he knows how to fulfill the audience's most fundamental narrative expectations while toying with a few of the less essential ones. In the climactic sequence, for instance, he cuts back and forth between an imperilled sympathetic character and a character on a motorcycle rushing to the rescue. It's the oldest suspense technique in the movies—will the savior get there in time?—but Rodriguez puts a perverse spin on it by continuing to cut breathlessly to the speeding motorcycle long after the issue has become moot. And in the picture's closing scene Rodriguez unexpectedly, and gratifyingly, wraps up his pulp-fiction/spaghetti-Western action orgy with a flourish that evokes another disreputable pop-culture tradition—that of superhero comics. The musician hero has lost his guitar and the ability to play it; what he has instead are the motorcycle, the loyal pit bull, and a guitar case full of weaponry. "With my dog and my guns, I'm prepared for the future," he tells us, in the ominous tone of a newborn avenger. We realize that we've been watching what comic-book artists call an "origin story"—something like the legend of how Bruce Wayne became Batman. It's a lovely, funny ending. As myths go, a vigilante ex-musician known as El Mariachi may not be much, but at least it's handmade. Rodriguez, like the comic-book artists he nods to at the end of "El Mariachi," knows that all-stops-out pop storytelling shouldn't have to be a big deal. All it takes is a sense of play and the willingness to animate the junk around you with some imagination: kids could even try this at home.



IF the up-and-coming movie entertainers of Rodriguez's generation need a role model, they could do worse than Bill Murray, who has, with no apparent strain, moved from TV sketch comedy and crudely made pictures like "Stripes" and "Caddyshack" to expensive studio vehicles like the current "Groundhog Day," and still hasn't begun to take himself seriously. Murray's humor has remained defiantly adolescent, immature in the best sense: his persona is that of a man who is profoundly unmoved by everything that seems to matter to his fellow-grown-ups—money, power, prestige, a positive self-image. When he finds himself in the presence of do-gooders and solid citizens—of anyone, that is, who actually believes in authority and the values of middle-class life—his response is an expression that combines pain and genuine perplexity: his face says "Are you for real?" and his body says "How fast can I get out of here?" This is a useful attitude to have toward the world, and most comedy does try to reflect some degree of skepticism, to suggest the joys of irresponsibility. In all but a handful of today's comedies, though, the spirit of anarchy feels dutiful, willed—a machine-tooled illusion of freedom. Murray's genius (like Groucho's and W. C. Fields') is that he doesn't undercut his irreverence with even a hint of respect for the process of moviemaking: he never looks worried about having to serve a writer's or a director's conception, and if he feels the pressure of carrying a multimillion-dollar project on his sloping shoulders it certainly doesn't show. He's a magically loose performer.

"Groundhog Day," directed by Harold Ramis from a script by Ramis and Danny Rubin, is an above-average Murray vehicle. The star plays Phil Connors, a burned-out TV weatherman who each year schlepps to Punxsutawney, Pennsylvania, to cover the Groundhog Day ceremonies. The script's premise is that this year the hero's sense of pointless repetition becomes concrete, literal: snowed in in Punxsutawney after the inane festivities, he wakes the next morning to discover that it's still Groundhog Day. Stuck in time, he relives the day—with variations, of course—dozens of times before the movie is over. Phil's initial horror gives way to a series of more complex reactions as he tries, resignedly, to make the best of the spatiotemporal rut he's in. He realizes, for instance, that in this endless rewind-and-replay mode nothing he does has any real consequence: he can eat all he wants, smoke like a fiend, drink himself blind, go to bed with any woman around, and wake up every morning with a clean slate—no indigestion, no congestion, no hangover, no strings. The weird structure of his existence also permits him to control with pleasing exactness the course of events within the day: he can revise and correct the clumsy patches of previous versions, and thus turn an unsuccessful pass at a local woman into an effortlessly smooth seduction.

The picture goes on a little too long, but Murray's inventiveness keeps it lively even during its less inspired stretches. The fundamental, deliberate monotony of the conception actually serves to highlight his skill at comic riffing, the ease with which he runs changes on familiar chords. "Groundhog Day" feels like a spontaneous one-man jam session, and you sense that Murray could play all night, just for the fun of finding out what else he might come up with. The beauty of Bill Murray's comedy is that we're always aware that he's doing what he does for its own sweet sake. Audiences know he's for real because he fools around as if there were no tomorrow. ♦

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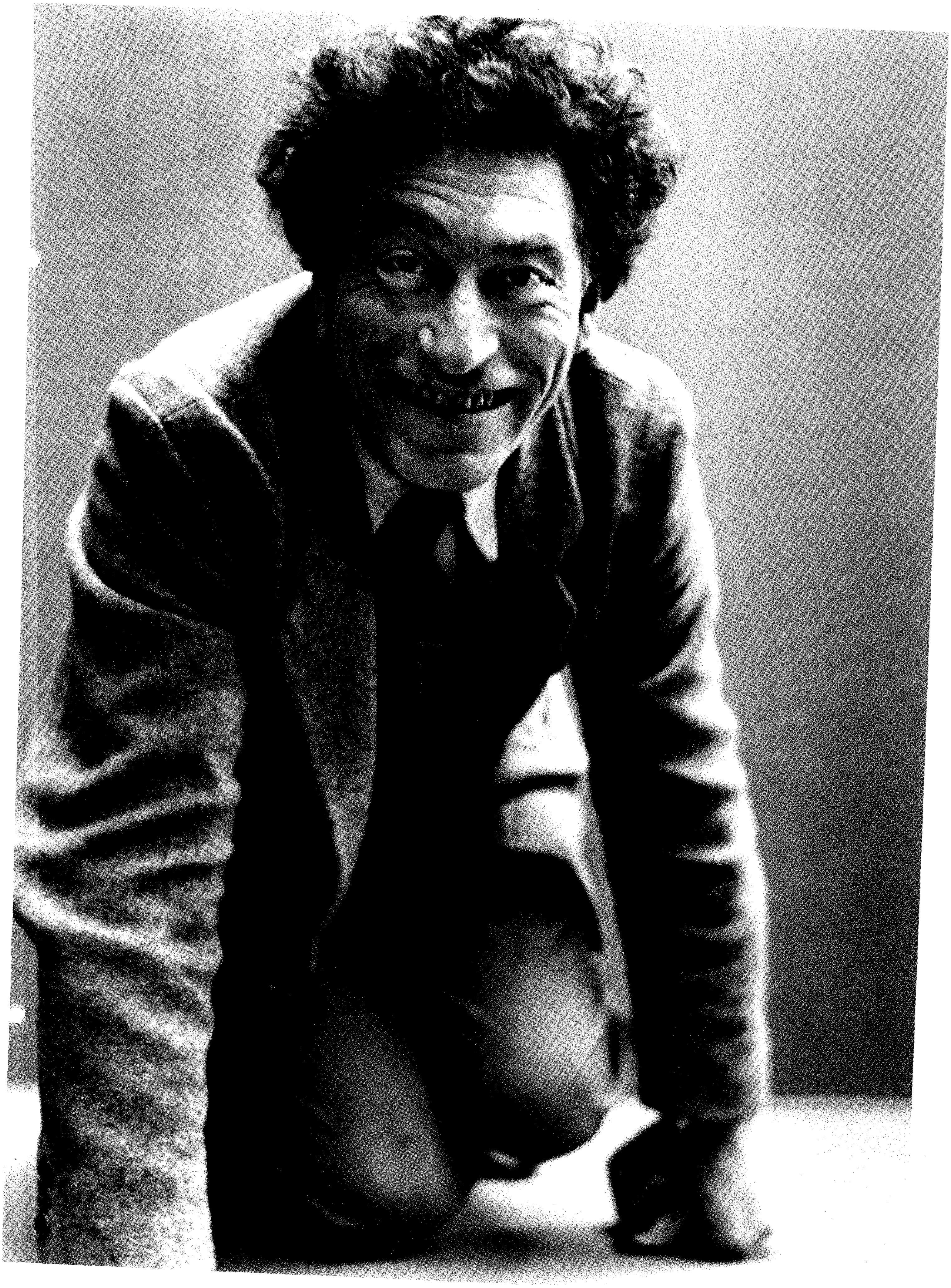
GIACOMETTI'S JOURNEY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD AVEDON

Alberto Giacometti, March 6, 1958, Paris.

THE opening next month of "Picasso and the Age of Iron," at the Guggenheim, which will have as one of its heroes Alberto Giacometti, recalls one of the most beautiful, complex, and sadly overlooked monographs to appear in recent years: Yves Bonnefoy's "Alberto Giacometti: A Biography of His Work," which was published in this country by Flammarion, in 1991 (translated from the French by Jean Stewart). In "Giacometti," Bonnefoy, a poet and the French translator of Yeats and Shakespeare, manages to keep his eye trained on both the shape of the sculptor's life and the evolution of his work. There's a stunning, alarming photograph of the Giacometti family taken when Alberto was just a boy—the artist and his beautiful, wild-haired mother stare right above and across the entire family to exchange a look of hopeless, absolute love. Giacometti spent a lifetime trying to equal the intensity of that relationship; he found it only in his art. Bonnefoy teaches us that Giacometti built his art out of the twinned experiences of seeing Giotto in Padua and Tintoretto in Venice; all his life, he sought a way of combining the tactile presence of Giotto with the wraithlike spirituality of Tintoretto. How he managed to do this is Bonnefoy's subject, and he follows the artist through his encounters with Surrealism, the Etruscans, and the charred horror of twentieth-century European existence. Bonnefoy also recounts—though of course he cannot explain—how Giacometti ended up producing the simple, attenuated stick figures that remain this century's self-image. In those figures, as Bonnefoy writes, the artist, through "direct experience of the simple law of physical balance, can envisage that even more radical lightness, namely, the act of being." —ADAM GOPNIK



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Having done development work in Somalia for over 10 years, *AFSC* remained in place even during the war. The Omaria Farming Co-op, for example, thrives as a hopeful model—360 families of mixed clans farm 120 hectares communally. We provided 30 cattle, sheds, seeds, a maize grinding machine, and fund the Somali director and veterinarian. *AFSC* is now setting up two communal kitchens for hungry people in six villages near the Omaria Co-op.

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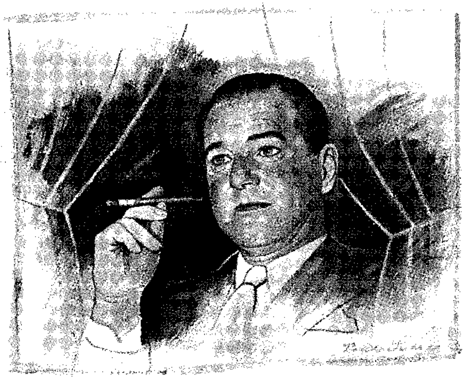
THE THEATRE

UNTUTORED HEARTS

BY JOHN LAHR

WHEN Sir Terence Rattigan (1911-77) was seven, he conceived the notion of being both a playwright and a confirmed bachelor. "Wives can be an awful handicap to writers," he explained to his mother. "They are constantly telling their husbands to do this, fetch that, and ordering them from the house." Rattigan attributed his subsequent homosexuality to the atmosphere of repressed hostility in his genteel household, where his father, a philandering diplomat, kept up the appearance of marriage to his beloved, unhappy mother. Rattigan's father had wanted him to follow the paternal footsteps into the diplomatic corps, and, in a way, Rattigan did. Onstage and off, he was the most politic of playwrights, discreetly transforming the turmoil of his homosexual life into stylish, affecting heterosexual form. From the late thirties to the mid-fifties, a string of hits—"French Without Tears," "The Winslow Boy," "The Browning Version," "Separate Tables," "The Deep Blue Sea"—made him the most successful commercial playwright of his day. He believed that the playwright owed the public a story. He honored feeling, not ferment. His tales of upper-middle-class life had no political, polemical, or ideological residue. "From Aeschylus to Tennessee Williams, the only theatre that has ever mattered is the theatre of character and narrative," he said. This attitude, which for a while made Rattigan the last word on the West End, eventually turned him into a dead letter.



Terence Rattigan: The late playwright is vindicated with a new London production of "The Deep Blue Sea."

"Perhaps I should have stayed and fought it out," Rattigan said in an interview shortly before his death. "I just didn't have a chance with anything." In the face of the New Wave's radical hyperbole about theatre, Rattigan stuck to his conservative guns. "The successful creation of living characters upon the stage," he wrote, "has always been, is now, and will remain a higher achievement for the dramatist than the successful assertion of an idea, or series of ideas." Out of step with the egalitarian momentum of the welfare state, Rattigan was damned by the theatre's Angy Young Men as much for the suburban audiences that flocked to his plays as for his apolitical success. By the beginning of the nineteen-sixties, he was out of fashion; and by the end of the sixties he was out of English theatre's critical discussion altogether. "It's all very well to dislike one's plays, but they ought to be disliked for a better reason than that they're out of fashion," Rattigan said at the end of his life. "I always thought that justice would one day be done to me."

And now, sixteen years later, London's small (three-hundred-seat), influential Almeida Theatre has given Rattigan's emotional and dramatic subtlety its due in a stunning revival of "The Deep Blue Sea" (1952). The play has been mounted twice in London over the last eight years without a ripple, but the Almeida has made waves by shrewdly enticing the filmmaker Karel Reisz to tackle it. Reisz, who has coaxed some of the finest performances from actors like Albert Finney ("Saturday Night and Sunday Morning"), Nick Nolte ("Who'll Stop the Rain"), James Caan ("The Gambler"), and Meryl Streep ("The French Lieutenant's Woman"), has cut the play's period excesses, polished the well-cast performances to a shine, and focussed his Czech outsider's sharp eye on the play's dark, unsparing exploration of the ferocious tension between passion and English manners. Now that history has put paid to the delirium of ideology, Rattigan's intelligence and quiet audacity are more easily seen. The revival, which will transfer to the West End after its sold-out eight-and-a-half-week run, signals a rise in Rattigan's fortunes. Ridley Scott has bought "The Browning Version" for the movies, and Peter Hall is planning a revival of "Separate Tables" this spring. Reisz's production does for "The Deep Blue Sea" what Hall did for Harold Pinter's "The Homecoming" and Lindsay Anderson did for Joe Orton's "What the Butler Saw"—gives the British a perfectly poised, many-layered, exemplary production, which so deftly illuminates the author's style and content that the play's stature as a postwar masterpiece is incontrovertible.

Rattigan has gained an unlikely champion in Reisz, whose "Saturday Night and Sunday Morning" helped put him and boulevard gentility on the shelf. The film not only ushered in the new era of working-class actor heroes (Finney, Peter O'Toole, Tom Courtenay)—performers who before the Education Act of 1944 would never have got to drama school—but brazenly ignored upper-middle-class life, which was outside the experience of three-quarters of the British public. Reisz is my next-door neighbor and friend, so I dropped in to find out what, exactly, had attracted him to Rattigan. "He's extraordinarily unflinching about the human heart," Reisz said, over tea in his study. "There's a lot of feeling but no sentimentality. It's a very subversive view of eros. The play completely attacks the accepted assumptions about romantic love, marriage, the way the sexes relate. To Rattigan, perhaps because of his homosexuality, there is always the pursuer and the pursued. There is always a power imbalance in sexual relationships. There is never a mutuality of desire and affection."

This shaming fact is what drives Hester Collyer to try to gas herself in "The Deep Blue Sea." "Finished—Freddie" are her first words as she regains consciousness after her botched suicide attempt (a reimagining of the suicide of Rattigan's former lover, who left him for a younger man). Hester, an upper-class vicar's daughter who has bolted from her seven-year marriage to a respected judge for a ten-month fling with a former R.A.F. fighter pilot, has come down in the world. This descent, echoing that of a winded nineteen-fifties Britain, is underlined by her dingy rented rooms, which have been converted from grander Victorian days, when they were part of a single house. In Penelope Wilton's marvellous interpretation, Hester is a sharply intelligent, strong-willed woman of sensibility (she paints), who is trapped and humiliated by an obsession that seems, in Rattigan's words, "too strong for her to resist." Her obsession is Freddie, a sporty chap who has gone off on a golfing weekend and forgotten her birthday. The discrepancy between the immensity of Hester's need—she fairly leaps at Freddie, like a bass to a lure, when they finally kiss and make up—and the inadequacy of Freddie's affection has brought her to this pretty pass. She is caught in a desperate equation of passion that won't factor out, and she knows it. "Zero minus zero is still zero," she says of Freddie's feelings for her. Hester tries to force affection, but it can't be returned. As she confides to her landlady, Mrs. Elton (Sandra Voe), here blessedly stripped of the period de-rigueur working-class comic stereotype, "when you're between any kind of devil and the deep blue sea, the deep blue sea seems very inviting."

The suicide attempt brings the return of Hester's husband, Sir William, who stands before her not as judge but as a kind of bleeding wound, a decent English gent of cultivated mind and untutored heart. In Nicholas Jones' touching, beautifully modulated performance, William Collyer—a man who incarnates convention—is bemused by Hester's unconventional behavior. He puts a suave face on hurt. He can't express his feelings. This doesn't so much cancel them out as magnify their inar-

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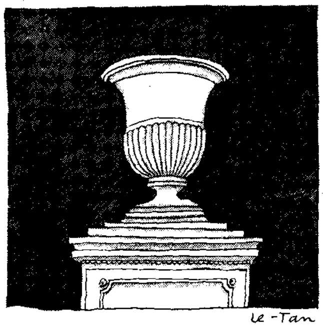
ticulate power. Sir William is kind, reasonable, and rich, and he wants her back. He has everything to offer but intimacy. Their scenes together punish and burn as they try to steer a safe course between affection and disappointment. What, Collyer asks, does Freddie give her? "Himself," Hester explains. But sex can't quite speak its name. "There are polite words and impolite words," Hester says about the ineffable liberation of sexual abandon. "They all add up to the same emotion."

All Rattigan's characters are trapped within the limits of their psychological makeup, none to more surprisingly poignant effect than the pukka Freddie, who rightly observes, "My sort never gets a hearing," and whose boyish narcissism is cleverly captured by Linus Roache. The best of Freddie's life is behind him. ("He loved 1940," Hester says.) Drinking has blighted any future as a test pilot, and Freddie can't seem to find a place for himself in peacetime Britain. In Freddie, still waters run shallow. "God, how I hate getting tangled up in other people's emotions," he says to a friend after discovering Hester's suicide note. Unlike Sir William, Freddie knows the limitations of his heart and isn't so empowered by wealth or position as to delude himself that he can satisfy Hester's enormous emotional needs. Her possessive demands only magnify an inadequacy that he well understands and that infuriates him. At first, he tries to reason Hester out of their relationship: " 'A' loves 'B'—'B' doesn't love 'A,' or at least not in the same way. He wants to, but he can't. It's not his nature. . . . Demands are made on him which he can't fulfill." Finally, in the face of Hester's hysterical clinging, Freddie quits her, saying, "Hes, this is our last chance. If we miss it, we're done for. We're death to each other, you and I." And he's right.



Rattigan passes no judgments and offers no cures. He evenhandedly makes each character's case, while wringing the situation of every nuance of hope and desolation. Hester's abandonment, the smug curiosity of a pompous neighbor (William Osborne) who comes for Freddie's clothes, Sir William's spurned patriarchal offer of safe harbor, Freddie's tentative final return as he probes between the lines for a way back to Hester before going to certain death as a test pilot in South America keep the audience focussed on theatre's most elemental and hard-won issue: what happens next. Rattigan adds oxygen to the heat of his drama with a mysterious lodger—Mr. Miller, a disbarred foreign doctor who ministers to Hester, casting both a cold eye on English manners and a warm heart on her struggle to reclaim her life. Here Reisz has departed boldly from Rattigan's notion of Miller, which gave him a "slight German accent," and has opted for someone completely foreign—the wonderful Polish actor Wojtek Pszoniak, famous for his roles in Andrej Wajda films. In his droll glances and his reflective stillness, Mr. Pszoniak, giving a good imitation of Reisz himself, adds great power to the emotional and moral stakes of the play. He is a model of philosophical detachment, and conveys Miller as someone who has the courage of his own solitude. His speeches have been made more monosyllabic, and add to the aura of a man who has learned to live with heartbreak. Miller, dismissed by others in the play as "a bloody riddler" and "a callous phony," is the voice of the author's steely pragmatism. "I cannot live without hope," Hester says to Miller. He pauses a moment and replies, "Then you must learn. Without hope, there is no despair." Reisz ends his version of "The Deep Blue Sea" with one gorgeous theatrical fillip. "The only purpose in life is to live it," Miller tells Hester in the simplified penultimate scene. And Hester finds the courage to let Freddie go and to survive the night. She lights the gas fire and, with gaslight flickering on her body, packs Freddie's raincoat into a valise. In a bit of invented business, she pauses to inhale Freddie's scent off the coat. In this last beat, the memory of sensuality is what remains. ♦

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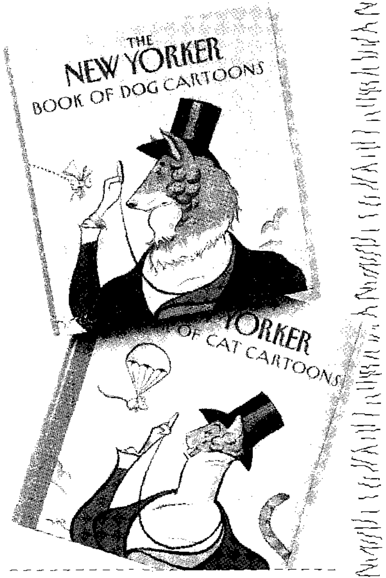
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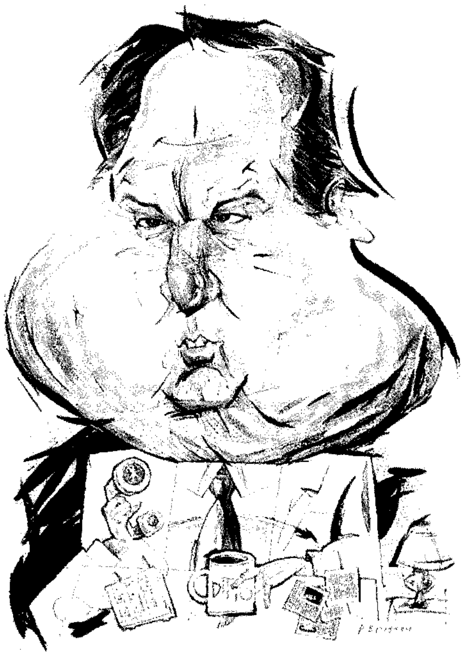
ON TELEVISION

RUSH JUDGMENT

BY JAMES WOLCOTT

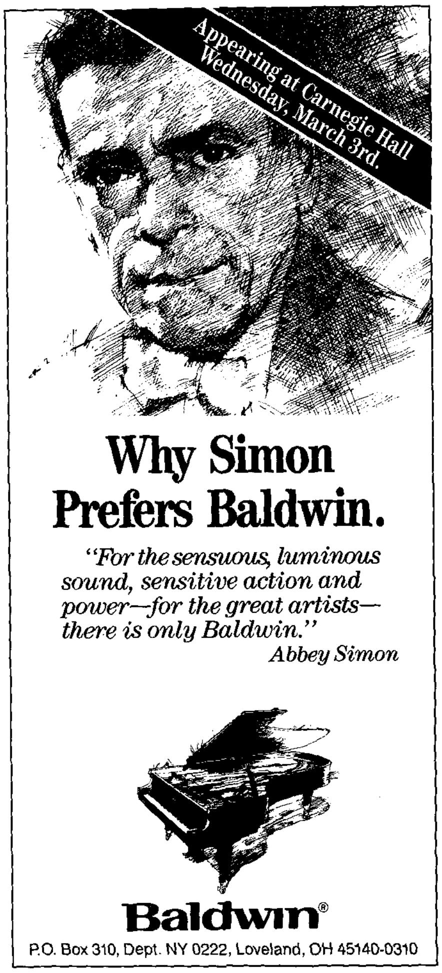
IF it weren't for radio, Hitler would have gone down in history as a minor wart, Marshall McLuhan argued in "Understanding Media." Not only did radio let Hitler seize command of the theatre of the mind, combining "psyche and society into a single echo chamber," but, by providing him with an invisible soapbox, it shielded him from ridicule as well. On TV, bogeymen such as Khrushchev and Senator Joe McCarthy were divested of their evil aura and rendered fleshy, buffoonish. But radio, McLuhan wrote, "is a hot medium and takes its cartoon characters seriously."

The hottest cartoon character on radio today is Rush Limbaugh, the cuddly master-blaster of conservative diatribe. Based in New York City, where he broadcasts from noon to three on more than five hundred stations, Limbaugh owns midday AM (just as Howard Stern owns morning FM). Across the country, lunchrooms and restaurants have been converted into Rush Rooms, so that his listeners won't miss a single lick. There are no guests on his show, no set topics—only Limbaugh lacing into Commie libs, "femiNazis," and savers of the spotted owl, in a voluminous voice that seems to mock its own importance. His motto: "Rush Limbaugh—the man, the legend, the way of life." Like Madonna, he's learned to subdivide his ego into various lines of merchandise. He translated his radio rap into a book, "The Way Things Ought to Be," which has surpassed two million copies in hardcover sales; the audiocassette version of the book also went No. 1. His personal franchise includes lecture tours, a monthly newsletter, T-shirt sales. He's turned political discourse into a souvenir stand.



Rush Limbaugh: Is TV's most unlikely new star here to stay?

The success of Rush Limbaugh has spooked the op-ed élite, which doesn't mind populism as long as it leans left and whistles like Woody Guthrie. But this right-wing populism—why, it's nothing more than an attempt to repeal progress and feed prejudice. After the White House was swamped with calls protesting the admission of gays into the military, Limbaugh was singled out by the press as the leader of the lynch mob, even though he hadn't organized the phone-in. It didn't matter. Editorial pundits saw his sweaty palms all over this operation. Anna Quindlen, of the *Times*, said that Limbaugh's followers would have trashed the Emancipation Proclamation if it had been put to an oral vote, a charge echoed by William Raspberry, of the Washington *Post*, who was chafed because Limbaugh had *praised* a recent column of his on the subject: "I don't need bouquets from a guy like this." Russell Baker tousled his hair on the matter. *Newsweek*, in its cover story on talk radio, was content to consign Limbaugh's audience to the losers' bin, labelling his show "group therapy for mostly white males who feel politically challenged." Implication: Wait long



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enough, and he'll go away. He's preaching to a shrinking herd.

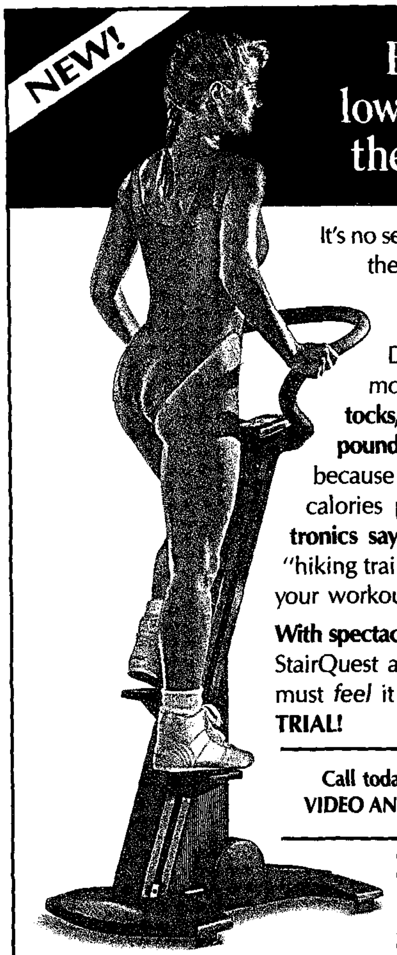
Whether that's wishful thinking or not, Limbaugh's loudmouth, divisive persona might appear to make him a dubious candidate for TV crossover. In McLuhanite terms, he should be too hot for the medium, which favors soft, fuzzy huggies, like PBS's Charlie Rose. But his syndicated series "The Rush Limbaugh Show," which débuted last fall, has recorded a steady series of upticks in the ratings, and Limbaugh is now on an equal footing with David Letterman. The show has the experts scratching themselves between the ears. Like the radio program, it features no guests, focusses on current events (which means it goes stale fast), and has the icky insularity of an infomercial. How can this work? Surrounded by photographs of himself, in a fake den that doubles as his fan-club headquarters, Limbaugh parodies his cult of personality. Using a pointer, he begins the broadcast as if he were General Schwarzkopf conducting a military briefing, tapping the screens of a succession of TV monitors to introduce that day's target list. Most of the show is monologue-to-camera, which many pros in the TV biz consider a "potted plant" approach. Limbaugh doesn't even try to juice up the menu with sidebars on Amy Fisher, Woody and Mia, or Britain's Royal Family. Politics is his only spectator sport. The Capitol dome is his cookie jar.

"The Rush Limbaugh Show" caught a break with the defeat of George Bush. During the Presidential campaign, Limbaugh, a Republican loyalist, was roasted by callers on his radio show for being a Bush flunky. A lot of his listeners found religion with Ross Perot and berated Rush for not getting behind Big Ears. Once Perot had proved a flake, the carping diminished, but the Bush doldrums remained. Now, with a Democrat in the White House, Limbaugh is no longer duty-bound to clog the defensive line; he's free to launch verbal air strikes on the newly entrenched liberal positions. The theme of his show has become "America Held Hostage," with each day of America's captivity charted on a poster showing the White House spray-painted with a peace sign as hippies smoke dope on the lawn. (The artwork recalls that classic paranoid fantasy film "Wild in the Streets," in which a youth cult turned the country into a freak boutique.) "We're here every night during this crisis," Limbaugh assures us, spokesman for the resistance. Along with funny news clips of Al Gore singing off key, Jesse Jackson urging a military takeover of Haiti, and Mario Cuomo playing the role of the Great Equivocator (ask a simple question, get a computer printout), there are staged bits, such as hidden-camera footage of a Bill Clinton look-alike swiping copies of "The Way Things Ought to Be" from the Limbaugh library. It sounds dumb. It is dumb. But it has a loose geniality that undercuts the spectre of Rush Limbaugh as direct pipeline to the political unconscious. Still, the series has yet to find an outlet in Washington, where station managers are afraid of being blackballed by the Bubba White House.

Or so claims the show's executive producer, Roger Ailes, whose 1988 primer on public presentation, "You Are the Message," could have served as the Jello-O mold for the monument among men that is Rush Limbaugh. A former media adviser to Presidents Reagan and Bush, Ailes enjoys an even more ogreish reputation than Limbaugh. He chuckles at all the flak he and Limbaugh have attracted—"these two little guys who just want to express their opinions." His alliance with Limbaugh is based on more than likemindedness. "Forget politics," Ailes told me. "The guy has enormous talent. His facial expressions and control of camera are as good as Jackie Gleason's. For a big guy, he's very agile; during the summer, he plays water volleyball on my team, and he's good." Overweight people are often self-conscious on camera, Ailes notes, but "the greatest performers know that their energy and personality overcome the physical look."

Ailes contrasts Limbaugh's cannonball enthusiasm with the soothing New Age harmonics of Whoopi Goldberg's chat show, where the underlying premise is: I'm a star, you're a star; let's twinkle. "We don't have any obligation to entertain you," Ailes says, parodying Whoopi's Hollywood attitude. "We're talking about serious things, and you—you dumb shit—should appreciate our goodness and our intellectual perceptions of these important issues." Instead, audiences have opted for Rush Limbaugh, Son of Flubber. Peasants!

Rush Limbaugh is more than a radio star repackaging his bluster for TV. Along with Larry King and Howard Stern, he represents the resurgence of radio as an instrument to take raw noise-level readings of society at large. But the flaps over Zoë Baird, Marge Schott, and gays in the military demonstrate that word travels faster than image. Opinion now outflanks symbols and photo ops. Far from making radio outmoded, TV is becoming radio. Ailes agrees: "Studies have shown that more and more people simply listen to their TVs, waiting for a cue to look. The importance of the human voice is wildly underestimated." As McLuhan knew, radio creates an electronic itch for gossip, rumor, and malice. Everybody is getting on everybody else's nerves, because, technologically, we *are* each other's nerves. We connect not deep to deep, as the psychologist James Hillman has phrased it, but beep to beep. Advocates of sweet reason like Anna Quindlen and Russell Baker are fighting a futile battle in their attempt to keep the adrenaline buzz of talk radio out of TV, the political process, and everyday discourse. Like every medium, talk radio is not a tool but a conveyor belt for thought traffic. But that's no reason to fear that the republic is lost, that a new Führer awaits. "Radio is not only a mighty awakener of archaic memories, forces, and animosities, but a decentralizing, pluralistic force," McLuhan wrote. After all, enlightened liberals have their own neural network: National Public Radio. It isn't Limbaugh's problem that NPR's announcers all sound like Wiffle Balls. Liberals walk away from a fight, then wonder why they lost. Lean *into* that microphone if you want to be heard. ♦



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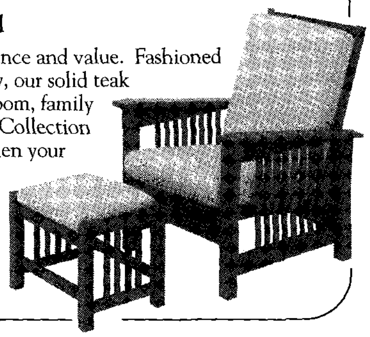

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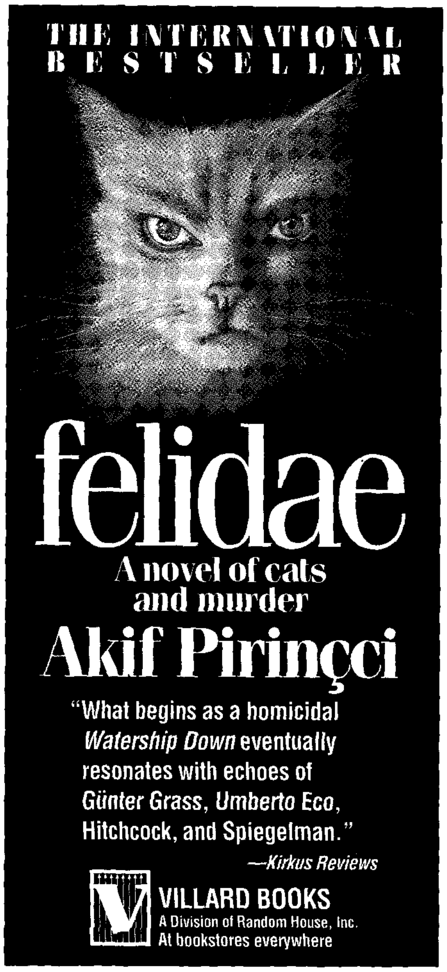
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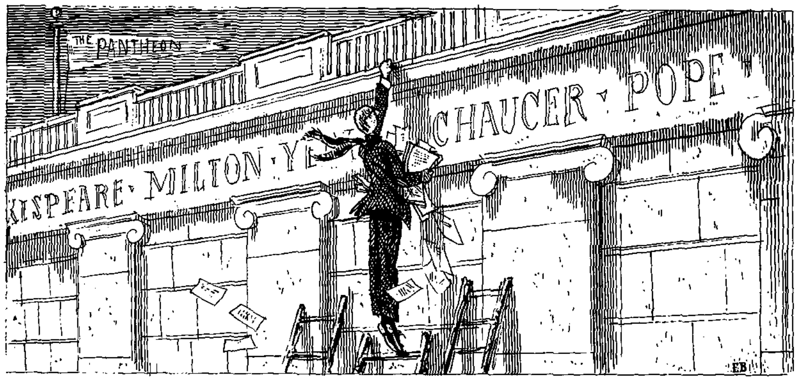
BOOKS

POETRY SECRETS OF ATTILA THE HUN

BY KATHA POLLITT



POETS love to hate anthologies, but, of course, they also want to be represented in as many as possible. Historically, achieving this goal has been hampered by a number of factors. There's the predilection of anthologists for publishing their own poems and those of their spouses and friends—Louis Untermeyer and Oscar Williams were notorious for this—while banishing the work of literary rivals and personal enemies, an ever-expanding class in which the aspiring poet is all too likely sooner or later to find himself. Then, too, there's the fashion for anthologies focussed on poets of this or that gender, sexual preference, age, ethnicity, geographical region, life style, or twelve-step program: "Roll On, Columbia: Wheelchair Poets of the Pacific Northwest" or "And All Ye Need to Know: Poets of the C.I.A." Unless you have a very complicated life, most of these volumes will be closed to you. Anthologies devoted to a single theme are also problematic. True, you *might* happen to write a poem about a subject that someday proves collectible: my own shelves hold volumes of poems about paintings, fairy tales, cats, cars, and "the twofold consciousness," whatever that is. But it's a risky investment, and the payoff could be decades away. I was once invited to contribute to an anthology about potatoes—by an amazing stroke of fortune, I had actually produced such a poem—but that was years ago, and the book has yet to find a publisher. And even my joy in being solicited was clouded by the suspicion that the proposed collection would include every scrap of verse written about spuds since the invention of the hand masher, thus diminishing considerably the glory of inclusion.

No, what a poet really wants is to enter the major anthologies, the Oxfords and the Nortons, anthologies that span many centuries and have words like "great" and "best" in their titles. Unfortunately, this presents a further obstacle: the editors of these collections are outrageously biased in favor of dead writers. The living (a category that includes many writers widely assumed to be dead) are confined to the last few pages of the book, and are likely, moreover, to be ousted from the next edition to make room for fresher faces. Competition for those few slots is fierce. How to get in? As many a poet rummaging in despair through the latest thousand-page compendium of Immortal Verse has been heard to mutter, it's a mystery.

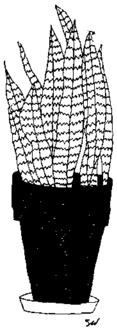
Or has been until now. With the publication of "The Top 500 Poems" (Columbia; $29.95), contemporary poets at last have the statistical tools they need to understand and succeed in today's tough poetry market. Armed, no doubt, with a powerful computer, William Harmon, poet, anthologist, and professor at the University of North Carolina, has analyzed the contents of some four hundred anthologies and determined which poems appear most frequently. By studying these poems and paying close attention to the various numerical breakdowns that Harmon provides in an introduction and an appendix, the would-be anthologee should have no difficulty in forming a strategy to crack those exclusive tables of contents, and stay there.

What should you do first? The answer may surprise you. Consider Harmon's lineup of top tops, poets represented by ten or more poems apiece: Shakespeare (29 entries), Anonymous (21), Donne (19), Blake (18), Dickinson (14), Yeats (14), Wordsworth (13), Hopkins (12), Tennyson (11), Hardy (11), Frost (11), Keats (10). Can it really be an accident that fully one-third of these high-achieving poets are named William? Unlikely: this preponderance of Williams holds true *throughout the entire volume.* Editorial bias? Some mystical attraction of the Muse? Whatever. The serious aspirant will lose no time in assuming the Parnassian *prénom.* (Warning: Multiple use—the William Carlos Williams maneuver—is a daring ploy that should probably be attempted only by doctors.) Last names are less crucial, although a considerable number of top poets—Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Christina and Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Edward and Dylan Thomas—found it useful to share surnames, thus opening up the possibility of being mistaken for each other. Who can say that the prickly modernist Marianne Moore does not owe her presence in Harmon's volume to anthologists' subconscious tendency to confuse her with Clement Clarke Moore, the genial author of "A Visit from St. Nicholas"?

Once you have settled on a power nom de plume, you are ready to proceed to the next important question: How long should your poem be? The verdict of four hundred anthologists is clear: like any good memo, it should be very short. The No. 1 poem, after all, is Blake's "The Tiger"—only twenty-four lines, of which four are repetitions. Brevity accounts for the fact that the third-place poem—Keats' "To Auumn," a three-verser—outscores his ight-verse "Ode to a Nightingale" by an impressive twenty-three places. It explains why Robert Bridges' "London Snow" (146th) beats out Shelley's Adonais" (475th), and why Arthur Hugh Clough's "Say Not the Struggle Nought Availeth" (207th, sixteen lines) outranks Pope's "Essay on Criticism" (463rd, too long to count). You do not need to go as far as Hopkins, who by downsizing the sonnet to a lean and mean eleven lines pushed "Pied Beauty" into fifth place. And, of course, there are exceptions. Eliot's "The Waste Land," for example, ranks 195th—not bad for a twentieth-century poem. But close inspection reveals that the length of "The Waste Land" is mainly an illusion: the poem consists almost entirely of quotations from other top-five-hundred poems, bulked out with meaningless refrains in obscure foreign languages. Subtract this material and "The Waste Land" emerges, astonishingly, as precisely identical in length with Frost's "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening" (6th).

Eliot aside, the ambitious poet will note another risk inherent in writing long: it takes a lot of time. Consider the case of Milton. This talented but impractical poet devoted almost his whole creative career to "Paradise Lost," a virtually interminable epic on Biblical and nudist themes, and for what? Not one line makes it into the Poetry 500. Instead of ranking with the C.E.O.s of verse, poor Milton languishes in middle management, a mere six-poem man, like Edwin Arlington Robinson or Byron, another bard whose insistence on producing poems as long as Russian novels cost him dear, immortalitywise.

Once you have resolved to be brief, your next step is to settle on a theme. According to "The Top 500 Poems," there are four main choices here: sex, death, poetry, and imaginary girlfriends.



How you combine them is up to you. Urge the imaginary girlfriend to have sex with you before you both die (Marvell, "To His Coy Mistress") or she becomes too old for you (Herrick, "To the Virgins, to Make Much of Time") or you become too old for her (Shakespeare, "That Time of Year Thou Mayst in Me Behold") or you become famous enough to acquire a real girlfriend (Yeats, "When You Are Old"). Promise the imaginary girlfriend that if she has sex with you you will put her in a poem (passim). If she accedes, explain why you have to leave immediately (Lovelace, "To Lucasta, Going to the Wars"). If she resists, pretend she is dead and write an elegy (also passim, but see es-

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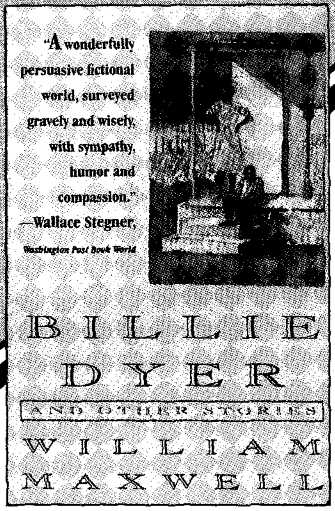
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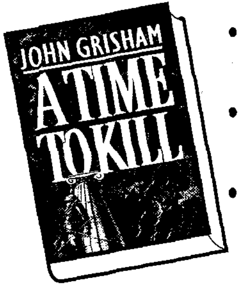

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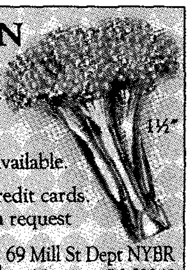

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pecially the collected works of Poe) or—the female variant—pretend *you* are dead, and write a reproachful poem from the grave (Christina Rossetti, "When I Am Dead"). Almost any combination of themes will work. For example, What if I die before I write great poems, meet my imaginary girlfriend, have sex? (Keats, "When I Have Fears"). What if someone else dies before etc., etc.? (Dryden, "To the Memory of Mr. Oldham"). Which is better, having sex with many imaginary girlfriends or writing poems about death? (Milton, "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso"). The possibilities are endless.

Finally, you are ready to select your poetic materials—images, occasion, setting, and so forth. Since Harmon provides no guide here, I ran my own calculator-aided scan of the table of contents. *Most popular living creature:* birds (22), bugs (7), reptiles (3). Weather: snow (5). Time of day: night (13). Season: spring (7). United States President: Abraham Lincoln (3). Ceremony: funeral (2). Flower: daffodil (2), rose (5). Dialect: Scots (7). Place: seaside (11). Honorific: sir (6).

The enterprising poet should easily be able to put these valuable findings presented here at no extra cost, to good use. Having settled on an appropriate combination of the top four themes simply indite a poem—twenty lines max—entitled either "On Glimpsing a Snowy Owl at Midnight While Laying a Daffodil on Lincoln's Grave" or "Wha' Bonnie Spider Springs Alang the Beach?"

Sign it Sir William, send it out, and relax: Immortality is only a question o time. Poetically speaking, you're the top. ♦

NO COMMENT DEPARTMENT

[*From the Norfolk* (*Va.*) *Virginian-Pilot*]

CORRECTION

The map of Europe, Northern Africa and the Arab nations published in Monday's e tions contained the following errors: Liby was labeled as the Ukraine; Bulgaria and Romania were transposed; Bosnia-Herzegovin was identified as Bosnia; Montenegro should have been identified as a separate state bordering Serbia; Cyprus and the West Ban were not labeled; Andorra, a country between France and Spain, was not labeled; th Crimean Peninsula appeared twice on th Black Sea; Kuwait was not identified by name instead the initials of the Knight-Ridder New Service were in its place.

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BOOKS BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Cheshire Moon

by Robert Ferrigno (Morrow; $20)

MR. FERRIGNO'S first novel, "The Horse Latitudes," was a small marvel of a contemporary thriller: flippant and observant, sexy and sadistic. His second outing finds Quinn, an investigative reporter, returning to L.A. after a professional exile. Jittery and unsure, he's getting his bearings with a stint at *SLAP*, a magazine known for "attack journalism with a manicure," where he's teamed with Jen Takamura, a miniskirted photographer who has one of the most impressive portfolios in town and a pink vibrator called Mr. Ed in her bathroom cabinet. When a hapless friend of Quinn's stumbles on a murder, Quinn finds himself being sucked back into the dangerous territory he thought he had left behind. The supporting cast is straight out of tabloid America: Cliff, a retired Hollywood reporter who spends his days poolside, nurturing his tan and a fondness for canned Martinis; Sissy, the Dolly Parton-like host of a TV talk show; her husband, a cowboy actor with gubernatorial ambitions; and Liston, the "big, jolly killer," whose career with the Chicago Bears lasted thirty-seven minutes. Mr. Ferrigno's book would make great Sunday-night elevision, but the networks could never get it right: his eye is too sharp, his jokes are too cruel, and his portrait of TV-and is too unsparing.

Fraud

by Anita Brookner (Random House; $21)

ONCE again, Ms. Brookner leads us into the airless room where one of her isolated, emotionally starved but inancially comfortable characters hovers s if on the brink of making a human onnection while meditating, to no paricular end, on how he or she came to such a pass. In this case, the character is middle-aged, plain, unmarried Anna, who has always lived with her mother, had the most notional of flirtations with her mother's doctor (more or less at her mother's behest), and, after her mother's eath, tries to transfer her devotion to her mother's last remaining friend, who oesn't want it. Most of the novel takes place inside what feels like a single muddled head; there only appear to be different characters and a task for them to work out. The very nice prose, so promising, amounts to strangely equivocal notes for a novel yet to be dramatized.

GENERAL

The End of the Twentieth Century and the End of the Modern Age

by John Lukacs (Ticknor & Fields; $21.95)

THE prolific historian offers his familiar blend of learning, sagacity, and overstatement in this uneven volume of reporting and opinion. Mr. Lukacs is at his best—his most vivid, most specific, and most illuminating—when he recounts his recent experiences in Central and Eastern Europe, especially in his native Hungary, where he was a guest professor in 1991. He's at his most windy and bombastic when he tells us that history and Europe are not what we think they are. In this post-Communist world, he says, the future belongs not to liberal democracy but to nasty varieties of nationalism. Since many of the countries from which he derives this generalization have had no experience of democracy, and have no money, besides, he may well be right. Still, his tone is unfortunate: he seems to relish the disappointment of idealists, and to delight in scoring debating points that aren't worth making; and although he has lived and taught here for nearly half a century, he persists in talking to and about us in the condescending manner of an outsider.

First, Do No Harm

by Lisa Belkin (Simon & Schuster; $23)

THIS chronicle of the life of a great hospital is told in terms of the ethical problems posed by the hopelessly ill, particularly those with no money to meet the costs of high-tech medicine. The author, a *Times* reporter who specializes in medical subjects, spent many months at the Hermann Hospital, in Houston, and had access to the committee rooms in which questions of life and death are discussed, agonized over, and decided. She focusses on the cases of four patients: a boy who, in effect, has been terminally ill for all of his fifteen years; a surviving twin preemie no bigger than a kitten; a baby born with spina bifida; a quadriplegic. Their stories, and those of their families, are skillfully and sympathetically woven into the general narrative, and the explanations of complicated surgical and pathological procedures are admirably clear. The book is a cogent presentation of one of our society's most urgent questions: of those who get sick, who will live, and who must be allowed to die?

Daily Life in Holland in the Year 1566, and the Story of My Ancestor's Treasure Chest

by Rien Poortvliet, translated from the Dutch by Karin H. Ford (Abrams; $39.95)

RIEN POORTVLIET is the popular Dutch artist whose best-selling "Gnomes" and "Secrets of the Gnomes" tapped the deep American reservoir of dopiness back in the late seventies and early eighties. This book is entirely different. Building on extensive research, Mr. Poortvliet uses hundreds of engaging illustrations and a spare, witty text to re-create the world of a distant ancestor named Jacob Jansz Poortvliet. He shows how the sixteenth-century Dutch held up their pants, how they decorated their shoes, what they wore instead of underwear, where they went to the bathroom, how they treated their children, how they tortured suspected witches, what their churches smelled like (terrible, because of the bodies buried under the floor), what they ate for breakfast, how they made window glass, how they checked themselves for signs of the plague, what they laughed at, and why they dreaded the coming of winter.

FROM OUR PAGES

The Thing Happens: Ten Years of Writing About the Movies, by Terrence Rafferty, has been published by Grove ($24.95). Many of the pieces originally appeared in *The New Yorker.* ◆

SHOUTS AND MURMURS

FIELD GUIDE

BY ROGER ANGELL

As I went into my local Korean fruit store on a recent evening, the man just coming out—gray, trim, shockingly handsome—was Paul Newman. My gaze crossed his, the city moment passed. When I got home with my bananas and seltzer water, I told my wife about it. "How'd he look?" she said. "Great," I said. That was about it, except that my mind, repeatedly and oddly returning to this non-event, has been telling me that celebrity-spotting, like other New York amenities, has actually been in a long and sad decline. That seems a curious development in our phone-in, paparazzified time of megacelebrity, but the old New York street-meet always had its own protocol of strict privacy: one looked and then looked again at the passing diva or statesman but did not speak. One smiled in recognition, and sometimes got back a tiny gleam or nod of acknowledgment. It was enough. We told our friends about the moment, and they said "No!" or "Wow!" in the manner of an exchange between dedicated bird-watchers, and then we tucked the specimen and the circumstances away in some mental life list. Now, it seems, we want much more—an autograph, a handshake, a posed Polaroid snap, perhaps even a conversation designed to close the six (or sixty) degrees of separation between us and them. What we get, unsurprisingly, is a glimpse of a famous ankle disappearing into a black-glass limo, and miles of crowded avenues and side streets almost wholly devoid of the sudden exciting face. Our loss.

I have lived in New York all my life, and a quick refresher rundown of my own sidewalk sightings yields up Walter Cronkite, Babe Ruth, Vladimir Horowitz, Greta Garbo, Eleanor Roosevelt (gray chiffon wing bars), Fay Wray (Fay Wray!), Harry Truman, Yves Montand, James Mason, Fred Allen, Jacqueline Onassis, Rex Harrison, Richard Nixon (yeeks!), Ezio Pinza, Alexander Calder, Woody Allen, Ethel Merman, Benny Goodman, and many more. Some of these were glimpsed or sighted more than once. Horowitz, who lived right across the street from our old walkup on Ninety-fourth, took regular afternoon strolls in the neighborhood. Beaky and elegant, he sometimes gave the impression that he was checking me out to make sure he'd been noticed; some days, helping out, he wore a silk bow tie with a piano-keys motif. Then there was the afternoon when a grownup daughter of mine took her five-year-old brother out for a spin on his bike in Central Park; a very recent soloist, he waveringly preceded her up the sidewalk toward Fifth, on a path that relentlessly converged with that of a frail, black-swathed woman coming from the other direction, who paused, made a small dodge, and then caught boy and bike in both hands. My daughter hurried up, appalled, and the woman said, "Dangerous, aren't they?" Garbo.

The Truman-meet began after lunch one day, when he emerged from the front door of the *Times*, on West Forty-third Street, as I was walking by, and took up an eastbound path just to my left. He was about two years out of office, and was wholly unaccompanied Breaking the rule, I managed a little sidewise bow and said, "We miss you, sir." He responded graciously and, a good politician *sustained the conversation as we* crossed Broadway and walked another full block together. Midway, a man I knew—a *Times* executive, in fact—spotted me and my chatting companion as we came toward him, and allowed his jaw to fall open in a huge double take. I cut him dead.

These tales, like my life list have an old-time flavor, I know and, though I stay alert as I walk New York nowadays, I no longe expect such moments. What miss is not just that flash of fac and name but the accompanying terrifi compliment I sensed in these innocen encounters: if I was walking on the exac same stretch of sidewalk as some worth or glittering personage, then it was plai that each of us had chosen absolutely th right time and place in which to live What a city! Now, with the rich wetlands of the West Forties and Fiftie threatened and the mighty Fifth Avenu flyway no longer inhabited by creature of rare plumage, I wonder whether tha other amazing species, my own brillian and sophisticated world city, may not already have lifted its great wings an flown away forever. ♦

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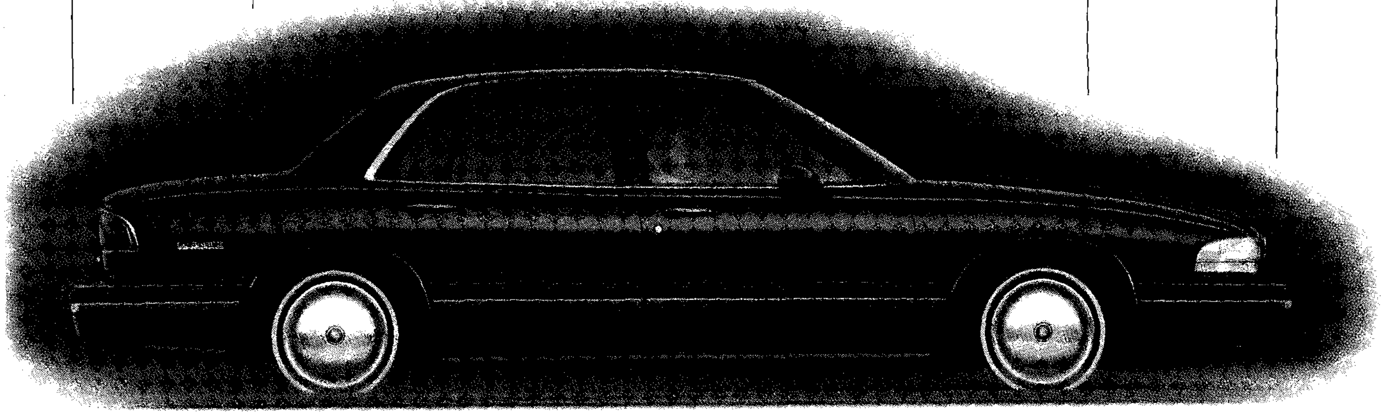

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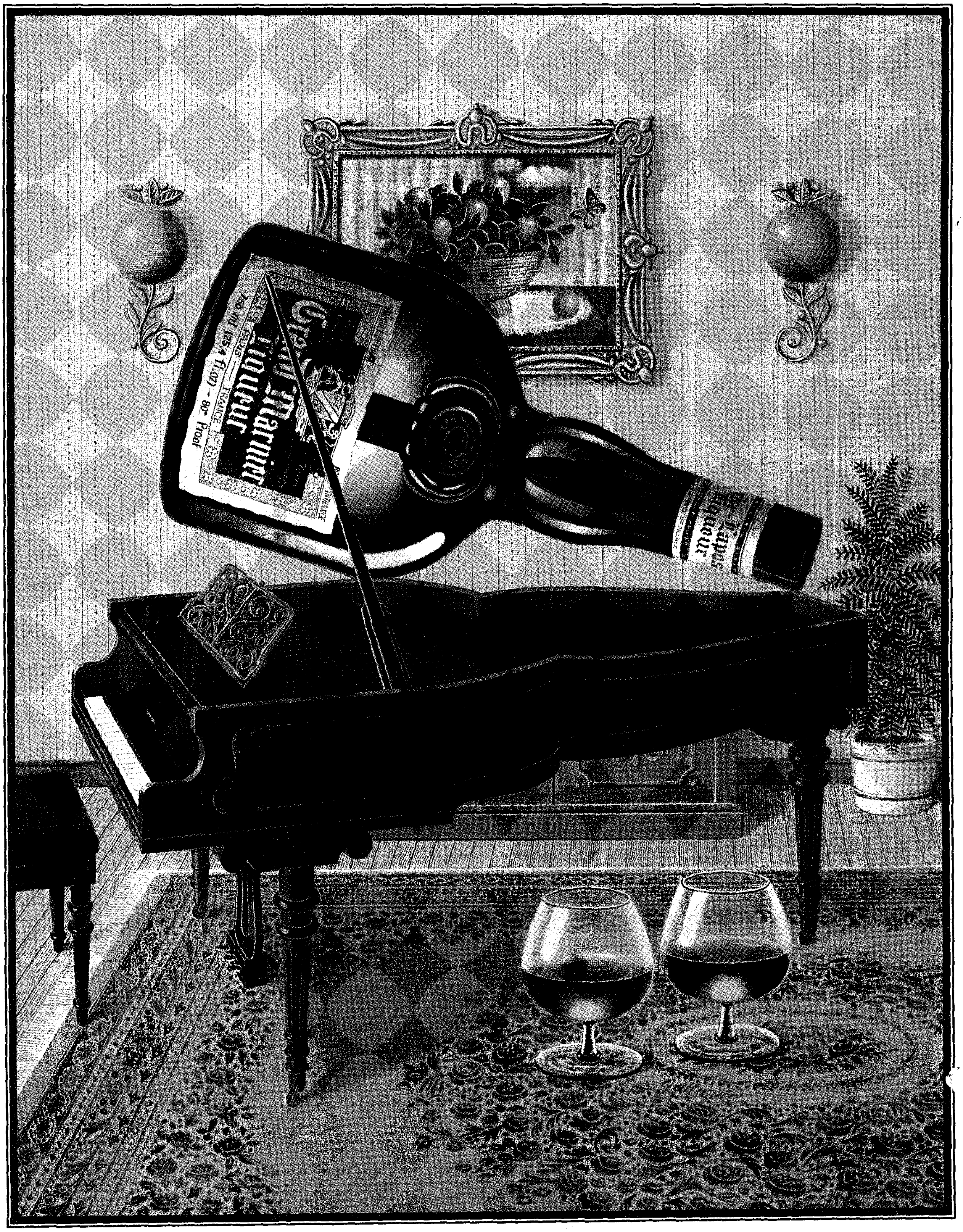
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